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Trip across Panam
en route Calif.
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THE

MIRROR OF THE WORLD;

OR,

STORIES FROM ALL CLIMES.

BY

MOULTON HAMPTON.

BOSTON:
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INTRODUCTION.

No books whatever are more instructive and entertaining than books of travels. They satisfy that eager thirst after knowledge so strong in the breasts of all persons, and furnish the mind with matter for reflection.

We present the reader, in the following pages, valuable facts and thrilling incidents, interspersed with some of the finest Tales in the language; and believe that there never was brought together, in so small a compass, a more copious collection of rational entertainment than will be met with in this volume.

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THE TWO MILLIONAIRES.

WHEN I was a young man completing my studies at Jena, one of my most agreeable acquaintances was old Forest Counsellor *Von Rodern*, and some of my pleasantest hours were spent in his house. We used to assemble once or twice a week, a tolerably large circle, consisting in part of men like himself in the service of the State, "angesteltle," — though when, and where, and how, two thirds of these served, I never could make out; nor how the State could want such an army of them; for truly of those "angesteltle" in most German States, their name is legion, — and partly of such of the students as were less addicted to the uproarious merriment then and now in fashion among the Burseken. Even some of the "roaring boys" would now and then like a quiet evening at the Counsellor's, by way of relief to their wilder carousals, though somewhat in the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack. The Counsellor was a kind-hearted, cheerful old man, at peace with himself and all the world, perhaps because the world had gone well with him, or, perhaps, that from a natural felicity of temperament, he had gone well with the world, never raising his expectations too high either of himself or others, and, therefore, escaping the ossifying and acidulating process so actively at work with those who have tasted too often of hope deceived, whether with or without any fault of their own. He never pretended to give entertainments; the refreshments were limited to a cup of coffee, or of the anomalous beverage so innocently accepted by our kinsfolk, the Germans, under the name of tea, and concocted in the proportion of a spoonful of the herb to a gallon of water. Many of the guests used to qualify the mixture with lemon, wine, or vanilla, which I wondered at till I tasted it in its primitive state, and then I held all means lawful which should make it taste of something. There was no want of amusement, though we neither declaimed tragedies, slandered our neighbors, nor played at cards. There was difference enough of age, temper, condition, and character among us to give variety to the conversation on whatever subject it chanced to fall; and when the discussion threatened to become too warm, the amenity of our host acted as a kind of general dulcifier of all acerbities, and brought about, if not an agreement of principle, an agreement to differ. One of the most successful means of producing this desirable result was the Counsellor's reminiscences of his earlier life. He possessed much of the talents "*de courtier*," so highly valued as an accomplishment of society by our neighbors. Some of his narratives I have thought worth while transcribing, though I have small expectation of rendering them as agreeable to a reader as they were to a hearer.

The conversation fell one evening on Rousseau's writings, and his own character, — his morbid susceptibility, — his scorn, whether real or affected, of the rich and great, — his proud poverty, — and the contradiction between his misanthropy and his zeal for the reformation of society.

Some defended the unhappy philosopher, whose life was a continual warfare with himself and others, and blamed the friends who had not understood him. Others justified the friends, and asked which of his champions could honestly assert he could have kept on good terms with him for a month. The effects of opulence and indigence on the minds of gifted and right-minded men, came incidentally under discussion. What would Rousseau have been, had he been born to purple and fine linen — to be served instead of serving? "I remember a story, or rather a couple of stories," said the Counsellor, "which have some reference to the subject of your dispute. I will not say they will settle it, but they may furnish some further argument. Both are singular in their way. One was the best-executed practical joke I ever heard of. The heroes of both were friends of my youth, and one of them is still one of my best and dearest." Listen if you like, — learn if you can!

THE BANKER AND THE GROCER.

AMONG my intimates at the University of Inbingen, Casimir Morn was the most distinguished by nature and fortune; one had given him a handsome person, considerable talents, and an excellent heart; the other a rich banker for a father, that the value of the diamond might not be impaired for want of a fit setting. Before entering the University he had travelled through the greater part of Germany, France, and Italy. His mind, already cultivated and enlarged, preserved him from contamination by the coarser excesses of the wilder part of his fellow-students; while the succoring hand held out to the more necessitous, attested that his temperance was the result not of prudence only, but of choice.

Half a year before he left the University, I accompanied him in the vacation to his father's house. The elder Morn was banker to the Court, and lived in great splendor in the electoral city of Cassel, where he was visited by what are called the first people in the city.

Near Morn's house, or rather palace, stood an old, dilapidated, gloomy-looking house, the abode of one Romanus, a grocer, — a miserly old curmudgeon, who had the reputation of possessing the best filled coffers and the prettiest daughter in the city. He was said to be a millionaire; yet he continued to weigh out coffee, pepper, cheese, and treacle, with his own hand, — nay, if he were disabled, the fair fingers of the fair Caroline were pressed into the service, for a shopman had never been admitted behind the counter of Herr Romanus.

Casimir Morn and the pretty groceress had played together as neighbors' children, and seemed by no means inclined to drop the acquaintance now that they had ceased to be children. The banker, however, began to make somewhat of a wry face at the familiar tone of the young people towards each other. He was aspiring in his views, and thought of purchasing a patent of nobility; and then, with the magic *Von* before his name, and his own handsome face and figure, his son might look for a better quartering in his escutcheon than a sugar loaf and Swiss cheese parted per pale. The grocer, on the other hand, might perhaps have held it expedient to keep the flies from buzzing too near his sweets; and, no doubt, it was with this view that he always charged Casimir treble the usual price, whenever he made the purchase of any of the other's wares the pretence for entering the shop. But Casimir, who was honestly and seriously in love, had no intention that affairs should remain on this ambiguous footing. On the contrary, he gravely assured his father that if ever he brought home a wife it must be Caroline Romanus; and Caroline assured *her* father that no young man was endurable to her eyes saving and excepting Casimir Morn. The banker loved his only son. He had nothing personally to object to the roses and the lilies, forget-me-not eyes and raven curls of Caroline, and saw something greatly to admire in her father's million. Finding his son resolute, he was inclined to give way. Herr Romanus had, on his side, nothing to say against the banker's son. His father carried on the first business in the electorate; and when, to these considerations, was added, that the lovers had already sworn fidelity to all eternity and beyond, it must be confessed that the marriage was highly expedient. Who would have guessed that we were all reckoning without our host?

The unlooked-for obstacle arose in the shape of a grave proposal of Herr Romanus, that his future son-in-law — the handsome, graceful Casimir, the darling of the fair, with all his university honors blushing thick upon him — should forthwith renounce the flowery paths of literature, forsake the thornier crown awaiting the successful pursuit of severer science, and, donning a white apron, serve sugar and snuff for the remainder of his days! Herr Romanus had no faith in any pursuit above or below a counter. Learning was nothing in his eyes; "the service," no better than legalized thieving; banking, gambling according to law.

The banker was furious. His son, to whom his natural and acquired advantages, and his own connections with the court, opened the way to the first employments in the State, who had already been named Referendary to the High Court of something or other — for the first six months without salary, certainly, but with the positive assurance of speedy advancement; and now came this ridiculous old grocer with the preposterous demand that he should renounce all these splendid prospects, (the patent nobility included,) and sell treacle and herrings at three farthings apiece to the worthy burghers of ——. Was ever a lover reduced to such an absurd dilemma before? At three-and-twenty it is hard to say what would not be undertaken for a fair and beloved maiden; batteries might be stormed, wounds and death defied, a desert held as a paradise, Satan himself dared to mortal combat; all might be borne; — but to sink from a minister of state in expectation to a seller of tea, coffee, tobacco, snuff, was worse than battery, desert, death, and the duel!

It struck me as somewhat odd, that instead of breaking off at once with the absurd old humorist, the proud banker should in private counsel his son to capitulate. Caroline, however, herself opposed her father's whim. It was agreed that Casimir should return to the University for half a year; and, in the mean time, every engine should be set to work to soften the heart of Herr Romanus, including tears, fainting, and threats of going into a consumption.

THE GROCER RISES IN THE SCALE—THE BANKER KICKS THE BEAM.

Caroline Romanus was a diligent correspondent. Casimir was informed of everything that happened in the good city of ——, except what he most desired to know — viz., that Herr Romanus had changed his mind. But no; the old man was as immovable as the wooden negro at his own door. His son-in-law must be a grocer: he had said it, and he stuck to it. The only consolatory part of Caroline's letter was the concluding paragraph — "After all, we can wait a little; I am only sixteen, and you three-and-twenty."

Four months had thus passed away, when one morning Casimir burst into my room, with an open letter in his hand and consternation in his countenance. It was from the broker Morn, and contained this laconic and astounding information: — "I am a bankrupt and fugitive: I must leave —— directly. I am going to England, and thence to the West Indies. The ten thousand florins, secured to you by the enclosed paper, you will receive on application. It is all I have been able to save for you from the wreck."

Very naturally, such an unexpected blow of fate had a tendency to lengthen the visage even of a lover of three-and-twenty. The sum transmitted was not a third part of his mother's fortune which had been secured to Casimir. I attempted some words of consolation. He made a sign to me to be silent, and passing his hand rapidly over his brow — "Do not mistake me," said he faltering; "it is not the poverty I feel, but the disgrace. And do not attempt to console me for either: for one there is no consolation, and for the other no need of it. I should despise myself if the mere loss of wealth could sadden the future to me. Help me to divert my thoughts for to-day, if you can; to-morrow I shall not need your help."

Casimir returned to ——. His father's splendid house, with all belonging to it, had been already sold. The whole city cried upon the runaway banker, and pitied the son, except the old grocer. He had lost eight thousand dollars by Morn's bankruptcy. At first, he had comforted himself with the hope that Casimir would be able to make it up to him out of his mother's fortune; but when the young man frankly confessed that the same cause had deprived him of the greater part of his fortune, the old man laughed deridingly. "Whistle me another tune from that, young man," said he, twirling his queer-looking wig round and round upon his head, as he was wont on similar occasions. "Your father, Herr Casimir, is a clever fellow! He would make a capital finance minister! What would you wager, now, that he has brought his sheep to dry land in time?" and here Romanus dropped the fingers of his right hand into the hollow of his left, with a significant look, as if counting money. "How long is it to be before he makes his appearance amongst us again as a rich man?"

Casimir colored deeply. "His father," he said, "had been unfortunate — thoughtless, perhaps — but he was no deliberate deceiver."

When Romanus saw that Casimir was really unable to pay the eight thousand dollars, he demanded, without ceremony, all he had in part payment at least.

"How, then, am I to live?" asked the young man. "As yet I receive no salary from my appointment."

"My heavens!" whined the miser, "you are a learned man, Herr Casimir. You may be secretary to somebody; but what is to become of me? Oh! I am a poor, ruined old man, driven out of house and home. If I am to lose all this monstrous sum, I and my poor child must beg from door to door."

"Indeed, are you really poor?" cried Morn. "No, you shall not beg. Take my little capital into your trade, and give me Caroline's hand. Make of me what you will. Industry and economy will soon make up for the past. We shall be the happiest people in the world."

Casimir said this with so much warmth and evident sincerity, that the old grocer was, to use a homely phrase, fairly dumb-foundered.

"What," said he at length, in his harshest tone, "is it a matter of rejoicing that your honorable papa then has cheated me out of my whole property? And, to reward such honest dealing, I shall give you my daughter, shall I? Your humble servant! If your worthy father has made me a beggar, I will hold no beggar's wedding in my house, I promise you. Be so good as to take yourself off, will you? And, if I may be so bold as to ask a favor, I would beg that you never darken my doors again. I wash my hands of you. I have not brought up my girl to fling her into the arms of the first fellow without a penny in his pocket that has the impudence to ask her."

And this was the result of poor Casimir's interview with Herr Romanus.

HOPE AND CONSOLATION.

Whichever way the unfortunate young man turned, he heard execrations on his father's name. Those who, during the banker's prosperity, had been his basest flatterers, now distinguished themselves by the bitterness and violence of their reproaches. In consequence, the news of his father's death, which reached Casimir a few months after, brought with it a kind of melancholy consolation, notwithstanding his unfeigned sorrow. The unfortunate banker died at Antwerp of inflammation of the lungs, which had been neglected probably in the overwhelming griefs and vexations consequent on his bankruptcy. The death of Morn at last put an end to the storm of hostility, and the worthy people of —— even found some expressions of pity for the son at last.

Casimir's courage rose again, after the first stunning effects of the blow, with that elastic vigor natural to his age. When the storm had somewhat blown over, he addressed himself for employment to some former friends of his family, and met with a civil reception from all. His appointment as Referendary to the Electoral Chamber was confirmed.

"You must study at the law, Roman and financial," said the minister, "and I will think of you in time. Of course, as youngest in the office, you must work without salary. But, in a year or two, I hope we shall be able to do something for you. You are still very young; one cannot expect much at four-and-twenty!"

Morn was well contented for the time. He fixed himself in a respectable citizen's house, right opposite the once splendid dwelling of his family—less haunted by the memory of former magnificence than allured by the vision of Caroline's blue eyes and rose-tinted cheek; for, although the old chandler had prohibited him from crossing his threshold, he could not prevent eyes from visiting as they listed.

Casimir's sitting-room and that used by Caroline Romanus were, by good fortune, exactly opposite, and, when the sun shone, not a corner of either was invisible to the other. Each knew when the other came in or went out, how they were employed, when they were glad, when they were sorry. After the fashion of maidens of her class in Germany, Caroline's constant seat, when not employed in household duties, was perched up at the window; so there was nothing very remarkable in her preferring her knitting needles to all other employment. Never, even among her country-women, was there such an indefatigable knitter.

Within a year's time the language of looks and signs had been brought to such perfection that all they thought, wished, hoped, or feared, was mutually understood, without exchanging a word.

Cheered by the glad eye and radiant smile of the fair and faithful Caroline, young Morn labored with unwearied diligence, not only in his own peculiar vocation, but was always ready to assist the superiors in office, who, having easier employment and more pay, found, of course, less leisure, with their accounts, memorials, minutes, &c. &c. He stood, therefore, high in the good graces of his colleagues, every one eulogized his talents and acquirements, asked his advice, and accepted his services; and, in return, no one in the city received more invitations to balls, soirées, and picnics.

The fathers praised his ready head and ready hand, the daughters declared that he sang admirably, waltzed divinely, and declaimed like an angel, in their private theatricals; but, alas! in spite of this universal favor, Casimir Morn remained, at six-and-twenty, the generally-esteemed but unpaid junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber of ——.

"Never mind," was Caroline's unfailing topic of consolation; "you are *but* six-and-twenty, and I am just nineteen." The lovely Caroline was now in the full bloom, and beyond dispute the fairest maiden in the city. The fame of her beauty and her probable wealth even reached the court. Princes and Counts, with unimpeachable quarterings, condescended to press with their noble feet the very dirty pavement before the low, dark, strong-flavored shop of grocer Romanus; and, what was more, to shed the light of their countenance on the cunning, miserly, old curmudgeon himself. A beauty like Caroline, and the heiress of a million, was well worth the sacrifice of all the genealogies, orders and diplomas in ——. Yet, neither counts, barons, knights, state, war, court, chamber, justice, (civil and criminal,) finance, police, church, or public instruction, privy or public counsellor, could touch the heart of the old grocer, or his charming heiress. On the one hand, Herr Romanus adhered with the obstinacy of a whole herd of mules to his resolution of finding or making his future son-in-law a grocer; and, on the other, the damsel herself was as indifferent to the galaxy of stars in the court firmament as if they had been so many farthing rushlights in her papa's shop.

All her pretty coquetries, her winning glances, and gracious smiles — for which counts and counsellors looked and sighed in vain — were lavished, unasked for and by the dozen, on the honorary junior Referendary of the Electoral Chamber.

This ought to have been consolation enough; but, when two more years had passed over his head, without bringing any alteration in his prospects, Casimir's brow began to cloud sometimes, and other sighs than those of love to steal from his bosom. Old Romanus was as immovable as a rock to lovers' entreaties, and the minister seemed to have forgotten him altogether. Morn was an admirable laborer in the official vineyard, a man of the strictest honor, of the clearest head — these were facts that no one ventured to gainsay — and yet, when a place became vacant, no one thought any more of the untainted honor, the clear head, and gratuitous labors of the unpaid Referendary, Casimir Morn, than if there had been no such merits in existence, or no need of them in the electoral city of ——. People had their sons, or their nephews, or their cousins thirty times removed, to provide for; young men, who had neither served half so long nor deserved half so well, were continually put over his head; and if he made any complaint, he was answered by a silent shrug, or a head-shaking at the nepotism of some brother official, or grave exclamations at the ingratitude of great men, sweetened, perhaps, by a vague assurance that although the omission of his name had been unavoidable *this time*, another he might depend, &c. &c.

No sooner, however, was the complainant's back turned than the *complainee* was amazed at the assurance with which such claims were advanced, as if Mr. Casimir Morn really looked on himself as their equal, as if his pretensions admitted of any comparison with those of Von this, and Von the other! If people of *that class* were wanted they would be called for, and so forth. With all his clear-headedness, Morn was of those thoroughly good-hearted people who forgive as easily as they are injured. In the blind-man's buff game of fortune, somehow they are always buff — are paid for real hard service by a friendly pressure of the hand or a cordial word — and run through fire and water for their friends, to get nothing but the singeing and sousing for their pains. They cannot comprehend such a thing as smiling treachery; and the astonishing readiness with which some will be guilty of the basest compliances, for the meanest objects, is absolutely incredible to them. Morn looked willingly on the bright side of human life, and would gladly have ignored the existence of the shadow altogether. The belief in the moral purity of his fellow-men was a positive necessity for him.

He bore his lot, therefore, with patience, if not with pleasure — at least so he said to himself, "his merit was acknowledged and loved." That it should be so often and so oddly passed over in the distribution of the loaves and fishes of office, did certainly appear to him unjust; yet in his own heart he doubted whether, after all, the fault might not be his own. He thought his services ought to speak for him instead of his lips; he was not fond of showing himself in a great man's antechamber, which, indeed, he seldom or never entered, unless business called him there; courteous and obliging by nature and habit, he was yet more frank in the exposition of his opinions than beseemed an expectant; and, more than all, he had an honorable reserve in speaking of his circumstances; and if he allowed his acquaintance to think him, or to pretend they thought him, much richer than he was, the weakness had its origin in a pardonable if not a praiseworthy motive. Perhaps others were esteemed more in need of advancement than himself, and *therefore* he was passed over. Poor Morn!

He still lived opposite Romanus' house, and the blue heaven of Caroline's eyes still rained on him light and life. One morning in March — it was his birthday — and she made her appearance early at the window, wearing in her bosom the nosegay of snow-drops, of which she made a yearly imaginary offering to her lover. To-day you are eight-and-twenty, and I twenty, she telegraphed — the pretty fingers lingered in tracing the last word. Twenty is not a desperate age, certainly; but yet, when a girl has not only made up her mind for the last four years to be married, but actually fixed on the man, to turn her back upon the "teens" is a step in a maiden's life, particularly when we consider that another twenty might pass before Kramer Romanus would alter his mind. In the mean time, Caroline's beauty was at its height; by a necessary deduction, the next step must be downward; and "I am growing an old bachelor," sighed Casimir. He turned from the window, and sat down on the sofa with his back to the light.

BETTER PROSPECTS.

Some one knocked at the door. It was a servant of Privy Counsellor Count Von Bitterblolt. &c. &c. &c., who brought a gracious intimation that his lord wished to say a few words in private to Referendary Casimir Morn. "A few words in private" from

Count Von Bitterblolt, the confidential minister of his Highness the Elector, was no small honor. Casimir flew to him on the wings of curiosity and expectation. He was received by the favorite with extraordinary graciousness. The Count had the gift of appearing excessively amiable and condescending towards his inferiors when he wanted to gain a point by them, and as outrageously insolent and arrogant when his point was gained; he not only, like another great man, his countryman, threw away the peel when he had sucked the orange, but kicked it into the gutter.

"It is his Highness' wish, my dear young friend," began Count Von Bitterblolt, "that his newly-acquired territory should as much as possible be principally assimilated to the old. In pursuance of this object, there must be a new survey made of the domain, with all its regalities, rights and privileges, and a certain conformity of administration introduced, and projects for a new system of taxation, suitable to the nature of the acquired lands, and the exigencies of the State, be drawn up. His Highness has already appointed an extraordinary commission. The affair, my dear Mr. Morn, is a delicate and a difficult one. The two Chamber Counsellors at the head of it are men advanced in life. They will never bring the business to an end. I have said as much to his Highness. But they are old and faithful servants to the State, and cannot be passed over; though, between ourselves, my dear young friend," in a charming tone of confidence added the Count, "two more unfit men could scarcely be found. To give perhaps a little more vivacity to their proceedings, it has also pleased his Highness to join my son to the commission, though, I give you my honor, I really opposed the appointment. I thought it my duty to do so. But princes, you know, my dear sir, do not love contradiction, and our excellent Elector is no exception. Unfortunately, my son's health is exceedingly delicate. I foresee the business will be horribly spun out, and that must not be. I have, therefore, thought of associating you, my dear Referendary, as secretary to the commission. Your expenses, of course, will be paid; and if my son, with your assistance, accomplishes his task, as I have no doubt he will, to the satisfaction of his Highness, it will create a most admirable opportunity for bringing your uncommon merit to the observation of his Highness. I have already proposed to myself the pleasure of conferring on you the first vacant office in the newly-acquired domain."

Morn, as may well be supposed, readily closed with the offer, the motives of which he perceived easily enough. The two elderly gentlemen were a couple of superannuated old blockheads, only thrust in to give a color to the appointment of the young Von

Bitterblolt, a raw youth not long from the University, totally ignorant of that or any other business. From these premises might be deducted the very obvious conclusion, that the whole weight of the employment must fall on the shoulders of Mr. Secretary Morn. No matter, he was not afraid of labor; no doubt the minister must feel the weight of his services, and would reward them accordingly! The exceeding liberality of the Count, in paying his expenses, was not at present a matter of indifference to him. As he had served the State for four years without fee or reward, the interest of his little capital had been insufficient even for his moderate expenses. Every year saw consequently a portion of the capital itself sunk, which again diminished the interest, which tended further to the impoverishment of Mr. Casimir Morn.

He took a tender leave of his Caroline, and left ——, with the noble commissioners, full of the most animating hopes. It will be taken for granted that he had previously arranged a plan of correspondence with his beloved; and even this was not so simple a matter as it may at first appear, since the cunning old millionaire, by way of teaching his daughter the right value of money, had hit upon the admirable plan of never giving her a farthing; consequently, the cost of the correspondence fell wholly upon Morn. Casimir's life in the capital of the new province was pretty much what it had been at the Electoral. He labored hard in his vocation, made few acquaintances, that he might avoid useless expense, refreshed himself by a walk in the evening, and finished the day by reading a letter from or writing one to his second self.

An accidental circumstance procured him another amusement shortly after. The rooms next to his in the hotel where he had taken up his abode were occupied by a foreigner, whom he usually encountered at the *table d'hote* where he never spoke; and, after retiring for the night, Casimir used to hear him walking up and down his bed-chamber for hours together. The stranger was a pale, elegant young man, apparently about Morn's own age, was attended by two servants, and had lived nearly three weeks in the town, where, however, he seemed neither to know nor wish to know a single individual. He bore the name of Devereux — an Englishman, therefore, Morn concluded; and, one day, addressing him in his native language, partly out of a good desire to enliven the melancholy looking stranger, and partly because he was glad of an opportunity to practise his English.

The Briton looked at him with surprise and some appearance of pleasure, and answered courteously but briefly, and then fell back into his former silence. During the dinner, Casimir observed the stranger casting penetrating glances towards him, and, when it was over, he came suddenly up to him, saying, "Will you allow me to speak with you a moment alone?"

Casimir took him immediately into his own room.

"I am about to make a very odd request to a stranger," began the Englishman, abruptly; "but it will not be mended by circumlocution. A letter of credit I expected to find here has been delayed by some strange accident. I have a pressing necessity to set out immediately for Amsterdam, and I am without money. Can you, or will you, lend me a hundred louis d'ors? On my arrival at Amsterdam, you shall receive it again directly, with what interest you please."

Casimir was taken somewhat by surprise. He expressed none, however; but, after a short pause, said, "I have not so much about me; but I could procure it within fourteen days."

"You will oblige me more than I can express; you save me from a most unpleasant embarrassment," returned the Englishman, who shook Morn heartily by the hand, and left him. The whole affair had scarcely occupied five minutes. When he was alone, Casimir began to feel he had been a little over-hasty in his promise. A hundred louis d'ors were neither more nor less than the fourth part of his whole property. He shook his head. The Englishman's face announced honesty; he looked like anything but an adventurer; still, a hundred louis were the fourth part of his capital, and to put it at once in the power of a total stranger, on the strength of a pleasing countenance, was rather a thoughtless proceeding. "Well," was the conclusion of Morn's soliloquy, "well, my opinion is that he will *not* deceive me; and if he should?—well, it will be the first time in my life, and the last."

Apparently this was not the only grief the stranger had on his mind; for, notwithstanding the promised assistance, Morn heard him at night again pacing his chamber in the same unquiet manner, and uttering heavy sighs, almost groans.

"The man is very unhappy; he must be worse off than I am," thought Morn. "A mere money embarrassment can never cause such heavy sorrow. He shall have the louis, however."

The next day Devereux appeared at table as usual, his countenance overshadowed with a yet deeper melancholy, and he was silent as before. Morn, who felt unaccountably attached to him endeavored, by everything in his power, to enliven him. When he could be induced to talk, Devereux seemed quite a different person—his features brightened, his whole deportment became attractive in no common degree. The two young men went out after dinner to walk together, and Morn was still more charmed with his new acquaintance. Devereux was more than an agreeable companion; his mental powers, considerable in themselves, had received every advantage from cultivation. The stores of ancient and modern literature were familiar to both, and formed, with the fate and laws of nations, their chief topics of discourse. When Casimir had finished his day's task, Devereux came constantly to his room, and remained, till deep of the night, in conversation with him. Of the promised loan not a syllable was said on either side. Morn spoke openly of himself on his past and present hopes and prospects. His companion was less communicative; but he learnt so much, in return,—that Devereux had left his native land in consequence of a tragical occurrence, deeply affecting his future life, and was travelling in the hope of dissipating a heavy sorrow!

The intercourse of the two young men taught Morn, for the first time, the value of a friend. His letters to the fair Romanus were almost as full of praises of his Devereux as of love for herself. His pretty mistress was half jealous of the agreeable stranger. In the mean time, Morn's louis d'ors came to hand, and were immediately carried by him into Devereux's room. The latter gave him, in return, a written acknowledgment of the obligation, and the address of his family in England.

"If I die before I can repay you," said he, "that is, within a few weeks, forward the paper, with this letter, directly."

He put a sealed letter in Morn's hands as he spake, and then turned the conversation to some indifferent subject. They parted shortly after, almost in silence, with a fervent pressure of the hand, carrying with them remembrances and feelings beneficial alike to both.

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THE ELECTORAL BIRTH-DAY.

The loss of Devereux's society was more felt by Morn than he thought possible after so short an acquaintance. He had parted with a companion whom he really loved—a friend, whose views and sentiments harmonized so admirably with his own, that in losing him he seemed to lose the better half of himself. His official labors became more than ever a necessity to him; they served to divert and calm his thoughts. Devereux and Caroline filled his heart entirely. "I am really a most fortunate man," cried he, in his enthusiasm of love and friendship. "I love, and am loved by, two of the noblest beings in the world."

After the lapse of seven busy months, the report of Cabinet and Privy Counsellor, Von Bitterblolt, was ended, and the Commissioners returned to the electoral residence. His Highness, the Elector, was so well content with the work that he bestowed Heaven knows what order on the young Count Heinrich Von Bitterblolt, and made an addition to the pension of the two reverend seniors who had served as ballast to the official vessel. Secretary Morn was the only person forgotten; he had done nothing for a recompense, but deserved it. The Counts of Bitterblolt, indeed, father and son, were profuse in expressions of gratitude, and, to prove it, invited him to dinner. Fraulein Von Bitterblolt also found the Secretary exceedingly agreeable; if he had been of noble, instead of plebeian origin, he might, perhaps, have found the daughter more grateful than the father. So soon, however, as the Cabinet Counsellor remarked the interest the young lady took in the handsome Secretary, he held it advisable to invite him seldomer, and gradually not at all. Morn found it necessary to put the minister modestly in mind of his promise of an appointment in the newly acquired province; whereupon his Excellency clapped him on the shoulder in the most friendly manner in the world, and assured him he would take care of him.

"I have spoken of your talents and services more than once to his Highness," said he. "Wait till the birthday, when the greatest number of advancements are made; I make no doubt your name will stand first on the list."

How could Morn feel less than satisfied? He looked upon his patent as good as made out, particularly when the minister proceeded to ask him what kind of place would be most agreeable to him. He thought of Caroline, and replied with great frankness that he would certainly prefer remaining in the residence. "It shall be thought further of," said his Excellency. "I should gladly have seen a man like you, my dear Mr. Morn, in one of the first posts in the new province; but, if you prefer remaining with us, I am afraid it will be rather more difficult to provide for you suitably in the capital. However, we shall see. The old Chamber Counsellor, Balder, might, indeed, be pensioned off. Would that suit you?"

"I would not wish for more," returned Morn, his face glowing with pleasure.

"Excellent," said the minister, and dismissed him with the best grace in the world.

Gilded by such hopes, the winter glided away Caroline was as faithful and fair as ever; and if ever mistrust found entrance in Casimir's heart, a look or smile from the opposite window made it summer again. At length came March, the long-looked-for month that had given his Highness, the Elector, to an admiring world. The list of promotions was published; patents for new appointments made out; the streets were full of people riding and driving about to congratulate or be congratulated. Morn made a point of remaining at home, that he might not miss the messenger from the Electoral Chancery. The customary "compliment" for the bearer of the princely graces lay wrapt in paper ready on the table. Noon, evening; still no messenger. His servant was despatched to the court printer for the list — no such name as Morn was to be found, and no messenger came to correct an error of the press. Dinners and balls in honor of the day were given in all parts of the city; the streets were gay with lights and music; nobody troubled themselves about poor Morn and frustrated hopes. He sat down in the pouting corner of his sofa, and groaned from the bottom of his heart.

Morn had not passed a more unhappy night since his father's death. Six long years had he served the State faithfully and diligently, fed only on the thinnest of all diets, hope; through his silent help, others, with not half his talents or acquirements, had gained credit and substantial reward; young Von Bitterblolt had been made Chamber President for the very service Morn had performed. He saw that his industry, his talents, his knowledge, availed him nothing. Men who were not only ignorant and incapable, but known to be so, passed him everywhere in the race, if they had "connections," or had found some surer way of recommending themselves than by merit and service.

To Caroline's hand he must renounce all pretension. By the perversest of all destinies, her constancy and unswerving faith but added to his sorrow. His social creed had received a cruel shock. The egotism of the greater part of mankind, the want of integrity in their relations with each other, appeared in their full hatefulness. The recollection of all the promises made but to be broken, the hollow professions, the false smiles, all the spoken and acted lies of the last six years, made him sick at heart. All that he had hitherto labored to excuse in others — their prejudice, their rapacity, their paltry pride, their envy, their shameful blackening all better and purer than themselves, now shone out in all their native ugliness. He could no longer deceive himself; the greater part of the employes of —— looked on their offices and emoluments but as the means of indulging their arrogance, their ambition, and animal excesses.

With respect to his plans for the future, all was uncertainty. Even had he been so inclined, it was no longer in his power, with his diminished resources, to labor gratuitously in his present employment; and it was repugnant to him to seek any other in this city. He longed to flee far away, to seek some distant village, where none knew him, and earn a living by the labor of his hands. It was sweet to dream of shunning all mankind as long as life should last, and think only of Devereux and Caroline, as of two noble spirits among thousands of miserable creatures, all so many willing sacrifices to the meanest passions. According to the custom of the place, and the people amongst whom he had lived, Morn ought to have put a good, or at least a smiling, face, upon his disappointment, congratulated others on their better fortune, and tried to knit up again the ravelled skein of his claims and expectations; instead of this, he wrote a laconic note to the head of his department to signify his renunciation of the office he held in the service of his Highness, the Elector of ——, endorsed all the documents relating to it in his possession, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

The next morning, the servant of the house brought him two notes and a bouquet of snow-drops. He now recollected that it was his birth-day, and breathed a heavy sigh. One of the notes was from Caroline, the other from President Van Bitterblolt. Morn knew the handwriting of both. "First for the bitters," said he, and opened the President's billet. Almost unconsciously to himself, a secret hope had found a corner of his breast to nestle in, that his loss would be regretted, that he would be entreated to do nothing hastily, that he would try to retain him by giving new and surer expectations; he had half forgiven him already. Nothing of the sort. His Excellency the President "regretted, in courteous terms, that Mr. Morn had taken such a resolution, acknowledged the receipt of the documents, and remained his humble servant." "So that is the reward of six years' gratuitous service," said he, bitterly, and he flung the President's official verbiage aside. Caroline's note accompanying the bouquet was kind as ever, but there was a tone of sadness in it. The same topic of consolation had been so often repeated! He went to the window,—Caroline was already at hers: Casimir pressed the flowers to his lips and his heart, and retreated to his musing corner again. The city he must and would leave, and try his fortune elsewhere. Many were the projects he revolved in his mind. His only grief would be the parting from the angel of his childhood—the tenderly-beloved Caroline. He was still engaged in a long and most touching conversation with her in imagination, when a loud knock at his door, and the voices of several persons without, aroused him from his reverie. The door opened, and four men stumbled in, bearing between them two large and apparently very heavy chests. To the question of where were they to put down their burden, Morn answered by another — where did they get it from? It belonged to the gentleman who had just come post to ——. Morn's first thought was of Devereux; and Devereux himself it was who entered in his travelling dress, just as the porters left the room.

"I have been long enough away to learn your full value," was Devereux's exclamation, when the first greetings were over; "let me take up my abode with you at once; you will find room for a friend."

Devereux's sudden appearance was balm to the wounded heart of Casimir; joy almost deprived him of speech. "I have but this room and a bed-room," said he; "if you can find accommodation on so small a scale, I shall be but too happy to share them with you."

"But how is it you confine yourself within such narrow limits?" asked the Englishman, greatly astonished.

"They are quite as extensive as my means permit," answered Morn, smiling.

"But I have been greatly deceived. I thought you must be rich, as you parted so readily with a hundred louis d'ors."

"A friendly heart is always rich to a friend. It was a fourth of my whole property. If you had asked for more you should have had it. You wanted it."

Devereux looked at him for some time in silence, and then, advancing, grasped his hand with an earnest cordiality more expressive than words. "My servants I will despatch to the next house," said he, "but I remain with you in any corner you can spare. Had I been aware how you were situated, I should not have come upon you so suddenly."

The matter was soon arranged, a bed prepared by the side of Morn's, and a supper bespoken from the next tavern. Before the night was passed, the hearts of both were freely poured out to each other. Devereux related his own history. He had been passionately in love with a young lady, who returned his love, but whose family, from some causes too long to explain here, were on the worst terms with his own. A mutual friend of the families, Devereux's oldest and best-loved companion, had offered his mediation; and Devereux himself, in the unsuspicious confidence of friendship, had done everything in his power to facilitate his meetings with his mistress. The lady's charms had proved too powerful for the friend's faith; he sought her for himself, and won so far upon her relations, that the unhappy girl had only escaped their persecutions by her sudden death. Whisper of suicide got about. The betrayed and wretched lover forced his treacherous friend into a duel; they fought at Calais, where Devereux had been left for dead upon the field. Many months elapsed before his outward wounds were healed; those of the mind were incurable. His physicians had recommended travelling; all places had become alike to him; and, unable to find rest in any, he had wandered almost all over Europe, when an accidental delay in his remittances had detained him in the town where he had encountered Morn.

It was now Casimir's turn to relate what had befallen him since their meeting, and he had now, at least, the satisfaction of detailing his wrongs to a sympathizing ear.

"You have been deceived only by the common herd of egotists, the rabble of humanity, but I by the friend of my infancy. Your beloved yet lives, and lives for you, — the silent grave hides mine; you may find a remedy,— I never can. You would gladly renounce the world, you say, — do so, but let me share your solitude. But, I repeat, your case admits of remedy."

"Remedy, what remedy?" echoed Morn. "Good Heaven, my dear Devereux, how little you know of people in this country!"

"The people in this country are very like the people in every other country," replied Devereux. "I can put it in your power to take a revenge worthy of them at least," added he, after a pause, and with a bitter smile.

"How so?"

"Only give me your word to throw no obstacle in my way, and I will bring the whole pack on all fours in a very short time. The old miser shall give you his daughter, the minister shall offer you all the ribbons and trumpery in his gift, and that without witchcraft. Fair and virtuous maidens may be won by other qualifications than beauty or honesty; honors and dignities are not always, or often, the reward of talents, or knowledge, or industry."

"But explain yourself a little, — what is it you propose to do?"

"O, the means will be very simple. Come, your word that you will not thwart me in my project of making fools of the dignitaries in this good and electoral city. I will use no dishonest means."

"Well, be it as you will; I have little reason to spare them, Heaven knows! What is your plan of operations?"

"I must first know my men. Let me become acquainted with the field before I show my line of battle. As a preliminary, however, you will do me the favor to make use of my new carriage, I shall put another pair of horses to it to-morrow; you must drive about, while I keep in the back-ground, and draw the public attention on you as much as possible. As to your lovely neighbor, give her to understand that you have had a large sum bequeathed you in England."

Morn shook his head, not altogether pleased, and yet unable to restrain his laughter. He had given his word to humor Devereux's whim, and as to the sentence of the "Residence," when the hoax should be known, he troubled himself little about that. Whatever were the results, he had made up his mind to leave the dominions of his Highness the Elector. Perhaps the punch, which had served as a supplement to their repast, might have had something to do both with the proposal and its acceptance.

THE EQUIPAGE.

On the following morning Devereux was early up and dressed. Morn would fain have obtained some further explanation of his strange freak, but Devereux was immovable, — vanished, he knew not whither, shortly after, and appeared no more for the greater part of the day. Instead of Devereux, came his German servant, Felix, to present himself to his new master, and set forth his new qualifications.

"Do not forget the principles, faith and honesty," said Morn, when he had listened to the enunciation of his valet's capabilities.

"Honesty, I can promise you, sir," was the answer, "and fidelity you will inspire me with."

The answer pleased, and Felix was installed with Morn under the same conditions as those agreed upon with Devereux.

Towards noon Count Von Kreb's name was announced. The young courtier advanced to Morn with open arms. "My dear fellow, how are you? — It is a whole century since we met. First let me congratulate you on your acquisition, though it is my own loss. Ah! my two glorious bays. But your homme d'affaires is a clever fellow, — up to every point about a horse; you have a glorious purchase. Upon my soul, I loved these two creatures as my heart's blood; if I had not outrun my income confoundedly of late the Elector himself should not have had them for his whole stud."

"Have you been paid, my lord count," stammered Morn, his face flushing scarlet, "or must I— "

"All right, my dear friend, not a word of that," cried the Count; "I came with a very different purpose. Baron Van Wolpern would insist upon my recommending his place, Dreileben, to you, as your agent there says you are on the look-out for an investment; but, on my honor, though I could not refuse one friend, it goes against my conscience to palm off such a desert on another. It will not bring one-and-a-half per cent., and he asks a hundred and fifty thousand gilders for it. Do you know the place at all?"

"No," said Morn, curious to hear what would come next.

"I entreat you, then, by all that is sacred, to go and look at the wilderness; not a hamlet to be seen for some miles round, nothing under your windows in front but the Rhine, nothing behind but mountain and forest. One look will be enough to frighten you off the bargain, unless you have a mind to send a bullet through your head from sheer ennui, before you have lived there a month; then, indeed, you could not do better than buy Dreileben. Now, with the property Dame Fortune has flung in your lap, you are entitled to look for something better. There is my estate, for instance, a real principality you must admit, — a splendid locale, in the midst of corn-fields, a soil like a garden, right of forest, vineyards, meadows, territorial jurisdiction, and you shall have it for a hundred and ninety thousand, cash down. Just reflect a little, and only three quarters of an hour's drive from the residence. Heavens, what sums it has cost me in improvements! I have an account here, — ah, no, confound it, I have the worst memory, I must have left it in my desk; but, my dear fellow, why not come and see for yourself? — come, give me your promise, — name your time."

Much in the same style did the noble Count run on for some time longer. Morn perceived that Devereux had really commenced operations, as he said. He promised gravely to come and look at the estate at his earliest convenience, and Count Krebs took leave with the most lavish assurances of regard. At dinner time, Devereux made his appearance, evidently extremely diverted with the farce he was acting. Morn, on the contrary, was more depressed. "You will make mankind yet more contemptible in my eyes," said he. "Not a week ago, this very Count Krebs held me unworthy of a look. I was never more surprised than when I saw him enter my room."

"If men seem more contemptible to you, my friend," answered Devereux, "the fault is theirs, not mine. The witty Count was pointed out to me, by the master of the hotel where I sent my servants, as having horses which he was desirous of parting with, and the animals are really worth what I gave for them. When the hotel-keeper heard that they were for you, and that you had become a rich man, he praised you up to the skies. When I inquired about an estate, a broker made his bow in less than a quarter of an hour, and offered me ten, at least, every one being, as he swore, a perfect paradise. Count Krebs swore, by all his gods, that you were neither more nor less than a saint; that you deserved, years ago, to be made Prime Minister; that things would have looked very different in the Electorate, and nobody knows what besides. It is long since I have been so much amused. Come, my friend, cheer up, and play out the play. We must make all the puppets dance to the same tune."

In due time, Devereux's splendid new equipage drove up to the door, with Felix behind, in a rich livery. Count Kreb's horses really merited his eulogium; they were superb animals. The whole street was in commotion, — almost every inhabitant loitering about the causeway, or standing at their windows, to discover the owner of so magnificent a "turn-out." But, when Morn appeared, and was assisted in by his gayly-attired servant, there was no end of the conjectures and inquiries. It will be easily supposed that the fair Caroline was neither the least anxious nor the least interested.

"I 'd give these six kreutzers, ay, that I would, the whole six, to know whom that carriage belongs to," said old Romanus, jingling in his hand the kreutzers he had just received for a red herring.

"That is easily learnt," replied his daughter. "Frau Weber (Morn's landlady) must know."

"To be sure, she must, my child," said the old gentleman, buttoning up his coin in a great hurry, as if he feared to be taken at his word; "and I 'll go and ask her, — that costs nothing."

"O, my heavens, who should it belong to but to the Referendary! Have n't you heard of his extraordinary good luck, then? Well, I don't begrudge it him, for he is really an angel of a man, and has just got a whole wagonful of gold from England. They say he 's now the richest man in the dominions of our gracious Elector. His servant told me so himself, and he had it from the English merchant who is stopping in the house."

The old miser stared with leaden eye and open mouth, as if suddenly afflicted with lockjaw, and, without another word, went home again, and sat himself down in silence in the grimy leather-bottomed chair in the back of his shop. Caroline came dancing down to hear the news. For a long time her father gave her no answer. He had made it a law to himself never to mention Morn's name.

"O, Lord!" groaned he at last, "to think of such a piece of luck befalling a paltry, lounging, good-for-nothing son of a good-for-nothing father, who has cheated me out of my whole property; while a poor old honest man like me must toil and moil night and day to scrape a few pence together. Is that justice, is that the reward of honesty?" and he looked ready to cry.

"But who knows whether it's true or no?" said the worthy elder, brightening with the thought. "Wagon full of money? pooh! — from England? pooh! — by a lucky speculation? pooh, pooh, pooh! I was not born yesterday, Frau Weber." And Herr Romanus plucked off his queer-looking little jasey, twirled it about, as in great mental agitation he was wont, and rubbed his hands together till the dry, withered members threatened to ignite.

Many were the conjectures and remarks to which Morn's gay equipage gave rise that day. It had even excited the notice of the Elector, as Morn drove past the palace. On the two succeeding days the "excitement" increased. Devereux had given out that his friend had gained a considerable sum in England; and when he began to inquire about an estate, the word considerable acquired a more "considerable" meaning. Count Krebs, who always dealt in superlatives, swore, by all the saints in the calendar, that Morn was become the richest individual in that part of Germany; he played with his hundred thousands; he must own whole provinces in the East and West Indies, &c., &c. There is nothing to which people like better to give credit than to the incredible. It is no uncommon thing to see an upright, simple-minded man held very cheap; but to take a fool or a lunatic for a saint is the easiest thing in the world. People can find absurdity in the wisest man, with all the facility imaginable; but let a Cagliostro undertake to work a miracle, and he is run after by high and low. If it had been said, Morn had got a hundred thousand guilders, people would have doubted, — but millions, that produced conviction at once.

"It is intelligible enough now why Morn gave up his place as Referendary," said the President Von Bitterblolt, to his father, the Privy Counsellor. "I thought at first that he had taken offence at the omission of his name among the promotions."

"In fact, it is awkward enough that he was passed over," returned the Privy Counsellor; "but who can always tell how things may turn out? We might have made room for him well enough. There's your sister, too. I really think the girl has taken a fancy to him, and, as the matter now stands, she could hardly do better for herself."

"Nor for any of us, papa. Could not we find some excuse for the past?"

The father and the son laid their heads together. The Privy Counsellor took the first opportunity of praising the rare talents and services of the ex-Referendary to his Highness the Elector. Such a man must, by all means, remain in the service of the state, particularly as Morn had lately gained a large fortune by some fortunate speculations in England. It would be a shame if so much wealth should be squandered out of the country, &c., &c.

"Hum," said the Elector, "I was wondering what made you all so suddenly zealous in Morn's favor. The Finance Minister, Rabe, was quite eloquent in his praise but a little while ago."

This speech went like an arrow to the Privy Counsellor's heart; for the Baron Von Rabe had also a daughter to marry, and he, too, wanted money.

"Rabe ever maintained," continued his Highness, "that Morn, as secretary to the commission of survey in the new territory, had done the whole work, while others pocketed the reward and the credit."

The Privy Counsellor smiled with affected indifference, while turning sick with fear and rage; and swore, in his heart of hearts, war to the knife to the Finance Minister, Von Rabe. Morn, in the mean time, had received an invitation to pay the Finance Minister a visit.

"I am delighted, my dear sir, that my heartfelt wishes for your advantage seem likely at last to be fulfilled," said the minister, with his most gracious smile. "There was a strong opposition *somewhere.* I was never more surprised than when I heard you had been so unaccountably passed over. I felt it my duty to make a representation on the subject to his Highness the Elector himself; in fact, I told him frankly that the post of President of the Chamber, which Von Bitterblolt contrived to appropriate to himself, was yours by every rule of justice. In consequence of my remonstrance, his Highness has been graciously pleased to fix you in my department, and I have now the honor to present Privy Finance Counsellor Morn with the diploma of his appointment."

Morn laid the diploma on a table near him without opening it; thanked the minister for his condescension; with a smile, that was bitter in spite of himself, begged leave respectfully to decline all and every appointment of the kind.

He was scarcely at home again before the carriage of Count Von Bitterblolt stopped at his door.

"You see I have come in search of you myself at last," said the Count, bestowing a paternal embrace on Casimir. "Where have you hidden yourself this century? We must not forget each other in this way. Von Rabe has played me a shameful trick in getting you appointed in his department instead of mine. I shall never forgive him for it. Apropos, my daughter will never forgive *me,* if I forget her message. She gives a ball on Wednesday, and charged me to give you a special invitation. You will not fail her, I hope; ladies, you know, will not hear of disappointments on these occasions."

Countess Ida Von Bitterblolt met with one this time, however. Casimir Morn met the Privy Counsellor's superabundant courtesies with cold politeness; and his Excellency was beaten out of the field for the present, though not absolutely deprived of hope for the future. Morn's misanthropy was on the increase: he despised alike their present flattery and their former scorn; of the two, the flattery was the more offensive, and the more his would-be friends endeavored to exalt him, the more deeply humiliated he felt. He longed for nothing so much as for solitude, that he might escape the sight and hearing of their sickening baseness.

"The miserable wretches!" he exclaimed, "do they take me for one of themselves? My six years' service availed me nothing, but the mere report of wealth brings them about me like crows scenting at a carrion. I might be a fool—a villain—no matter, I am supposed to be a millionaire, and there is not a quality of heart or mind which they are not willing to give me credit for. The comedy is too disgusting, Devereux."

"It is capital sport," replied Devereux. "But the master stroke is still to be played. The conquest of the fair Romanus is yet to be achieved."

THE VICTORY.

THE conquest was already half made before the friends began the attack. Old Romanus, who had hitherto made it a rule to avoid all mention of Morn's name, had it now on his own lips from morning till night. There could be no doubt of the million any longer; the whole city rung with the news—he had refused an appointment in the Ministry, and the Minister of Finance, Von Rabe, and his Excellency Count Von Bitterblolt, were ready politely to cut each other's throats, to obtain Casimir Morn for a son-in-law.

"They say he will choose Countess Ida," said Caroline, slyly affecting an air of dejection, and glancing her bright blue eyes on her father.

The old gentleman made no answer, but nodded his head with a cunning look, and reckoned some imaginary sum with his fingers. "Pah, pah, all stuff—nonsense—what has she got, I ask; what has she got? Nothing! a ruined family, root and branch! How that pleases me in the lad Morn! he has got his money by hones trade; but his father was a rogue, an arrant rogue, and has made *me* as poor as Job, my girl. I shall never get a penny of all he owed me."

There was a knock at the door, and the well-known stranger, the Englishman Devereux, entered. Caroline blushed like a carnation, and Herr Romanus opened his eyes and mouth.

"I have a little business to transact with you, Herr Romanus, if you have no objection," said the stranger, with a courteous bow. "You might find it highly advantageous."

"Business; I am at your lordship's service. Do me the great honor to sit down."

"Mr. Casimir Morn, whose affairs in England I have had the honor of managing, wishing to retire from business, as he finds his income amply sufficient, ('So, so, so,' muttered Romanus,) has been to view the estate of Dreileben, which is understood to be for sale; he seems inclined to purchase it."

"How, he indeed!—Dreileben!—but why Dreileben?—it's a large purchase, ticklish speculation, very: they will ask a confounded price, eh?"

"Mr. Morn has taken a fancy to it, and the name pleases him. He has often said it would be a Paradise for two, or perhaps three friends, who would desire to pass their lives together. By the three he means himself, his future wife, and one esteemed friend, under which appellation he is good enough to understand me."

Caroline's blood mounted to her temples; what could be the matter with her?

"But you are perfectly right about the price, Mr. Romanus. Baron Von Wolpern demands no less a sum than a hundred and fifty thousand guilders: or, ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand, Mr. Morn will pay ready money, but,"—

"Ready money, a hundred and thirty thousand! so, so! an excellent young—an *excellent* young man."

"Still the price seems enormous. He wishes that the bargain should be concluded by some one who understands the business better than he does. He would be willing to reward the trouble of any person inclined to act as his agent in this matter, by a gratification of a hundred guilders for every thousand abated in the purchase-money. Now, he maintains that there is not a man in the city so well qualified to transact business of this nature as Mr. Romanus."

"Your humble servant," said the old man, glancing suspiciously at his visitor. He could not understand any one *giving* away even civility for nothing. "Now, if you would have the goodness to take this commission on yourself."

"Hundred for every thousand: I am at your lordship's command."

"It is a matter of extreme vexation to Mr. Morn that he has not been on such good terms with you of late years as formerly."

"Trifles, tut — mere trifles, mere trifles."

"He told me, that at first it was his intention to have put his little capital in your hands instead of employing it in England; and, indeed, after that, he would have proposed a speculation in the English funds, but your coolness towards him —"

"Trifles, I tell you, thunder and lightning! — mere trifles; and how should I know what he meant?" said the old man, half crying. "Why was he so hard-hearted to a poor man like me, as not to say a word about it when he was rolling in gold?"

"But to return to this affair of Dreileben; are you inclined to undertake it?"

Romanus walked up and down the room, with his hands behind him, muttering and grumbling to himself for some minutes. "I 'll do it," said he, at length; "the profit is small, very small, but times are bad, very bad; an honest tradesman must not let anything slip through his fingers."

In eight days the purchase was completed. Herr Romanus made a snug little profit of a thousand guilders, and went quite cheerfully to Casimir to announce the conclusion of the business, and congratulate him on his acquisition.

"And we may be good friends again, my worthy Mr. Casimir," said the old man with a smile, yet somewhat embarrassed.

"I desire nothing more earnestly, Mr. Romanus," said Casimir, warmly. "Grant me but one favor — make me and your daughter happy at once."

"It can't be, Mr. Morn. Have n't I told you, over and over again, that the money I lost through your father has made me as poor as a church-mouse?"

"Not so very poor, I should hope," said Morn, smiling.

"A beggar, sir; I tell you, a downright beggar. Ah, worthy Mr. Casimir, you are a rich man now, and you are an honorable man; you won't let a poor old man like me suffer; you 'll make up my loss to me!"

"Well, and if I do — then?"

"Then I 'll thank you on my knees."

"But, your daughter?"

"And the interest for seven years."

"Well, and the interest — then?"

"Then the whole city will say, what a worthy, honest, excellent, upright man you are."

"But Caroline?"

"And you must not forget that I gave your father the eight thousand dollars in gold. Oh, Mr. Casimir, louis d'ors and carolines, all gold, all full weight. If you had seen them. Heaven forgive me my sins! I would not swear, Mr. Casimir, but it makes my old eyes run over to think of it!"

"But if I give you fifteen hundred carolines for one Caroline? For your daughter Caroline?"

"I beg your pardon, but, with the interest, it would be above two thousand!"

"And if I did not hesitate to give you the two thousand, as soon as your daughter" —

"You are jesting with me, Mr. Morn. You see what little I have I want myself. I have been obliged to run in debt. Your father's bankruptcy was the ruin of me. I can give the girl nothing but what she carries on her back."

"Be it so, I will take her on your own terms."

"Why, then I — I must ask the girl herself."

Herr Romanus betook himself to his daughter. Morn was ready to dance for joy. He flew like one beside himself to Devereux, to relate his success, and ask his sympathy, and Devereux gave it heartily.

Within eight days the marriage contract was drawn out and signed, and the lovely Caroline Romanus became a yet lovelier Caroline Morn. Till Dreileben was ready for their reception, Devereux had taken care to provide a suitable residence in the town.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.

"The joke must be carried through," said the Englishman. "The whole city bows down before you, dear Morn; even the Court itself courts your friendship. We will turn over a new leaf now. I shall give you out for poor, and see what sort of a grimace your dear friends will make then. And when the contemptible crew have sunk themselves as low as possible, we will turn our backs upon them forever. I have let Baron Von Wolpern into the secret, for I must chastise the old curmudgeon, your father-in-law, for the Jew's bargain he has driven with you. No remonstrance — he deserves it."

Devereux told the simple truth. The whole town were bowing to the ground before the supposed millionaire. And how should people, accustomed from their very childhood to value wealth, show, luxury, above all earthly good, do otherwise ? — how feel anything but admiration and reverence for the amiable young man, who possessed the prettiest wife, the finest estate in the territory, and a million ? The noblest and stiffest backs in the city bent in homage to this new luminary. Every one was solicitous for the notice of Herr Von Morn ; every lip instinctively uttered the noble prefix, without asking for the patent. Ministers, Grand everythings, and Count everybodies, loaded him with invitations. At some of the fêtes where he was most pressingly invited, the electoral family were present ; the noble hosts were solicitous to present Herr Von Morn to their Highnesses, and their Highnesses' reception was most gracious ; but, strange to say, the object of all these flattering attentions felt anything but flattered. Not for what he *was*, but for what he *had*, were all these caresses lavished ; and it was with no small violence to his feelings that he constrained himself to go through the disgusting farce.

"I can bear it no longer," said Morn on one occasion, when a stronger dose of incense than ordinary had been offered up ; and Devereux in reply said, "We must carry it through ; I shall give you out for poor."

Towards the latter end of March, Devereux had gone about with a look of affected anxiety, and dropped mysterious hints of bad news from England. He spoke of certain speculations being subject to enormous losses, as well as enormous gains. "It was so fortunate he had so many powerful friends in ——," and so forth. Baron Von Wolpern was seen to shake his head and look thoughtful, when the sale of Dreileben was talked of — "the purchase money was not *yet* paid down." It was whispered that Morn's splendid new equipage would be disposed of *privately :* the town-house was announced to be let. The news flew like wildfire through the town, with a thousand additions. On the *first of April* the matter was placed beyond a doubt, by Morn's driving about to all his new friends, among whom it became known, with wonderful rapidity, that from some he had requested *loans*, from others securities or their good offices with the Elector for an appointment, &c. All those who, but four-and-twenty hours before, had overwhelmed him with offers of services, and half-stifled him with embraces, were in consternation at this new state of affairs. Some were "grieved beyond measure," in proper courtly phrase, and others excused themselves coldly—"they made it a rule never to be surety for any one;" they had no interest; some smiled with scarcely concealed malicious pleasure at the sudden vanishing of the fairy treasure. One thing was evident, there was neither credit, money, nor interest, left in the whole city.

A splendid ball and supper at the house of his Excellency Count Von Bitterblolt, at which Herr and Frau Von Morn were to have been present, was, for some unexplained cause, adjourned *sine die.* With old Romanus the result of all this was rather more serious than was intended. To him came Baron Von Wolpern one fine morning, accompanied by a lawyer of eminence, and politely requested of him, as negotiator in the purchase of Dreileben, security for the payment of the sum agreed on.

Romanus had certainly given no written surety for his son-in-law; but, in his eagerness to gripe the proffered gain, he had verbally, and pretty plainly given it to be understood, that, to hasten the purchase, he was ready to make advances; but nothing was further from his thoughts than to be taken at his word. The evil reports that had been before flying about town had sorely disquieted him, and Morn's evasive answer to the questions he put to him had by no means tended to still the perturbation of his spirit. But when the Baron and his lawyer made their appearance, he was driven well-nigh crazy! In a few hours after the Baron's visit he had a fit of apoplexy—the very mention of a physician made him furious, and the evening saw the end of his cares and his life together.

DREILEBEN.

This sudden death changed the whole aspect of affairs. Romanus left enormous wealth behind him, much more than had been expected. Casimir Morn had now really become the millionaire for which his rich and whimsical friend had compelled him to pass. Dreileben had been bought in Morn's name, but the money had been furnished by Devereux, to whom, by an agreement between him and Morn, it had been immediately conveyed. Almost as much disgusted with the world as his friend, Devereux had resolved to end his days in some agreeable solitude. The charge of overlooking the estate was to be Morn's; he had positively refused to accept any gift from his English friend. Both were now nearly equally wealthy, but their plan of life remained the same. On the other hand, the worthy citizens of —— faced about as if struck by a conjurer's wand: "It was the first of April when we heard of this sudden loss; ah, the arch-jester, it was really too bad, but admirably done too!" High and low enjoyed the joke alike; Morn's doors were again besieged with visitors; wealth and credit returned in a wonderfully short time; the acceptance of securities and recommendations was pressed as the greatest possible favor to the givers; and as to dinners, balls, concerts, &c., &c., there was no end of them.

"I am heart-sick at all this," said Morn. "Come, Caroline, come, Devereux, let us to Dreileben, and forget these whited mockeries. I have been long enough a dupe. What more have I to do in the world, as it is called? Why should I be any longer a witness of these hollow jugglers, the sport of their false smiles? Be wise as Solomon; pure as an angel; sacrifice yourself for society; be a model of disinterestedness and beneficence — but poor in this world's goods, and you are nothing, or worse than nothing! Every blockhead will be exalted above you — every cold-hearted egotist sneer you down — every, even acknowledged, scoundrel be honored and caressed before you, if he but possess that mightiest of talismans — wealth."

As soon as the business of the inheritance was arranged, and the house and business of old Romanus disposed of, Morn left the city, in company with his wife and his friend, and has never since been known to enter it.

About six years after these occurrences I had occasion to pay a visit to the electoral city. I knew that my old university friend, Casimir Morn, had formerly held some appointment there, and was rejoicing in the prospect of renewing my acquaintance with him. My earliest inquiries were concerning him. Few knew anything about him; at last I learnt that he was living at Dreileben, brooding over his money-bags, as his father-in-law had done before him, and keeping up no intercourse whatever with his neighbors. As soon as I had gathered these particulars, I got into a chaise one fine morning, and drove to Dreileben, musing and lamenting by the way on the perverse accident that could have changed my open-hearted, open-handed school friend into that most pitiful of created beings — a miser.

The road lay through a succession of richly cultivated fields, to a forest, where, as the peasants informed us, the mansion was situated — on the banks of the Rhine. When I entered the forest, however, I found it no forest, but a delightful compromise between park and garden, adorned on every side with graceful temples, the rarest plants, and exquisite groups of statuary in the purest marble. The expense of creating such a place must have been enormous. A spacious and magnificent house, with extensive out-buildings for agricultural purposes, stood before me, approached over a wide lawn smooth as velvet, and skirted by a magnificent orangery. Everywhere I saw traces of an almost royal outlay, guided, however, by a noble taste; none whatever of the avarice attributed to the possessor.

As I was getting out of the carriage a servant in a rich livery advanced to meet me, and, in answer to my inquiries for his master, was "very sorry, but the family had left Dreileben that morning early, and were not expected back for some days." As there was no help for it, I returned to town; in another week, I repeated the attempt, but with no better success; the family were still absent. As my stay in the city was limited, I felt greatly vexed at my failure, and could not help expressing it in the circle I joined in the evening. I was answered by a general laugh.

"If you were to go twenty times to Dreileben," said one of the party to me, "you would get the same reception. You might have been spared the trouble of going if you had mentioned your intention beforehand. No one, be he who he may, is ever admitted within their doors. They have telescopes planted at certain points commanding the road, so that they are never to be taken by surprise. All the servants are previously instructed, and, as soon as any one of them spies a visitor, he runs in to warn his misanthropical masters."

Thus informed, I wrote to Morn, expressing my desire to see him once more, and entreating that he would make me an exception to his general rule. I received a courteous answer, and the assurance that for me he would be at home; the day and hour when I should be expected were punctually named.

When I came within sight of the house, Morn advanced to meet me, with his beautiful wife on his arm. Both received me with a kindness and cordiality I had little expected, after all I had heard, and presented me to their friend, Devereux; he was a young man about Morn's own age, of a graceful and highly prepossessing exterior, and anything but *cynical* in appearance. In a quarter of an hour we were the best friends in the world. I was entertained with a magnificence that I have not always found even in princely palaces. The interior of the house corresponded with the costliness of the arrangements without. The library was splendid; the walls of all the larger rooms adorned with masterpieces of the greatest painters; and a music-room furnished with the finest instruments.

In my honor there was a concert such as I have seldom heard from amateurs. The upper servants were all musical, and the heads of the family performers of no ordinary pretensions.

Morn had two lovely children; Devereux was still a bachelor, and announced his determination of dying one. "And you are really happy here in your beautiful retirement?" said I, inquiringly, when we were sitting in a pavilion in the garden, overlooking the lordly Rhine.

Morn smiled. "Why not? We form our own world here, and it is our happiness to know nothing of the other by experience. If we feel any curiosity about the proceedings of the fools, there are the newspapers to inform us. We prefer, however, to learn what the nobler spirits of other times have taught, or invented, or done; to learn it in the immortal legacy of works they have bequeathed us. All that Nature, Art, and Science afford of fairest and noblest surrounds us here. What is wanting to our heaven? Intercourse with the rapacious, mentally crippled, corrupt, self-seeking herd without, would sully its purity, and make us partakers in their well-deserved misery. Well is it for those who can free themselves from the coil, and, living with and for themselves, look on the sayings and doings of what you call the world, as on a theatrical spectacle, in which they are spectators, not actors."

These expressions led to a conversation on the true social relations of the wise; and it was then that Morn related his own and Devereux's stories, as I have repeated them to you.

PART II.

WHEN the Counsellor had concluded the history of his first Millionaire, Morn's conduct was warmly discussed, and variously commented on. All agreed that his scorn of the world and absolute seclusion must be looked upon as a *revenge* taken for its previous neglect, when the chances turned in his favor; but, while some of the circle held him perfectly justifiable, if not praiseworthy, in such indulgence of his feelings, others censured him loudly; had his circumstances been different, he might have been excused; but the withdrawal from all intercourse with his fellows, pardonable as self-defence in a poor man, was sheer egotism and narrow-heartedness in a rich one.

"Rich or poor," said one, "every man has a right to seek his own happiness in his own way, provided he injure no one in the means selected."

"Will you tell us how a man, gifted alike by nature and fortune, can withdraw himself from the active duties of life, *without* injuring a great many?" retorted an anti-Mornite.

"It is easy to be philanthropic in theory," said another, "but, honestly speaking, which of us would be inclined to sacrifice himself for the good of society, supposing his own views of happiness to consist in the renunciation of it? Would you; or you; or you?"

"Besides, Morn did not reject the world till the world rejected him," added the first speaker.

"That is, he was cheated by a few knaves, from whom no one in their senses would have expected anything else, and he did not find everybody ready to make prompt acknowledgment of his merits and services, some of them being, by the by, known only to those interested in concealing them."

"Was he the only person who, because his situation was subordinate, has been obliged to submit in silence, while others engrossed the fruits of his labors? Right doing would be a mighty easy thing, if applause and profit were its certain rewards."

These words produced a second dispute. Each defended his own views with warmth, if not with judgment; and the party separated more confirmed, or at least more obstinate, in their own opinion than ever. At the next weekly meeting at the Forest Counsellor's, some of the disputants took up the argument where they had left it, and prepared to fight the battle manfully all over again. The Counsellor remained faithful to his character for moderation, and chose a middle path between Morn's censurers and his eulogists. The party were getting somewhat warm, when our host reminded us that we had not yet heard the story of the second Millionaire. There was an immediate silence, at which the Counsellor dexterously profited to put an end to the dispute by the following narration: —

Some years ago, I was returning from Amsterdam, where I had been sent by my government to obtain payment for some timber for ship-building, about which some difficulties had arisen with the Dutch government. I had succeeded beyond my expectation in my commission; a new and more advantageous bargain had been made, and I was congratulating myself on the credit I should obtain with my government. It was evening: I was snugly packed in the corner of my new travelling chaise, hugging myself on the prospect of a comfortable night's rest, after travelling the whole of the preceding night over some of the worst roads in Germany, and that is saying much. I was soon shaken out of my doze into which I had fallen by a tremendous jolt. My old servant, Kunz, who was on the box, was sent flying through the air, and deposited high and dry on a bank by the road-side, before he had time to take the pipe from his mouth, and I was projected with such force in the rear of the postilion, that he was under the horses' feet in a second. Fortunately, the animals, being natives, "and to the matter born," took our mishap very coolly, and stood quite still, while the bipeds were scattering in all directions, as if it had been an adventure they expected, and had made up their minds to. The axle-tree and a spring of the chaise were broken, and so was the postilion's nose; I was quit for the fright, but poor Kunz had dislocated his shoulder. With some difficulty and great exertion we managed to get the chaise to the next village, and to the inn, or rather beer-house, —

there was but one, and that a dirty, smoky den. I inquired immediately for a smith and a wheelwright; neither were to be had in the place, and the landlord himself advised me to go to Hard, where I should get all I wanted. "There were no better workmen for many miles round than were to be found at Hard."

Poor Kunz was suffering greatly, and the Esculapius of the village, who had been immediately summoned, could only shake his head and lament that the surgeon had died a few weeks before — he himself never undertook operations. "The best thing you can do," said he, "is to take your servant to Hard, where you will find an excellent surgeon."

"And where, then, is this same Hard?" asked I; "*I* know no town of that name here."

"It is not a town; it is a village, a short four miles hence."

"And how is it that the best artisans and the most skilful professional men live in the villages instead of the towns?"

"Oh, that is the doing of the Schulze; he is a strange character, — a humorist, as it is called, — a fool, *I* say, who can do nothing like other people. He wants to make a city of his paltry village, I believe. He has money enough; they say he is a millionaire, and it is like enough; but he is a miserable, parsimonious wretch, and has as many whims as heirs. I know him well enough, though I have nothing to do with him, thank Heaven!"

"And I shall find a good inn at Hard, you say?"

"Oh, yes, certainly; a very good one. There are mineral waters there. Ila Schulze has built a house there for the visitors to the springs, and that will be his ruin in my humble opinion — that and the doctor he has thought fit to establish there; — a conceited, ignorant body — a mere quack, with his new-fangled notions."

The old gentleman held forth long and loudly in dispraise of his learned, or unlearned, brother or rival, whichever he might be; nevertheless, as he admitted I should find the best surgeon, the best wheelwright, and the best smith, in Hard, to Hard I resolved to go. On the following morning, the chaise was patched up as well as it could be with ropes and poles; Kunz, who was still in great pain, packed in as comfortably as circumstances admitted, and despatched before me to the much-talked-of Hard; and the weather being extraordinarily fine, and the way not easily mistaken, I followed on foot.

Scarcely half a mile from the village I was leaving, there was a sudden and striking improvement in the condition of the land. On both sides of the carefully kept road were rows of fruit-trees, in the finest order. The fields beyond seemed admirably cultivated; not a weed to be seen, the grass abundant, and of the richest quality. Before me lay the village, consisting of cottages, not forming a street, but scattered among trees, as in a great garden. In the middle of the village, on a gentle eminence, rose the church. The whole arrangement of the place, the style of building, and the extraordinary fertility of the land around, the more agreeably surprised me from the striking contrast it presented to all I had hitherto seen in this part of the country.

"Why, this village of yours is a perfect paradise, father," said I to an aged peasant, who just then came up with me; "I have seen no such land as this for many a mile."

"Yes, God be praised, there is no fault to be found with the land!" returned the ancient, leaning on his stick to rest himself beside me as I stopped to look round me.

"How comes it that your village lies so scattered, so unlike the other villages about?" said I.

"Ugh!" replied the old man, with a discontented grunt, "unlike it is, sure enough. Our village was burnt to the ground about fifteen years ago, and we were obliged to build it so, because the government would have it. They could n't have done it worse. I have a good mile further to go to church every Sunday, and that 's hard enough for us old folks, especially in winter, and some must go further still. Ah! it was a terrible fire, sure enough. There were not five houses spared."

"And how did the fire happen?"

"Ugh! Heaven knows! People say all sorts of things! Some will have it the Schulze set it on fire himself, on purpose to vex us; but I don't say that exactly."

"But that is a terrible charge, indeed, against your Schulze."

"Ah!" said the elder, shaking his head significantly, "many and many 's the trick he has played us. He was schoolmaster here first; but he had interest somehow with the government, and so he was palmed upon us as the Schulze. O, he 's as cunning as a fox, and as hard to catch!"

"Is he rich?"

"I believe you; as rich as a Jew. But he can't enjoy his money; he lives poorer than any day-laborer. But he is caught sometimes, cunning as he is," added the old man, chuckling. "When the whim seizes him, he throws away his money by the handful. He 'll ruin himself at last with his new-fangled nonsense; and who cares? He only uses his money to tyrannize over his poor neighbors."

In this strain the ancient went on wandering, till I wished him good morning, and he struck off through a by-path.

The view was so charming, so like our dreams of Arcadia, that, involuntarily loitering on my way, I sat down under a tree to enjoy it at my leisure. "How happy, how supremely happy, might the dwellers in this paradise become, if Satan did not always take a hand in the game of life!" thought I. "Who but Satan could have put it into the heads of the government to send a fellow here to play the great man, and make these honest folks miserable?"

While I thus mused an old woman passed, whom I immediately hailed.

"Good day, mother! Whereabouts in the village is the public house, can you tell me?"

"Straight on, sir, on the left hand, near the church; I am the landlady."

"So much the better. Then you can tell me at once what accommodation I can have for myself and my servant for a few days."

"O," said the old lady with a discontented air, "that 's another thing. I can't lodge gentlefolk; I 've no convenience. You must go to t'other house there, higher up on the hill. I saw a broken gimcrack of a chaise there a while agone; I suppose it was yours."

"Do you see that little white house with the green shutters, there?" continued the old woman, when I asked for some further direction; "that 's the Schulze's, and close to it is the big new inn for strangers."

"O, and that belongs to the Schulze also, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, and no, as one may say, — it is his'n, and it is not, like everything else hereabouts. It 's all his fault that it was built."

"It is of no advantage to you, then?"

"Not it, indeed, nor to any one else. Since he 's been in the village, my house is not worth half what it was. God forgive him! he will have much to answer for at the last day. Yes, yes," continued she, grumbling, "I should change my plan, quotha. A pretty thing, indeed, at my time of life, to go to school! I was not to be cozened that way, Mr. Schulze! The heavens be praised! I can do without him or the house either, for the matter of that."

While she was speaking, I heard a sudden and warm strife of tongues in one of the neighboring cottages. The old lady pricked up her ears, and nodded her head with a smile of malicious satisfaction. "Ah, ah! old Gletchen 's catching it at last; serve her right, too,

—serve her right!" and the old dame trotted off, evidently well pleased that one of her gossips had got into a scrape of some sort, probably with the redoubtable village monarch himself. As I passed the house whence the sounds proceeded, the door opened, and a man, in a dress no way superior to that of a peasant, except that it was scrupulously clean, came out. He was evidently displeased at something; close to him came an old woman in tears, who seemed to be deprecating his wrath, and after her walked a young man, who held out his hand to the departing visitor, with the words, "You are perfectly right, Master Schulze; I had warned mother often enough," pronounced in a hearty tone.

"Well, well," returned the Schulze, with a kind of authoritative kindness, "for this once, I will overlook it."

The old woman reiterated her assurances that the subject of complaint, whatever it might be, should not again occur, and the village despot walked off. He took the same path that had been pointed out to me as the nearest to the inn I was in search of. I quickened my pace. I had a curiosity to see the face of the griping millionaire of whom I had heard so much in so short a time; yet I could not say why I should have any desire to see more of a man, to whose advantage so little could be said by those who knew him best. He went on so quickly that I should not have easily overtaken him, if he had not stopped again to speak to some countrymen coming from the village. We exchanged salutations as I came up, and he gave me the "pas" civilly enough, and that was enough to begin a conversation. It turned naturally enough upon the fruitfulness of the surrounding country. His manner was perfectly unassuming, but very decided, and his expressions betrayed a degree of cultivation greatly beyond what might have been expected from his rustic appearance. As to the land, he asserted roundly that it was neither better nor worse than the other land in the neighborhood, with which I had instituted a comparison greatly to the advantage of the former; the only difference he would admit was the better cultivation. "That very circumstance," I said, "was worthy all my admiration!"

"Every proprietor lives here in the midst of his own land," said the Schulze, "and thus it is the easier to overlook and cultivate it."

"But this rich pasturage," said I—.

"You have not, perhaps, observed, that all the meadows lie together and are well irrigated. We have also fine marl in the neighborhood. So they have, or might have, in the other places of which you spoke just now; but the people are idle and ignorant.

Nature is always a kind mother, but men do not always give themselves the trouble to understand her language; they prefer their own darkness to her light." This remark was somewhat too philosophical for a village schoolmaster or Schulze. I turned to look again at my companion in his rustic tunic and coarse straw hat; there was, I thought, something beyond his condition in his countenance, — I might almost say noble. I fancied, moreover, that the features were familiar to me. The Schulze returned my gaze with a penetrating look. "Are you not," said he at length, "Adolphe Von Rodern?"

"Von Rodern is my name," still unable to identify the person before me.

He laughed, and held out his hand. "What, my slender friend, once the delight of every bright eye in ——?" I attempted to withdraw my hand, for I took it into my head that my new acquaintance was hoaxing me; but he held it fast, and went on — "The world goes well with you; why, what a broad-shouldered, portly-looking young man you are become! And what good wind has blown you hither from the golden middle path you love so well, to such a by-way as the road to Hard? I bid you heartily welcome, however, since you came. What, do you not know me yet?"

I stood looking stupid enough, I believe. I could not for my life recollect where I had seen the speaker. Suddenly a ray of light flashed on my mind. Was it — could it be my university friend, Engelbert?

"Engelbert it is, and no other." I was deeply moved; the golden days of my youth returned in a moment. I returned his embrace heartily, and forgot in a moment all the ill that had been spoken of him. He called a boy from a neighboring field, and bade him run directly to his wife. "Say that I have found a brother," said he; "tell her to have the breakfast carried under the lime trees. We will join her directly."

I was called upon immediately for a sketch of my life since we had parted at Inbingen, the cause of my present journey, and my visit to Hard. The story of many of our former mutual friends came in episodically; and, among others, Morn's, you may be sure, was not forgotten. "And now for yourself, my friend," said I, at length; "it is your turn now."

"I," replied Engelbert, laughing; "you may satisfy yourself — look at me. I am what I look like — a peasant, and also Schulze of this village."

"But, you strangest of beings! how came you so? Why, with your fine talents and abundant knowledge, do I find you buried in this remote nook of earth? Can it be your free choice?"

"My free choice!"—"And how long have you lived here?"—"Nineteen years, and most happily."—"Well, but explain yourself a little."

"Another time; come to breakfast now. My wife and family will be waiting for us."

We went on a little further, and a sudden turn of the path brought us to the lime trees, under the shade of which sat a beautiful woman of about thirty years of age, in a rustic dress, with an infant on her lap. At her feet sat another, under two years of age, to whom a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired brother was bringing flowers. Two elder boys, apparently between the ages of seven and twelve, were standing near their lovely mother, with books in their hands, and their great blue eyes fixed on me with curiosity. Their dress was like their father's, and in no way differing, either in form or material, from that of peasants. The Schulze presented me to his wife, over whose delicate features a gentle blush passed as she returned my salutation. I was speedily acquainted with the whole charming group. The children lay on the grass, round a large, exquisitely clean, wooden vessel full of milk, which, with the ordinary black bread, formed their breakfast. White bread and newly churned fresh butter were brought for me, with a flask of old Burgundy. "I know of old your hostility to milk breakfasts," said Engelbert. It seemed to me like a dream; the sight of this really picturesque group, and the extraordinary rencontre with Engelbert as a peasant—he who had been admitted to be the best endowed by nature, the richest in acquired knowledge amongst our whole circle at the university! Somewhat eccentric he had always been considered, but his singularities had been excused as the harmless freaks of a young, inexperienced, and enthusiastic head. But that such a one, destined by nature and fortune for the most splendid career, should end in becoming a village schoolmaster and Schulze—who, in Heaven's name, could ever have expected this?

His Augusta—so he called his wife—his children, were evidently most fondly attached to him, as he was to them. How could this man be so selfish, so grasping, so hard-hearted as he had been painted to me? And yet the wealth he was said to possess awakened my suspicions; it had been well known, at the university, that his family was very moderately endowed with the goods of fortune; and then how did this opulence tally with the simplicity, not to say parsimony, exhibited in the dress and style of living of his family? A miser he must certainly be. I resolved to lengthen my stay, and examine my man a little closer. After breakfast, we continued our walk up the hill.

"I cannot lodge you under my humble roof," said Engelbert, "for I have no spare room. But you will find everything you can want in the inn. I have established baths there over the sulphur springs, and you may take your choice of the rooms, as the season has not yet begun. No visitors will be here before next month."

THE HOUSEHOLD.

The wheelwright had already my carriage, and the surgeon my servant, in their hands. The mechanic undertook the speedy renovation of the chaise, for a hint from the all-powerful Schulze sufficed to make him lay all other work aside. The surgeon had put Kunz's arm in its place again, but it was excessively swollen, and at least a week's quiet was pronounced necessary for him. As far as I was personally concerned, I was well pleased with the delay. Engelbert and his family were well worthy of a visit on purpose.

Everything about this humorist interested me the more, because I was every hour more thoroughly convinced that to few mortals was assigned so large a portion of pure happiness as to him. His house, like that of every other peasant, stood in the midst of a well-ordered flower and kitchen garden. Within reigned the strictest cleanliness, and not simplicity alone, but downright poverty. The sitting-room for the whole family contained but chairs and tables of the plainest kind, a wooden clock, and a small looking-glass. Engelbert himself, his wife, and children, slept on mattresses stuffed with leaves and moss. The house linen was coarse, but of a dazzling whiteness. The table service might have been used in a convent of Capuchins. When I insisted one day upon dining with the family, they bade me welcome, laughing, and warned me that my fare would not be sumptuous. The soup was excellent. We had one dish of roast meat, and abundance of vegetables, young, and well-cooked. The bread was common black bread; the only drink a kind of thin beer or water; and this was the whole fare. And yet I thought I had never dined so well. The charming mother, surrounded by the five cherub heads; Engelbert, with his playful wisdom, — the heartfelt happiness of all made a deep impression on me. I confess I thought myself in heaven, and felt provoked when Engelbert made himself merry with what he was pleased to call my sufferings as a town gourmand at his rustic table. The only expense in the house was in Engelbert's study. There he had a small, but choice collection of books, maps in abundance, an electrifying machine, an air-pump, and other instruments of physical science. The study was also the school-room of the children, and Augusta's boudoir, for here stood her piano, and in some of the empty drawers of her husband's cabinet she kept some finer articles of dress.

"Admirable!" said I. "But your family will outgrow your play-room, my dear Engelbert. You must think of extending it."

"Not before ten years," returned he. "The temple of our happiness is small, but our happiness itself is great. We have more than room enough."

"You are really and truly happy in these relations?"

"Look at these!" said Engelbert, pointing to his wife and children. "What joyous health in every look and gesture! And these noble forms are animated by yet nobler souls. Here is my kingdom — my republic — my all! I enjoy life in reality, not in appearance, as you do in your city palaces, full of inconvenient conveniences, and your sickening and poverty-stricken villages. I have enough for the real wants of life, and ample sphere of action for my mental powers. I live apart from the splendid misery of a corrupt refinement, but not from the nobler humanity. These are the great immortals! (pointing to his books.) To me lies open the bosom of Nature — the glory of God — the way of eternity! What more should I ask or seek for?"

I pressed his hand, but with some embarrassment, for I knew not well how to answer him. I might have said, you are an enthusiast. But he was in the right, and I felt it; and also that, in many of our social relations, we are abundantly absurd, and but too often sacrifice the real good of life to our conventional notions. I might have frankly admitted, you are in the right; but then I felt that he had wandered so widely from the accustomed path — his ideas and motives were so little in harmony with the ideas and motives of the age, from and with which I had been and still was acting — that a verbal acquiescence, while it was all I could give, would be of little value.

I could not sufficiently admire his wonderful activity. He farmed on his own account, and took not merely a superintending, but an actual share in the business of the farm. His office of justice gave abundant employment, one might have thought, and yet it seemed to be merely a supplementary one to him. Every day he spent some hours alone in his study, and his two elder boys received instruction from him. These children were taught, all they *were* taught, *thoroughly*. The trees of the forest, the plants of the garden, the geology of the neighborhood, were familiar to them, not only in appearance, but in their nature and properties. They called them by their scientific names, for they had learned no others. The prism, the magnet, the microscope, were familiar to them as their ordinary toys. The glorious map of the heavens was open to their constant observation, and they had been early rendered familiar with the starry host.

As Engelbert took upon himself the education of the elder children and all out-door business, Augusta labored in the same spirit in her department. As well as the usual household arrangements, the care and direction of all the land whose produce was destined for domestic supply; the corn, flax, hemp, &c.; the management of the horses, sheep, cattle, goats, &c., belonging to the farm, were superintended by her. Here she was absolute sovereign, and Engelbert laughingly acknowledged himself as subject.

"But, after all, what I desire to know is, how you came here," said I to him one morning. "I admit that all I see is admirable; yet, with your noble faculties, you might surely have done your country other and larger service than by becoming the Schulze of a paltry village."

He promised me an answer, and one fine Sunday morning, which he had promised to give up to me entirely, he came to fulfil his engagement. We went into the garden of the inn, which had been laid out in excellent taste for the visitors to the springs. The breakfast was prepared for us in a vine-canopied arbor, commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. Some coffee was brought for me, but Engelbert remained true to his rustic fare — milk and rye-bread.

"And now," said he, when we had breakfasted, "I am ready to satisfy your curiosity. In the mean time, Augusta is busy with the children; afterwards we will take a walk; then we go to church. The pastor, and some few other friends, will dine with us. In the afternoon, the young people of the village propose to give you a concert; and in the evening we shall have a dance here, and you must be one of the dancers. And now hear and edify: —

"I left the university half a year later than you did," continued Engelbert. "My guardian wished me to remain some time longer, but I put thirty louis d'ors in my pocket, and set off on a tour through Germany into Switzerland; thence I wandered into France. From Provence I crossed the sea to Naples, and came home through Rome and Vienna. Two louis d'ors, out of my thirty, I brought back with me, for I had travelled mostly on foot lived chiefly on bread and water, with an occasional glass of wine, and slept in barns and outhouses for nothing. I returned home just as my guardian was thinking of advertising me in the newspapers. He was extremely displeased with my proceedings, but in my own opinion I had gained as much instruction in my pedestrian tour through foreign countries, as I should have done from the chair of a professor. I passed my examination; my acquirements were extolled, and I obtained an appointment in the Woods and Forests, (without salary, however,) by way of initiating me into public business. After the lapse of a year I presented myself as a candidate for promotion in my line. My superiors eulogized my activity, but objected to my age. I was only just three-and-twenty. Good, thought I; if that be all, that is a fault that will mend every day. In another year I came again, and modestly proffered my claim to some Liliputian office.

"'You have some property, I understand, Mr. Engelbert?' said the President to me. 'Why don't you dress better? You are really not presentable.'

"'Your Excellency,' I answered, 'the State has a right to expect good service from me, but has nothing to do with my clothes.'

"His Excellency took my answer very much amiss, and I was dismissed with a cool bow. It happened about this time that there was a dispute between our court and a neighboring one respecting some secularized church property. The right was apparently on the side of the adverse party; but I had, by accident, discovered in the archives of the Woods and Forests some documents which must inevitably decide the cause in our favor. I wrote thereupon a defence of the claim of our court, printed it, together with the original document, and transmitted both to the minister to be laid before the king. My production had great success. I received the order of merit; that is to say, an ell of ribbon to dangle at my button-hole; and, as I afterwards heard, I was looked upon as a rising man. Unluckily, I did not know what to do with the ribbon, and sent it back again with a respectful intimation that I had written neither for vanity nor any view to self-interest, but simply from a love of justice; and that orders and ribbons were of no use to me. This brought down upon me the whole army of ribbon givers and takers. His Excellency the President of the Woods and Forests told me plainly that he took me for a fool, that the court was highly displeased, and that advancement was not to be thought of from that quarter. About the same time, I lost my guardian, who committed suicide when I attained my majority. The cause was made manifest soon enough. He had spent not only his own fortune, but the greater part of mine. I was heartily sorry for the man; if he had but possessed courage enough to tell me so, he might have spared himself: I would have forgiven him freely. His property, that is to say, what remained of it, was sold. Of mine, four thousand guilders were all that fell to my share. His only child, a daughter, was sent to the orphan asylum. Poor child, her fate was a hard one! I had youth and health, vigor of mind and body; I could easily replace what I had lost. I should have blushed to visit the sins of the father upon the child. I invested my four thousand guilders, and gave up the interest for the education of the child, or for her maintenance till she should marry. But, for the orphan-house I would have none of it. The best orphan asylum, like all other institutions for education out of the domestic circle, is only an institution for the corruption of morals.

"The question was now, what I should do with myself? The State refused my services, because my coat was not to its liking. I shook the dust from my feet, therefore, in my native place, and left it to try and be useful elsewhere. I had kept money enough, according to my own view of the matter, to maintain me till I could find some employment. While yet a boy at school, I had read, somewhere, a treatise which had made a deep impression on me. The subject was —'Of Unnecessary Necessities.' I had often wondered at the numberless superfluities which men choose to consider as necessaries, and, to procure which, they willingly became the sacrifice of others' vices and their own folly. The fewer wants, the fewer desires a man has, the less are his fears and vexations, the fewer his cares. The freest man is he who is least dependent on custom and convenience, and, consequently, the least affected by circumstances. The essay concluded with these words:—'Cleave to the essential alone, and leave to fools the melancholy pleasure of appearance.' Even as a schoolboy, I had attempted to accommodate myself to this system. I did my duty in all things, and declined all praise from my masters. I often slept at night upon chairs beside my bed, instead of in it. I drank neither beer nor wine, tea nor coffee, but, simply, water. I never spent a fifth part of my pocket money on the trifles on which children are accustomed to waste their allowance, and was, therefore, often able to assist those of my school-fellows, who were poorer than myself, with real necessities, books, maps, and the like. I was delighted to leave the university, when, becoming entirely my own master, I could pursue, unmolested, the plan I had marked out for myself. The simplicity of my mode of living induced most of my acquaintances to esteem me poor. I was far richer than the greater part of them with double my income, for I wanted nothing, and owed nothing; — many of those who pitied or blamed me set no limits to their wishes, and were deeply in debt.

"My views of life, however, gave prodigious offence in my native city; but I could not see why I should fare sumptuously, or lie softly, to please others, when I could please myself at far less cost. My dress was neat, and not *out* of the fashion, but I did not particularly distinguish myself by the fineness of my linen, or employ the most fashionable tailor, and, therefore, I was held *unpresentable* in good society. I did my duty in my vocation; but I never went to 'pay my respects' to my superiors, and my manners were pronounced excessively unpolished. I wished to be valued in society for my talents, natural or acquired, and my moral worth; — the well-judging public insisted upon fine clothes, flattery, and what it is pleased to call respect for appearances. I did not smoke; I did not play at cards; and frequented places of public amusement but little; — that was called an 'affectation of singularity.' My disfavor with society grieved me but little, however; I lived and acted according to my own convictions, was content with moderate means, had the power of helping many with my superfluity, was always cheerful, and never sick. All that was wanting to my happiness was the means of becoming more extensively useful. I could do without the suffrage of the world. Woe to him whose felicity depends on others, if he cannot find it in serving them without expecting their applause!"

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

"I SPENT the better part of a year in rambling about this blessed Germany of ours without finding anywhere a suitable sphere of action. Every application for fitting employment was met with a 'but.' It is silly enough of the people, thought I, that will have nothing to do with a man who asks no more than the means of making himself useful to the best of his ability! I had before projected a journey to London, to offer my services to explore the interior of Africa for the benefit of the world and of science; and, if they were not then accepted, to visit that part of the world on my own account. No sooner thought than done; I turned my face to the north-west.

"One evening, I entered the inn of a little town in my way, much fatigued. While my supper was preparing, I took up a provincial 'Intelligencer,' in which I saw an advertisement for a village schoolmaster; the salary was fifty guilders, with a house, firing, and the use of three acres of land. It struck me directly that this was the very thing for me. A village schoolmaster! The calling, generally esteemed so humble, is, in fact, one of the very highest importance. I might become the reformer of a whole village, the saviour of a thousand unhappy and neglected human beings. To how many important politico-economical, moral, religious, and patriotic points of view might I not pave the way for improvement? Poor as the remuneration was, it was sufficient for me. Real service, in fact, can never be *paid for*. How can virtues of any kind be rewarded by the State? State remuneration can only be measured by the greater or less expenditure of knowledge and activity required. For a village schoolmastership it is held that very little knowledge or labor is wanting; it is a low kind of thing altogether; hence the pecuniary recompense is paltry. But, for a master of the ceremonies, or a court chamberlain, indeed, most uncommon talents and virtues are demanded; and that is, no doubt, the reason why more is paid for such articles than for village schoolmasters throughout the kingdom.

"I went and offered myself as a candidate for the vacant office. The testimonials of ability I brought with me were examined, and I found I had the honor to be taken for a runaway student; that did not concern me very greatly. Against my capabilities in reading, writing, arithmetic, and singing, there was nothing to be said, and yet the authorities hesitated. Nor was I greatly surprised that they did; for it is not very usual for a man, who, upon occasion, could read and speak his six languages, to become a village schoolmaster. I doubt if, after all, I should have obtained the place, had there been any other candidates but myself and a deaf tailor.

"My sound ears had the preference.

"'Hark you, friend,' said the Examiner and President of the High Provincial School Commission; 'you shall have the place, but, understand, provisionally, for one year, in the course of which we shall see if your moral conduct is approved of.'

"My letter of provincial installation was duly delivered to me, and with it a letter to the most reverend Pastor Pflock, in Hard, who was to induct me into my office.

"I was as happy as a king — assuming that kings are in general happier than village schoolmasters. My dwelling in Hard was a ruinous barrack, as dirty as an uncleansed stable; every window patched with paper, and my sitting-room a gloomy den without a stove. The only stove in the place was in the school-room, which was to be tenanted every day by me and sixty-five children of both sexes. The garden was impassable from rubbish; the three acres of land offered a complete *Flora Hardinensis;* not a wild flower or weed growing in the whole country round but had its specimen there. Heavens! here was room and verge enough for the spirit of reform to revel in.

'The most reverend Pastor Pflock received me with severe dignity; gave me abundance of advice; and presented me, the following Sunday, after service, to his congregation, with much solemnity, and many sharp warnings to my juvenile troop.

"Pastor Pflock was esteemed a most zealous and orthodox man, who thundered every Sunday against infidels and dissenters with the voice of a stentor; painted the terrors of hell every fortnight, and the joys of heaven once a month; and, once a quarter, we had a vision of the last judgment. But, on the week days, and in common life, he was a common kind of man enough, who was content to let the world wag as it listed, and troubled his head very little about the sayings or doings of his peasants, provided the due offerings were made to his kitchen, and he was not forgotten at wedding feasts and christenings. His flock was ignorant, brutal, poor, and lazy; almost every one was in debt; their agriculture was wretched, their method of rearing cattle was as bad as possible, and their favorite amusements squabbling, fighting, and going to law. The only thriving person in the village was the Schulze, who also kept the public house, and was a diligent fomenter of the quarrelsome and litigious propensities of his neighbors, by which he was a gainer both ways. The exterior of the village, the rows of miserable cottages, full of dirt and disorder, the coarse, lumpish demeanor of the peasants and their wives, the rude audacity of the children, their ragged and dirty clothing, all convinced me that here was my appointed sphere of usefulness — here was I called to labor in my vocation in promoting the happiness of my fellow-men. I danced for joy round the schoolroom like a fool, till the house shook again!

"The poverty of the school fund obliged me to make the necessary repairs at my own expense, if I would have it done at all. I had the windows mended, and the walls whitewashed, and the floors, tables, benches, and doors, thoroughly scoured; dug up my garden, and planted it with vegetables, and set my three acres in order with my own hands. I kept a goat in the stable for the milk; and I had common right of pasture with the rest of the village. I was soon at home in my new abode. The reverend pastor himself was not cleaner or more comfortably lodged. The villagers stared, and seemed as much surprised at my orderly poverty as I was at their nasty abundance."

BEGINNING OF THE REFORMATION.

"As soon as I had arranged my dwelling to my liking, I began my operations on the rising generation. They drove every day in and out of the schoolhouse like a herd of swine. I began by accustoming every child to salute me on entering by giving me his hand; and those who came with them dirty were dispatched forthwith to remedy the evil at the spring behind the house. Hands and feet I required to be clean as the face. Very few seemed to have any acquaintance with the comb. I desired they should all be combed smooth before they came, and the little savages laughed in my face. The laughing I soon settled with the cane. I entreated the assistance of the pastor, and begged him to preach to his flock on the uses of cleanliness. His reverence opened his eyes wider than usual — 'What has that to do with religion, schoolmaster? Be so good as to mind your own business.' However, with the assistance of the stick, I accomplished the combing also. The clothing now came under consideration. Here, nothing was to be done by force. My pupils were all ragged — that I could not help, but I insisted that the rags should be clean. I gave little prizes to those who came to school clean for a week together — needles, knitting needles, scissors, knives, and other trifles, which I bought by the dozen at the neighboring fairs. The whole village, including the parson and the Schulze, sneered at my innovations; but I pursued my own plan obstinately.

"Human beings must be *unbrutified* before they can be educated. With the help of these small rewards, I produced a very considerable improvement in the course of a year among the youth of the village; and here and there a few of the elders began to feel some shame when the children themselves began to notice their dirty habits. As I passed through the village or fields, the little ones would leave their play, and come to greet me with a smile, and offer their hands. They all liked me; they were afraid of my cane, pleased with my presents, and delighted to listen to the stories which I sometimes related to them.

"My liberalities made a wonderful talk in the village. In the first year I had really spent more than I received. Two of the poorest, half naked children, I had clothed anew at my own cost, and these proceedings puzzled the good people extremely. A village schoolmaster was generally the poorest where all were poor; no man who possessed any property of his own, however small, would take such an office. Instead, like my predecessors, of accepting presents, or rather alms, from the parents of the scholars, I gave away more than any one else. No one knew what to make of me. Some were of opinion that I was a fugitive from justice, a cash-keeper who had run away with his master's money, or something of that sort. It was a matter of course, that people, who rarely did or thought any good themselves, should think no better of me. The pastor, however, gave a good character of me to the provincial school commission, though not without adding some strictures on the system of giving rewards to scholars. But, as giving is not so positively forbidden by the law as taking, I was confirmed in my office of schoolmaster for life."

PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION.

"As soon as I was assured of my dignity, I lightened my task by dividing the school into classes, and making the elder pupils assist in teaching the younger, and by this method brought them all forward more quickly. For the poorest girls, I bought wool and knitting-needles, taught them to make use of them, and gave them what they made for their own property. This piqued the parents who were in better circumstances — their daughters should be no worse off than their companions; the knitting became general, and in time was followed by sewing. A poor woman in the village, with whom I divided my salary, undertook the instruction of the girls in needlework. In the space of a year, not only the dirty, but the torn gowns and jackets had nearly vanished from my schoolroom. In some few, indeed, the love of dirt and disorder seemed irradicable; like other diseases, it ran in the blood, and descended from generation to generation.

"While the girls were making these advances in civilization, their male associates were not behindhand. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were diligently pursued, and the diligence was rewarded by the relation of stories of various kinds. It is incredible with what eagerness they would throng round me, when, on a holiday or Sunday afternoon, I took my seat in the fields, or woods, for this purpose. Every other amusement was readily forsaken for this; and many, even, of the grown-up lads, who had ceased to attend the school, never failed to join their younger companions on these occasions. Sometimes I gave them a lesson in natural philosophy, or history, in geography, or a moral lecture; but always in the form of a story. The young people thought they were only amused, while I was gradually undermining their prejudices, awaking their moral sense, and enlarging their views of the world.

"I had not less satisfaction in the singing lessons which it was my duty, as schoolmaster, to give. I had some excellent voices among my scholars, and the vicar choral of a neighboring town assisted me with notes and exercises. My young flock got on exceedingly well; but to amend the church singing, where the elders were concerned, was more than I could accomplish. The whole strength of their lungs was brought into play upon all occasions; they seemed to make a conscience of never sparing them. I presumed to direct the attention of Pastor Pflock to this subject, and asked him to use his influence with his worthy congregation that they should not bellow so unmercifully.

"'Eh! what do you mean by that?' said the pastor. 'I let every one give free course to his devotional feelings; let them cry aloud, and spare not. Lukewarm singing, lukewarm Christianity, in my opinion.'

"Apparently he had communicated my ridiculous, my unchristian censure, as he called it, to his whole flock; for I soon remarked that they roared more pitilessly than ever, and came out of church red-hot with their exertions, and as hoarse as ravens.

"I found I must be on my guard with these good people, with whom I was very evidently anything but popular; and, with my singing, sewing, washing, combing, and story-telling, passed for an innovating, mischievous busy-body. For this judgment, I was not a little indebted to the pastor, to whom I was not sufficiently submissive; and to the Schulze still more largely, because I never spent anything in his house, and purloined, as he considered it, some of his customers with my Sunday story-telling.

"I might have experienced more active efforts of the ill-will of this last dignitary and his partisans, had I not been, in some measure, defended from them by the warm attachment of the children, who never failed to give me warning in time of any conspiracy against me. But what contributed more than all to keep me scathless from their malice, was a kind of superstitious belief in my powers of mischief—a belief which, being first induced by the old women of the village, had found ready admittance with all.

"They took me, in short, for a conjurer, or something of the kind. To this wise conjecture, my extraordinary liberality, taken in conjunction with the scantiness of my apparent means, might have partly contributed, and partly that I had found out and frustrated more than one or two spiteful tricks intended to be played on me. It happened several times that I received a private visit from one or the other individual whose cow gave bad milk, or who had lost anything in house or field, to request that I would cut the cards, or make a spell of some kind, to discover the criminal. It was in vain that I tried to reason them out of this preposterous folly, and refused the offered money. They remained firm in their faith, that 'I knew more than I should.' Even my poor three acres brought me under suspicion, because, from being the worst, they were now the best and most productive in the parish. Although every one with their own eyes saw, or might see, that the elder lads helped me in the cultivation of the land, and the younger ones took it by turns to weed for me; although I offered them the plainest and simplest rules to obtain a like result with my own, they preferred their own solution of the enigma, 'I knew more than I should,' 'the devil had a hand in it,' &c.

"I saw that the elder part of the population were not to be converted. My best hopes rested on their children, who were in a great measure under my influence. I had done much in the course of five years, when a scandalous attempt, on the part of the pastor, threatened the destruction of my plans of reformation. One day the pastor sent for me, received me with extraordinary and unusual civility; and, while I was endeavoring to find out his motive for such an unexpected manifestation, he surprised me by a proposal to bestow on me in marriage a young person who lived in his house in some dependent capacity. He promised a good portion with her. I had no inclination to listen to or repeat village scandal, but I could not be ignorant that the girl's conduct was not irreproachable, and Pastor Pflock knew it full well. Of course, I gave a direct and immediate refusal; perhaps I was somewhat too abrupt. From that time forward he never preached a sermon without launching forth into invectives against all profligate innovaters and 'infidels.' If I had had any doubt as to whom these thunders were directed, his looks would have speedily enlightened me and everybody else; but I despised them too heartily to take any notice of them. By and by, I received notice that complaints had been lodged against me with the School Commission. I was charged with immoral conduct; I was unfit to be trusted with the instruction of children. I demanded a hearing; I demanded the names of my accusers, which could not well be refused me; and I never rested till the accusation and its cause had been traced home to Pastor Pflock. The motives for his extraordinary proposal were clear enough, and I succeeded in making them appear so to the Commission. From bullying, the unworthy pastor descended to supplication, that the business might not become generally known. It transpired, nevertheless; before many days were over, everything that had passed in the justice-room was known to every man, woman, and child in Hard. In another quarter of a year Pastor Pflock was removed, and another, Pastor Bode, replaced him.

"The latter, a pious and excellent man somewhat advanced in life, and well acquainted with the world, without being corrupted by time, supported me warmly in every attempt for the improvement of the people, and labored zealously in his own calling for the object. He went from cottage to cottage to give advice, warning, help, and consolation. I grieve to say, he reaped but a scanty harvest with all his toil. His preaching was not half so much attended or admired as Pflock's had been; the customary offerings to the parsonage kitchen much scantier. The good people of Hard maintained stoutly that Pastor Bode 'did not preach the right sort of religion; he was half an infidel, he did not believe in hell,' &c. &c. And then they shook their heads, and sighed for the high-seasoned homilies of Pastor Pflock, and the discourse usually ended with the ejaculation, 'Ah, he was the man; his was something like sermons! Hard will not see his like again in a hurry!'"

THE COLONY.

"About this time a certain Baron Von Losecke paid a visit to Hard, on account of some forest land which he inherited in the neighborhood, and which he wanted to dispose of again, as he did not mean to live in this part of the country. The government had declined the purchase, because wood was not at all wanted here, and there was no navigable river to aid in its disposal elsewhere. The Baron next offered it to the parish of Hard, as the forest lay so conveniently at hand. But the parish was poor and in debt; it was not in any particular want of wood; and, if it were, preferred greatly stealing it from the Baron's forest to buying of him. The offer was refused, although he would have lowered his first demand of nine to seven thousand guilders. The Baron was quite at a loss what to do with his new acquisition, and went to ask advice of Pastor Bode, who referred him to me as the person in Hard most likely to give him proper counsel. He came, and the thought suddenly occurred to me to buy the wood myself. My plan was ready in a few moments. I could not be a loser. The Baron swore at the whole business; he wanted, above all things, to be rid of the trouble, and at last declared that if I could find him a purchaser, he should have the wood for six thousand. I told him, at once, that I would buy it myself if he would accept the half in ready money, and allow me reasonable time to pay the other half, with a moderate rate of interest. He stared, first at me, and then at my naked school-room; but people soon come to an understanding when both parties mean to do so. The bargain was soon struck, and the necessary instruments drawn up. I drew my outstanding capital of four thousand guilders from my native city, paid out of my pocket a yearly sum equivalent to the interest of it, which, if you remember, I had destined for the support of my guardian's daughter, and the Baron received the promised moiety immediately.

"The whole village was up in arms at the news of my purchase. No doubt I was supposed to have found the philosopher's stone. I was laughed at for my folly, nevertheless, and many rejoiced beforehand in the expectation that I had certainly overreached myself in my bargain.

"The laughter did not very greatly disturb my equanimity. I hired wood-cutters, and a few experienced makers of potash, bought tubs and caldrons, built furnaces for the calcining, and transformed the fine beech wood into potash. My projects extended themselves. One of my best friends in the village was a young man named Lebrecht, an active, intelligent fellow, who had often assisted me in the school. I now made it over to him entirely with the income such as it was, and procured a ratification of the appointment from the commission. The only share I retained was the story-telling lesson, as it might be called. The school-house I gave up entirely to my successor, and built a temporary abode in the forest, to be near my workmen. I had cottages built for them also, which could be tenanted in the winter; and thus commenced a new mode of life, pretty much like that of a settler in the back woods of America. The Harders shook their heads at my foolish undertaking, while one acre after another was changed into potash. In a year some hundreds of acres were cleared. My potash found a rapid sale, and thus the old, impenetrable beech forest, snugly packed in barrels, wandered to all parts of the world. The half of the produce was more than sufficient to pay the remainder of the purchase money; the Baron was paid sooner than I expected, and I had beside some capital in hand, and the land. I now set to work upon a more substantial dwelling for myself, with barns and outhouses, I bought cattle, laid out the land in pasture and arable land, and so turned farmer, as well as potash-maker. In draining some part of the meadows, I discovered a spring. In testing its fitness for domestic purposes, I found it to be mineral. There is no other in all the country round. A new plan was quickly formed. I built this house for the reception of visitors, and advertised the healing properties of the spring in all the newspapers. It succeeded beyond all my expectations; the visitors were so numerous, that, in a few years, I was obliged to add wings to the bathing-house. My capital yielded me a high interest. I portioned off more than three hundred acres into small farms, and built houses upon them, for which I had lime, sand, and wood gratis, and every house had its tenant ready as soon as it was finished. I chose, in preference to all others, skilful artisans, who were either wanted by the water-drinking guests, or were not easily found in the neighborhood. I took care that the leases should be sufficiently advantageous to the tenant, to give him a real interest in the success of my colony. I was law-giver, as well as landlord, and my indulgence on some points, and inexorable severity on others, where the integrity of my colonists was concerned, were so well known, that my regulations were submitted to without hesitation. Look behind you, dear Roden, at those buildings, fourteen in number, which stand on the rising ground by the side of the forest. That is my colony."

THE NEW DIGNITY.

'Among the yearly visitors to the waters, some of the authorities of the land were occasionally to be found, to whom I became known. Had I been dressed like one of themselves, my acquirements would certainly have raised no astonishment, but in one clothed in the coarse garments of a peasant, they were esteemed something wonderful. I passed, moreover, for an opulent man, and these two circumstances procured my appointment as Schulze in Hard, on the death of the old one, in spite of all the ancient inhabitants could say against it. My new dignity gave me as much joy, as, under other relations, the post of Prime Minister could have done. I was now in the position I had long desired, and my sphere of action exactly what I wished it to be. I was no stranger to the ingratitude of the Harders, but what else was to be expected from a people so poverty-stricken, ignorant, lazy, and stupid? I must humanize them before I could look for humaner and nobler feelings from them.

"I immediately began to work out my projects. Pastor Bode and the schoolmaster Lobrecht were zealous coöperators. Even as Schulze, I continued my narrative lessons to the youth of the village. It was too powerful an engine in my scheme of moral reformation to be neglected. Eight years' experience had rendered me familiar with the chief sources of mischief in Hard, and I hastened to destroy them. One of the greatest was the litigious spirit of the people. They went to law about everything. I took upon myself to be an attorney, in defiance of the attorneys, and examined those local regulations, which most nearly concerned my peasants, and were most fertile in stuff for lawsuits. A good many I put an end to by amicable arrangement, and the number of my clients increased daily. My office enabled me continually to detect and frustrate the artifices by which provincial advocates often fermented and kept alive the foolish squabbles of the poor ignorant people for their own advantage. This alone was an immeasurable advantage for the village. In the midst of all these official labors, something occurred to me of which I had certainly often thought, but never before felt — something which turned my head for a time, and put an effectual stop to my reformation.

"One day I drove a wagon myself with a freight of potash to Berg, a market town about twelve miles from Hard, and where my agent for the sale of it lived. In the wagon I had also a sack of beans, which fell from it as I drove into Berg. A lad, who was passing, directed my attention to my loss. I ran back, and hoisted the sack on my shoulders to replace it in the wagon. At that moment a very pretty girl, whose dress announced her an inhabitant of Berg, came up with me. I do not know how I looked at her or she looked at me, but I felt the strangest sensation I had ever experienced in my life. While I was staring like a booby, I lost my hat, and, encumbered as I was, I could not stoop to recover it. The beauty saw my embarrassment, and, turning back with the best-hearted smile in the world, picked up the hat and gave it to me. To this day I do not know how I thanked her, or whether I thanked her at all. The smile bewitched me so that I could think of nothing else, and am only surprised how I found my way to my agent's.

"In the house of the agent a room was always reserved for me, because, in my frequent journeys to and fro, I found it sometimes convenient to remain the night in Berg. I might as well have gone back this time, but I did not. I staid in the hope of seeing my little beauty again, and never left the window commanding a view of the main street till I was called to dinner.

"As I entered the room where the dinner was served, who should I see but the very object of my thoughts standing by the table? She was evidently preparing to dine with us. The post of honor at the upper end was assigned to me, and the fair stranger placed herself opposite to me. Frau Diedrich, the agent's wife, said something to me, to which I replied, 'Good, they are exquisite.'

"'Good heavens! how sorry I am you did not come last week,' exclaimed the good lady, 'we had some much better.'

"'Much better!' said I, bewitched. Frau Diedrich was talking about the carp, and I of the black eyes of the maiden. The fair girl smiled, and looked down.

"'Lieber Himmel Herr Schulze, I don't think you heard a word I said!' said my hostess.

"'Let the matter alone, wife,' said the agent, rising to fetch his pipe. 'Herr Schulze is a learned man: he was star-gazing.'

"'Who is your new companion?' I seized the first moment of asking, when the beautiful stranger had withdrawn.

"'She is no companion of mine,' replied Frau Diedrich; 'she is a poor girl, whom my sister, the Pastorin Muller, has brought up. My brother-in-law is lately dead, and my sister, being obliged to leave the vicarage, has sent her to me till she is settled again.'

"'Poor, is she? So much the better for me,' thought I. 'Then I may hope. I am not poor. I am not more than three-and-thirty, and not so bad-looking.' But then I looked again at the delicate town-bred girl, and then at myself — a potash-maker in my peasant's blouse! My courage sank a hundred fathoms deep.

"Passing by the kitchen, I saw my beauty, with an apron before her, busy over the fire, and the thermometer rose a little. She looked as if performing an accustomed duty. In the evening, as I was sitting alone in my room, I heard something knocking like a knife on a chopping-board. I listened again, and recognized the sound of a detestable old harpsichord, with about as much tone as a tin-kettle, and horribly out of tune into the bargain. Thinking it was one of Diedrich's boys amusing himself, I opened the door between, and entered abruptly. Lo! and behold! there sat the fair maiden, again alone! and the room was evidently the one appropriated to her use for the time. She started, and colored at my unceremonious entry, and so did I. I seemed destined to appear before her in some awkward guise or other. Now the mischief was done, I could only make the best excuse I could think of, and beg permission to try my skill at tuning the old harpsichord. She consented: I brought it into something like order, and was rewarded by hearing her play, which she did with great taste and feeling. The tin kettle sounded like the music of the spheres. She expressed some surprise to find me so musical, and afterwards, that I could, unlike most country people, speak of anything else than country matters.

"'Are the country people all so learned with you, Mr. Schulze?' asked she, with her gentle smile.

"I do not know what I answered. The smile and the glance of her black eyes took away my breath and my senses for the time. The poor child seemed to have but little to amuse her in Diedrich's house, for on my asking her to walk out with me, she was ready in a moment. The walk did her good: her features lost a certain tinge of melancholy which I had admired as the greatest of charms till I saw the same features lighted up with smiles, and then I found gladness best became them. At supper, she sat opposite to me again; and, after supper, we went to the old harpsichord again. This was too much. I never closed my eyes that night. The morning star found me as wakeful as the evening had left me. Lovers reckon by the stars, because they hover in spirit above the earth while they are lovers. I fancied I must be ill, and so I told Diedrich, and made that the excuse for remaining the whole day at Berg. My dear little neighbor had abundance of compassion for me, and did her best to amuse me. While she sung to me, or talked or walked with me, the headache I complained of left me, but my heart,—ah, friend Roder! When I returned to Hard, on the third day, I was absolutely miserable. I thought I was going to die, and I believe I made some verses to the moon!

"My official duties began to be terribly importunate, and, I am afraid, were very indifferently performed the week after my visit to Berg. On the other hand I was seized with a sudden zeal for beautifying my house, and had many things done which had hitherto appeared to me extremely superfluous. I even bought an excellent piano which I had found on sale in a neighboring town. This was hardly to be called a superfluity, but I had not felt inclined to cultivate my musical talents the whole eight or nine years I had spent in Hard with half the zeal as since my visit to Berg. The next time I drove over, I bestowed a little more attention on my dress, and when I caught sight of the church tower of Berg behind the pine wood, I could almost hear my heart beat. Diedrich and his wife received me with their wonted cordiality, and their sweet friend returned my awkward greeting with a smile and a blush that looked almost like pleasure at seeing me again.

"The harpsichord wanted tuning again, and, while I was doing it, I mentioned my purchase of a new piano, and expressed a hope that I should hear her play on it some day, and that was all I said. We went out to walk, and among the thousand things we talked about, the thing I wished most to say was exactly what I did not and could not say.

"'Shall you be here again next week?' asked she, when she gave her hand at parting. We were alone, and yet, like an idiot, as I was, I could find no answer, but, 'On Thursday certainly,' as if I had been talking only to Frau Diedrich.

"All the way home I had employment enough in quarrelling with myself, and vowing in my heart to acquit myself the ensuing week somewhat less like a simpleton.

"My home was no longer as it had been to me. I wandered through my colony. I looked on my own creation, on the testimony of a resolute purpose resolutely pursued. I saw it was right, but it did not rejoice me; I could not look on my work and say 'that it was good.' Beyond the right and useful, something was wanting, something higher, and that lay beyond my power. My work wanted consecration; as yet, in my little world, the 'beautiful' was not! And the beautiful is everywhere the reflected light of Love; when hallowing the earthly, it reveals itself to earth.

"This week that passed before I went to Berg again, was certainly longer than the whole eight years I had spent in Hard. This time I found courage to say that the time had appeared immeasurably long since I had seen her, and she answered innocently, 'I am very glad when you come: I am so lost here. It is a pleasure to meet any one with whom we can sympathize.' And hereupon we were both silent, perhaps, because I took her hand and drew it within my arm, at these words, — a freedom I had never ventured on before. I did, however, find courage enough, after a while, to say, that 'I should have thought it more likely that she would find here and everywhere hearts only too ready to sympathize with hers;' to which she answered nothing, and I was as well satisfied that she did not.

"When we returned to the house, I invited Diedrich and his wife to come over to Hard and look at my new buildings. 'That we will, gladly,' answered he. 'I want to give Miss Augusta a day's pleasure before she goes back next week;' and here he handed her a letter from his sister-in-law, her protectress.

"'And are you really going to leave us?' I asked her as she sat at the old harpsichord in the evening.

"Her hands dropped into her lap. 'I must, my foster-mother has sent for me.'

"I thought I saw a tear sparkle through her long eyelashes, and ventured to press her hand to my lips when we parted for the night.

"On my return to Hard, Diedrich and his whole family accompanied me. And when I was once more at home, and saw that home lighted by her bright presence, sunshine and joy were in me and around me! My work was hallowed by the breath of love. The good was wedded to the beautiful.

"Man's heart and hands can accomplish great things in the stir and tumult of the world. Woman is powerless in its troubled strife, yet nobler in her weakness, because more alien to the mere earthly than man. She sanctifies him through her love, awakens in him the sense of the beautiful, and she alone has received from Heaven the gift of crowning his brow with the wreath of victory. For men can never reward men for the struggle and the conquest. All that men can accomplish alone may be great, but it is loveless; just in its purpose, but austere in aspect. Man's only exclusive work is red-handed war. Woe to that world where love is not!"

THE HIGHEST FESTIVAL.

"I LODGED my guests in the Baths, with a private hint to the landlord and his wife to amuse and occupy Diedrich and his wife as much as possible, that I might keep Augusta exclusively to myself. Frau Diedrich was scandalized at the humility of my household arrangements, and could not understand why I did not 'live better,' as she phrased it. 'I might easily do so,' I answered, looking at the only person to whom I was desirous of recommending my humble dwelling, 'but it is not necessary to my happiness. I will do without unnecessary necessaries, that I may have wherewith to supply real ones.'

"Diedrich shook his head, and merely replied, 'Herr Schulze, you are a humorist.' But the beloved one looked on me with sparkling eye and kindling cheek. 'Where such spotless neatness reigns, who would seek or desire other adornment?' cried she. 'When health and contentment are the companions, who asks whether they sit at a table of beechen wood or mahogany?—if they are served on earthenware, or from porcelain and silver?'

"I pressed the hand of my sweet advocate in silent gratitude, and led her through every part of my domain; she had understanding and sympathy for all, and while her eyes wandered over the wide-spreading prospect, rich in fruit and promise, her heart seemed to swell within her, her eyes filled with tears. 'This is heavenly,' she murmured.

"'And will you forsake it, then?' said I. 'Will it be heavenly to me when you are gone?' She was silent, as if she did not understand me. 'Oh, remain! Where else would you be loved and cherished as you are loved and cherished here? Be mine! For me there is no happiness without you. You are an orphan; if I may hope to win your heart, who shall refuse me your hand?'

"'It is true, I have neither father nor mother,' said Augusta, and a shade of sadness crossed the clear heaven of her brow, like a white cloud over the transparent depths of a summer sky. 'But I have made a vow to myself, and I will keep it, never to dispose of myself without the consent and approbation of a man whom I love and honor beyond others in the world.'

"'And who may the one so honored be?' I asked, with a beating heart.

"'The noblest-minded being on earth,' she replied, warmly. 'My father's death was sudden and most grievous. He had, though from no fault of his own, ruined a young man who had been his ward; and yet this young man was the only person in the world who had compassion on his orphan child. He shared with me the little my father's misfortunes had left him, provided me with suitable protection, gave me an education,—any good that may be in me is his work. I owe him every breath I draw; I honor him as my second father. Where to find him I know not; for, like the Providence that blesses us unseen, he has never been visible to my gratitude; two letters I wrote him remain unanswered; yet my determination is unalterable, never to accept the hand of any man without asking and obtaining his approbation.'

"'And his name?' asked I, breathless with expectation.

"'His name is Engelbert.'

"'And yours is Augusta Lenz.'

"She looked at me with surprise. I took her hand and led her back into the house, into my study, and took from the drawer of my desk two letters, which I laid before her.

"'Good heavens! how did these letters fall into your hands, Mr. Schulze?' exclaimed Augusta, as she recognized her own handwriting.

"'I am Engelbert,' was all I could say.

"In spite of all I could do to hinder her, Augusta sunk on her knees before me, seized my hands, and covered them with tears and kisses.

"'Let me, let me,' she sobbed, resisting my efforts to raise her. 'How I have longed for this moment, when I could pour out my whole heart before my benefactor, my only friend!'

"But I need say no more, my friend; you will guess how I answered, and how I sped in my wooing. From that moment began the real happiness of my life, — a happiness that has never known pause or hindrance in its course, nor will, I hope and trust, till the hearts of both are stilled in death.

"You may, perhaps, be surprised that we did not become sooner known to each other, and yet the cause was very simple. My agent, Diedrich, had never called me by any other name than my official one, as the people hereabouts are wont to do, and Augusta, who was a stranger to Hard and its relations, had taken it for granted that 'Herr Schulze' bore only his family name, and no very uncommon one either.

"Whatever Frau Diedrich could say against the irregularity of such a proceeding, I empowered my good friend, Pastor Bode, to publish the banns forthwith. Augusta had given me a double right, in admitting my authority as guardian to its full extent, to insist on her leaving Hard no more. To the good woman who had charge of my bride, she wrote, by my desire, ensuring to her the yearly sum she had hitherto received as the price of Augusta's maintenance, and which she was not in circumstances to spare without inconvenience. Diedrich and his wife remained with Augusta my guests at the Baths. As bride, I invested her with the full authority of the future mistress, to order and arrange all within and without the house, according to her own pleasure. What a week we passed! second only in felicity to those we have known since.

"On the day of our wedding, my kind and gentle Augusta made her appearance, not in the extravagant and somewhat ridiculous finery of a town bride, but in the simple and unpretending costume suitable to the wife of a village Schulze, — the guide and associate of peasants, over whom she claimed no other superiority but the undisputed and undisputable one of greater knowledge and virtue.

"A fortnight after this, Pastor Bode joined our hands at the altar."

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

"AUGUSTA's diligence and skill in domestic arrangements spared me many a care. Freed from all anxiety for my private affairs, I could devote myself the more entirely to the weightier duties of my office.

"I had been about two years married, when the terrible day came which reduced all Hard to ashes. The conflagration had its origin in some very usual but unpardonable piece of carelessness on the part of one of the inhabitants. All help was useless. The good people of Hard stood by stupefied and totally inactive, while others from the neighboring villages were exerting themselves to the utmost to save their cattle and farming stock. There were not half a dozen houses left standing.

"The blow was a heavy one; the people were too ignorant and lazy to be otherwise than poor; the aid afforded by government scanty, when measured by the want. The sufferers looked at one another in helpless consternation; the greatness of the calamity had robbed them, not only of their property, but of their heads and their hands, such as they were. I alone did not despair — nay, even saw ground for hope from the very extent of the misfortune. All were now alike poor. They must work, if they meant to eat.

"As soon as it became a question of rebuilding the village, I delivered a memorial to the government, in which I endeavored to prove that a great advantage might accrue to the community of Hard, if such exchanges were effected between the owners of the land as to fix every man in the centre, or nearly so, of his own portion. By this means, not only would the danger of a similar catastrophe be considerably lessened, but, what was of yet more consequence, a fruitful source of dispute and litigation would be cut off, by the comparative isolation of the proprietors. My plan was approved of, and a commission appointed to effect the necessary exchanges, at the head of which I was placed, in spite of the murmurs and opposition of the Harders. The business was arranged at last, but not without considerable difficulty; and every man's portion of land brought within a ring-fence. The grand want at present was of timber for building. There was none fit for the purpose to be procured but from a considerable distance, and consequently at an enormous price; and many were the lamentations that Baron von Lesecke's forests had not been purchased when he offered them ten years before.

"I now caused the remainder of my timber to be felled, and sold at the most moderate price, without requiring immediate payment. The greater part I allowed to remain over for two years, without interest. To many persons I advanced money. The government did its part. For the poorest of all, liberal collections were made among the guests at the Baths.

"In little more than a year the village rose from its ashes in scattered dwellings, as you now see it. As a further security against fire, I had public ovens built, apart from the dwelling-houses; better engines provided, and a well dug near every house. I had the water from my own lands, and those of others situated on the heights, conducted into one common channel, and directed toward the waste common land. Here the great canal was divided into a number of smaller canals, passing through the meadows, the fertility of which was increased threefold, by artificial inundation. The fields and gardens around soon showed signs of improvement. Being immediately under the eye of the owner, they were more carefully cultivated, and much valuable time spared, which had formerly been wasted in running from one outlying field to another. Poverty and necessity compelled the greater part to economy, both of time and money. The public house in the village was less visited. In my inn, I allowed neither wine nor spirits to be sold. The widow of the former Schulze, who still kept the house in the village, abused me unmercifully; but I obtained my object. Had she followed my advice, and arranged her house for the reception of the water-drinkers and bathers, she might have been a much richer woman, for this house is often so full that new guests are continually obliged to leave the place for want of lodging.

"It is true that the greater part of the village is still in debt to me, but their other debts are nearly acquitted, and this was the consequence of real misfortune. Our village is the most flourishing and industrious, and therefore the highest in credit, in the whole country. We have no more lawsuits, and squabbling and fighting are scarcely remembered among us. Many of my former scholars of both sexes are now themselves parents, and, I may honestly assert, are as warmly attached to me as ever. Order and cleanliness greet the eye and gladden the heart on every side.

"It may have contributed in some measure to this happy change, that I have remitted the interest of the sums owing to me to those who distinguished themselves the year through in the neatness of their houses and persons, the cultivation and good order of their fields, and in keeping from quarrels and litigation. By way of encouragement to the rest, I made a gift of the whole capital due to me, to the three families who first worked themselves free from all other debt."

Engelbert had proceeded thus far in his narration, when we were interrupted by Augusta. She looked like a rose in its full pride of beauty, with all its buds clustering round. The infant was on her arm, the youngest boy clinging to her side, and the elder ones frolicking about her. What a morning greeting was there! I felt a child again among those happy children of nature.

The bell for church came up through the valley. We went all together, and I shall not easily forget the effect of the hymn of praise sung in four parts by the numerous congregation. The address of the silver-haired pastor was worthy of the rest — earnest, simple, touching — intelligible to all — practical for this life, yet teaching to look beyond it.

When the service was over, the whole community assembled under the lime trees. The Schulze spoke in a kind and friendly manner to several who addressed him, and then, mounting a bench, read some government proclamations, and explained and cleared up some misunderstanding respecting them. When this business was over, he pointed me out with his hand to the assembly and said — "I have here an old and dear friend on a visit to me; and as I wish to give him pleasure, and also to make known to him those young people who have particularly distinguished themselves by their conduct since our last meeting, I invite them all to a dance and supper with me this evening."

And here the Schulze read a long list of names from a paper which he held in his hand: hereupon a general whispering, hand-shaking, and smiling took place, and the assembly separated with joyous faces and sparkling eyes. The reverend pastor, the schoolmaster, Librech, an intelligent, well-informed young countryman, possessed of considerable natural talent and an ardent thirst for knowledge, and the doctor and his wife, joined us at dinner, which, contrary to Engelbert's usual custom, was very handsome, and had been prepared at the bathing-house. I never passed a happier evening, and have rarely listened to a better concert. Seven-and-forty voices, male and female, executed choruses and motells, from Grann, Handel, Rolle, and Haydn, with a purity of style and precision of tone that would not have disgraced a concert in the capital

Engelbert, his wife, and two elder boys, were among the singers. The concert was given in the open air, behind the garden of the bathing-house. The place seemed made for the purpose. A soft echo from the distant rocks sent back the harmony in magic sweetness; the evening sun shone in full splendor on the fields, and broke through the trees on the broad grassy glade where we stood, chequering its deep emerald with broad gleams of gold, and hovering like a glory round many a fair young head. I confess the whole scene had something inexpressibly touching to me.

O! and all this is the work of one man! thought I, gazing around me. And this man, who, wherever he moved and looked, beheld his own creation, and that it was good, stood there simple and unassuming among the rest, a peasant among peasants. When the concert was over, I clasped his hand with heartfelt emotion, and exclaimed involuntarily, "Thou art one of the really great in the rustic garb."

The evening closed with a dance in the large and handsome saloon of the dwelling-house.* Augusta was my first partner, and a very charming one I found her; and after her some of the prettiest wives and maidens of Hard. Many of them danced exceeding well, and did infinite credit to the Frau Schulzin, who had been their only instructress. The venerable gray-haired pastor, who mingled with his flock like a grandfather among his beloved children's children, was not the least interesting person of the group. We sat at supper as chance or choice dictated. A fair young rustic, who sat next me, entertained me very agreeably and very rationally, — far more so than many a fashionable damsel, whom it has been my lot to meet in circles of far higher pretensions, has done since.

As soon as my carriage was mended, and my servant in condition to travel, I left Hard. Engelbert, who considered me as his guest in a house that belonged to him, would not hear of my offering any remuneration where I had lodged. I left his village, therefore, as his debtor, with what feelings of genuine admiration and respect, I need not describe to you. You have now the history of my second millionaire, (continued Counsellor Von Rodern,) deduce what advantage you can for the point in dispute.

Even those among us who had defended Morn's misanthropy could not deny that Engelbert had had fully as much cause for hostility to society in general; and confessed that, with the same views of social evil, he had been no self-indulgent Morn, but an unwearied benefactor of his kind. Yet they were unwilling to give up the cause, but defended Morn, as Rousseau had been defended, on the score of the excessive susceptibility of his temper.

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* A common practice in Germany.

"To speak more plainly, he was a vain man, or, as the phrenologists would say, his approbativeness was strongly developed," said Von Krachen, smiling. "Hence he was easily deceived, and the often-deceived man is inevitably a mistrustful man. With less judgment than imagination, he was often as much mistaken in himself as in others, adopted opinions upon insufficient grounds, and drew general inferences from particular cases."

Engelbert had both head and heart in the right place, and did not abandon a general principle because of a trifling failure in peculiar instances. Many lament and complain of the perversity and corruption of the world. Engelbert hated the corruption, but he did not whine over it. He attacked it boldly within his own little world, and reformed it. He made war on the error, but not on the erring. Pity that there are not a few more Engelberts in the world! But the greater part of our world-reformers like the theory far better than the practice. They can eulogize virtue freely, but have no courage for the practice of it. They are themselves fettered by the very follies and prejudices against which they cry out so lustily. They are weaklings without heart for that truth and nature they so loudly commend, and hug the chain while they contemn the slavery. Or, if they make the sacrifice, they will have counter-sacrifices; praise, honor, popular applause. How many would like to put themselves in Engelbert's place, act the reformer's part, instead of declaiming it; bear all that was repulsive in it, bear to be misconstrued and misrepresented, and never once ask, will the world applaud the action? And till people are found willing to do this, take my word for it, though the preachers may be many, the converts will be few.

"I OWE YOU NOTHING, SIR."

PART I.

THE EARL.

The recess was drawing to a close. The countess and her daughters had already left for London. The earl remained at the castle, to give further directions about the estate, with no companion but his heir.

To this boy's interest the father was dedicating his life. He had watched him during ten years with intense anxiety. He had seen faculties of the highest order developing themselves in his character, and he resolved to train him for the service of the state.

Reflecting that much of his own time had been consumed in the petty cares of a numerous tenantry, the earl yielded to the proposals of his factor, divided his estate into large sheep-farms, and expelled his old tenants. In this way, he thought, his son would find fewer cares to trouble him when he grew up, and more time to realize his destiny.

The arrangements were nearly completed. The factor and his officials had been with the earl all the morning. They were gone to eject the last of the tenants. The earl continued at the writing-desk, and wrote as follows to his countess:—

"These vile attacks, my dearest countess, we shall scorn. The newspapers must minister to the insatiate malice against our order, which rankles in the breasts of the vulgar. Our apology, — our reason, I should rather say, — is to be found in the ways of Providence. We have acted in strict accordance with the laws which rule our race. Everywhere ignorance must give place to knowledge; the incapable to those who have capacity. The business habits, the extensive enterprise, the improved skill of the Lowland farmers, supplant the backwardness, the unskilfulness, the sluggishness, of our Highland tenantry. We lament that it must be so. The touching verses in your own diary express our sorrow. But the time was come. The law of Providence was to be vindicated; and our much bepitied tenantry are gone to supplant those who are less skilful in North America, who again, years ago, naturally entered into the place of the aborigines.

"I sometimes feel, however, as if I would not have cared to become the voluntary agent in the hand of Providence, had it not been for our beloved Noel. My heart leaps up when I reflect how my present toils will advantage him. Often my thoughts project into the future. I see our boy a leader among the greatest. Not a day goes past which does not bring some token of his greatness to my sight.

"This very morning he came to me, as I was reading in the deep window of the library, and said, pointing to the bay, 'Look there, father. I have seen the bay a thousand times filled with water, and the waves chasing each other to the beach. Far over on the opposite shore I can see the horses moving along the road; and, to the right and left, our bay is walled in by land. I see land wherever I turn. When I come from London I see nothing but land. I should like to look upon the broad ocean, father. You told me yesterday it is to be seen from Headland Crag there. Behind it you say the sea rolls in from America. Let me go up there while you are engaged with the factor. I will climb up by the shepherds' track.'

"What a spirit, my countess! Would it not have been cruel to have denied him? I wished, indeed, to send a servant with him, but he would not go on that condition. The self-relying, courageous boy!

"While I write to you, he will be enjoying his reward. I well remember, when a boy, my first ascent of the crag. Up and up through the ploughed fields and the brown heath I climbed, until I reached the hard rock, rugged and bare, which shoots up at the summit. It was a worthy spectacle. Far as my eye could reach, the sea stretched out before me, until it seemed to blend into the very heavens. I had only seen it in the bay before, rolling in from the opposite shore. I now beheld it sweeping away into the infinite; and even in my childhood I deemed it a glorious sight. So, doubtless, does our Noel deem it at this moment, as a new idea is taking its place in his mind."

He gave the letter to a domestic to carry to the neighboring post-town, and took up the plans of his estate. In vain, however, did he attempt to fix his mind upon the dry outlines; it was with Noel on the top of Headland Crag.

The bell of the castle struck four as he was thus engaged. He had calculated on Noel's return before this hour. A pang of uneasiness shot through the father's heart. He strove to subdue it by his confidence in the boy's energy. It would not be subdued. In two hours more the sun would set. Should night overtake the young adventurer, what mishaps might then ensue! The earl rose in restlessness. The door of the library opened upon a lovely lawn that swept down like a crescent, shaping itself to the bay. A little to the left, on the public road, was a jutting point, from which a view of the path over the crag was commanded. Thither he bent his steps. In vain, however, did his eye range from top to base; in vain he searched every turn of the footpath through his pocket-glass. No Noel was to be seen. An old thorn stump that grew near the summit was, for a moment, mistaken for the boy, and the anxious father made beckoning signs with his handkerchief. Then a solitary bush, half way to the base, was supposed to be the wearied heir resting for a little. Objects innumerable assumed the shape of Noel, but Noel himself came not. He was in the act of waving his handkerchief to one of these delusive objects, his uneasiness passing into fear, when he heard the approach of footsteps; and, turning about to conceal his anxiety by the assumption of an indifferent air, and to see what stranger was travelling on that lonely road, he beheld one of the most singular figures he had ever chanced to set his eyes upon.

If our readers would fancy Samuel Johnson's head and shoulders perched upon a short, spare body, and the very slimmest legs — these last particulars encased in dim shepherd tartan — a camlet cloak suspended from the afore-mentioned shoulders, and an amphibious expression of youth and age over the whole, they would see for themselves the traveller who now came forward to the earl and stood uncovered in his presence.

His lordship was in no mood to be troubled at that time, but there was something in the demeanor of the traveller which commanded his attention.

"You have business with me?" insinuated his lordship, as the stranger continued silent. "May I presume to know what you are?"

"I was the schoolmaster of your late tenants," the stranger replied. "Your factor's servants have expelled me this morning from my school and home. I am now houseless and helpless. My wife and children are with me."

As he spoke he pointed to the weary group resting on the beach, looking fixedly at the earl and himself. Now it was not specially apparent to the earl that the poor man who stood beside him was a victim to the policy which he had been pursuing of late on his estate. Between the effects of that policy on his old tenantry, and the policy itself, he had drawn a sufficient veil, so that he could look at the one without being self-accusingly troubled about the other. He, therefore, listened to the statement which had just been made, as a formal judge would to a passionate plea of not guilty, with an almost entire indifference, arising out of the conviction that such things must necessarily occur. And yet the earl was not a bad man. He was simply one who looked upon human life from the position of an earldom. In the very philosophy which bred this indifference, there was an element which the sight of the wearied wife and children was exactly fitted to bring into action. We saw in his letter to the countess that he considered himself as an agent in the hand of Providence when he was expelling his unskilful tenantry. On a similar ground he held that his order was the natural custodier, and the appointed dispenser of the charities of Providence. Hence, a few months before, he had hurried down from Parliament to sit as chairman at a county meeting, called to consider the case of the poor, and had made speeches which were circulated as the very cream and essence of benevolence. And hence, also, as if the action were the irresistible effect of the sight he was directed to, he drew a sovereign from his purse, and held it out to the houseless teacher.

To his utter amazement, the teacher put the hand which held out the gratuity from him, and said, with great dignity, —

"My lord, I did not come to beg your charity. God has endowed me with knowledge, and I desire to impart it."

A frown crept over the earl's brow.

The schoolmaster continued, —

"I have applied for two schools, and have been unsuccessful. I have no certificate. They who could best tell my worth, or want of worth, are far out on the sea. Your factor never heard of me. I have no man to speak for me. So I have come to your lordship. Your lordship's influence may procure me a school which is vacant on your neighbor's estate."

"You have come in a wrong spirit," replied the earl, dropping the rejected sovereign back into his purse; "and besides, you have come to one who knows you not. I cannot promise you my influence."

The last sentence was uttered in an irritated tone, and the speaker was turning away to be quit of the applicant, when the latter said, —

"If I have spoken rudely, my lord, pardon me. Indeed, I did not purpose to do so. Yet I have been sorely tried this day. I beg you, for my family's sake, not to withhold the favor I ask."

The earl made no reply.

The teacher waited for a moment, and then resumed, in a half soliloquy, for the hope of effecting his purpose was fading away, —

"I was trusting to your influence, my lord. I did not think it would have been refused. I thought I deserved it, to some extent. My father, and my father's father, were tenants under your ancestors. I have taught the children of your tenantry. My lord — "

"I cannot help you, sir; I cannot help you," interrupted the earl, turning full round and confronting the poor teacher. "Your father's father I did not know. I do not know their son. If you taught the children of my tenantry, they would, doubtless, pay you for your work. You deserve nothing at my hands. I am not bound to you. I owe you nothing, sir, — nothing."

So saying, his lordship strode away to arouse the castle servants to the search for Noel, and left the schoolmaster standing in the middle of the road.

PART II.

THE TEACHER.

In a mean hovel, built by the farmers of the preceding generation on a piece of land which could by no skill of husbandry known to them be turned to any other account, the man who was treated with so much contempt by the earl had kept a school since he was a boy. There, three miles from the spot on which he now stood, he had taught, with a loving and willing heart, the children of the ejected tenantry. He was a thoughtful, simple soul, who knew little of the world in which the earl moved. At this particular time, too, he was sickly. And the haughty words stung his heart, and brought the tear into his eye.

"He owes me nothing!" he muttered to himself. "I did not say he did. I never, till now, thought he did. I sought his help as a favor, not as a debt. Yet, now I think, he did owe it to me. God help my family! Our trust is not in princes, nor in men's sons."

He repressed his emotion, however, as well as he could, and returned to his wearied and houseless companions. They were all weeping. They had seen the earl turning away, and guessed the result. Three children clung around the mother. The youngest did not understand the cause of the sorrow, but wept because the rest were weeping.

A word about the teacher's wife. She was a true helper, and right noble soul. Her mind was firmer, more capacious, than her husband's. She had stayed up his sinking spirits when the probability of their present circumstances first darkened their minds; and now, in the actual circumstances, she was not wanting in either words or deeds of hope. Her grief gave way speedily to a better feeling.

"Let us not fail to hope, Duncan," she said; "I feel assured that your application will be attended to. God will provide for you a school. We must hasten towards the town! night is drawing on."

Shall we tell our readers that the whole family knelt down upon the beach, and committed their way to that Being whose ear is ever open to the cry of the afflicted? When they rose, the father slung the youngest child in a plaid upon his breast, the mother bound a little bundle of valuables upon her back, each took one of the two elder children by the hand, and thus they resumed their journey.

Their road lay along the shore of the castle bay, and then round the peak, and along the other base of the headland, which Noel had ascended that morning. As they passed the castle, they saw the earl and domestics bustling and running about in great alarm. Ignorant of the cause, the poor teacher could not help recalling the bitter words which his lordship had spoken, and thus addressed his wife, —

"I think, Rachel, that my ill-requited toils among his tenantry might have engaged him to a little interest in our future welfare."

"At all events, Duncan," the wife replied, "he owed you an apology — kind words, at least — for the rudeness of his factor's men to us this day. "Yes," she continued, with a dash of indignation glowing in her face, "he owed you help, he owed you sympathy, he owed you justice. He was bound to you, to me, to these little ones, by our very sorrow, even, if it had not been caused by himself."

But either her indignation or her grief, or both together, choked her utterance, and she said no more. Duncan did not venture to reply. In truth, he was unable. The wrong which had been done to him was at present hidden from his view by his anxiety about the future. He could not yet define it or utter it. It lay dumb in him in the deep recesses of grief and fear. With Rachel, it was different; she clearly saw the thought which her husband only dimly felt. Although she continued silent, the thought was working in her soul. Her flushed face, her quickening steps, indicated how clearly she apprehended the injustice of the earl's reply.

"Proud earl that he is!" she exclaimed within her own mind, "with all his greatness he does not know how sacred is a human home. What other earl, what other earthly dignitary, what human heart, so cruel as to have acted as he and his have done! He said, 'I do not know you — I owe you nothing, you inconsiderable boor on my estate!' The man was wrong, proud peer! who taught thee so to speak. A better than thou did not refuse to know us, and to help us well. Morning and evening *He* came to our solitary home. He came to us with life, with bread, with reason, with family ties, with words from His Father's bosom. He calls us no longer servants, but friends. Are His friends to be so despised? — refused the cup of cold water? Sin lies at thy door, my lord!"

Again, however, the current of her thoughts was interrupted. Duncan and the children were standing still. They had at length reached the extremity of the headland. The weary bend of the bay in which the castle stood had been travelled, and they were now prepared to wind round to the other base of the crag, which ran along the shore of the open sea, and skirted the road that led to the town.

Why are they pausing here? What has rooted them so to the ground? They cannot hide from themselves that night is hastening up behind them. Yet there they stand, gazing right across the mouth of the bay, and far over into the level country beyond. A column of smoke is rising against the eastern sky, in the distance. The wind heaves it to a side for a moment, then breaks it near the ground, and bright flames issue out beneath. Duncan and his family are again in tears. Rachel was the first to speak, —

"The home where our babes were born! So — Duncan ——"

She could say no more. House and school were in flames. The officials of the "agent of Providence" were burning them as worthless, and their late possessors had, unexpectedly, turned towards the painful sight.

Mournfully they withdrew their gaze, and resumed their journey. In a few minutes they had doubled the cape of the crag, and the chill breath of the open sea beyond, came up sorely against the faces of the children.

"The sea is gathering for a storm, Rachel," said the teacher.

"Let us mend our steps, children," replied the mother; "we have to reach that spire shining far before us ere we rest."

The sea rolled in heavily on their left. On their right, sloping up from the road, arose the northern face of Headland Crag.

PART III.

THE HEIR.

We return to the castle for a moment. The earl had ceased to think of his encounter with the teacher. Noel's continued absence filled him with alarm, and shut out every other thought.

An instant search was determined on. The earl himself, and four domestics, with dogs and torches, set out for the shepherds' track. Others were directed to separate and ascend the hill from different points, hallooing at every step; then to meet the earl and his companions upon the highest ridge, to consider how they should continue the search, if still unsuccessful. The level beams of the sun were resting on the summit of the crag as they set out, warning them to lose no time.

It never occurred to the earl that Noel had been tempted to descend the crag by the northern side. Yet so it was. When the boy had clambered to the summit and obtained the wished-for sight, a further longing and curiosity drew him down to the shore which lay beneath. With all the thoughtlessness of a headstrong boy, he yielded to the longing, and found himself in an another hour standing on a solitary shore at the base of that height which had taken him three hours to climb from the castle bay.

While he stood, his eye caught a ship in the distance, running before the wind with all her canvas set. Noel was in raptures. All the coaches he had ever seen were nothing compared with this. Sailing-boats of every shape were glorious in his eyes. He gazed, he followed, he fairly ran. The same longing which led him to descend the hill, impelled him after the sailing vessel. Along the shore he ran, until he was thoroughly tired, keeping his eye fixed on the ship as long as it remained in sight. When he bethought himself of home, he was far from the beaten foot-path by which he had crossed. Struggling with weariness and hunger, he slowly retraced his steps. Late in the afternoon he had once more reached the entrance to the track. He looked upwards: the hill rose above him dark with gathering shadows; to his view, nearly thrice the height which it appeared in the morning from the castle windows. Dismay and weariness overpowered him. He sat down on the beach to rest, and soon fell asleep, his head resting upon an old gray stone.

While he slept the tide began to turn. The sea rolled towards his resting-place, the waves broke within a few paces of his feet: a fierce wind came riding on their back.

He was sleeping within tide-mark, but had providentially lain down on a swell of sand; the waves girdling him more closely, but he was still above their reach. Yet all the more terrible did his condition seem when he awoke and saw that his couch of sand was surrounded by the waters. One cry of intense agony burst from his lips. He heard the storm howling in the air. He felt the waves dashing at his feet. Behind, before, the path was closed.

"Father! father! father!" he cried, and alternately leaped and cowered down with fear. The sun had sunk, but there was still light enough to discern objects on the hill. With a child's hope he continued to call upon his father, although no living thing was to be seen from top to base.

Suddenly a light glanced over the ridge. Another, and another! The hill-top seemed on fire. Noel could discern figures within the light, and instinctively knew they were from the castle. He redoubled his cries.

"I am here! I am here! I am here!"

No human voice could reach so high. The heavy beat of the thundering sea was heard but faintly by the earl and his domestics on the ridge.

They, however, resolved to descend. The earl was bewildered, he knew not what to think. His mind ran on pitfalls, and wild beasts, and cold, and hunger, and every possible evil, but that which engirdled his beloved Noel. With the speed of huntsmen they descended, darting hither and thither into every nook, searching every bush and brake in their way. Noel beheld their torches flashing nearer; he felt also, behind him, the might of approaching waters. His cries continued to mingle with the blast.

Our readers have heard the loudest storm sinking into a momentary lull. They have listened to the noise of the tempest receding to gather new strength. In such a lull, the voice of Noel at length pierced upwards to his father's ears. Some dim image of the actual condition of his boy glanced into his father's mind. He and his domestics, hallooing for Noel's sake, waving their torches, hurried down, towards the shore. Yet, in vain had they hurried, if the deliverance of the boy had depended upon them.

The tide was fairly upon him. The waves were already dashing over his feet. A few moments more and he must have been swept away. He could no longer cry. Terror now mastered him and struck him dumb. He saw the black waves hurrying past him on either side: the howl of the mighty wind sounded through his heart: he was about to sink through fear and exhaustion, and abandon himself to the tide, when he felt himself lifted from the sand and borne through the darkness and the waters in the arms of a human being.

Twice his deliverer was overthrown by the rush of the waves rolling to the shore. With firm clasp he was still enabled to hold the child and recover his footing.

At that moment the earl and his people sprang from the shepherds' track.

They ran about in all directions, hallooing the boy's name. Some of them leaped down upon the beach. A woman and three children were gazing into the sea with the greatest agitation.

"Help! help!" cried the woman, "he is there! — in — save my husband and the child!"

Before the men could comprehend her meaning, they beheld a man bearing a child aloft, struggling towards the shore, nearer, nearer. His burden is safe! He, himself, sinks exhausted into the arms of the woman.

Noel rushed into his father's arms, and clasped him again and again. A few words sufficed to explain his danger and his unexpected deliverance. The earl turned to thank the brave being to whom he owed so much. He found him still leaning on the woman's breast; and manifested the tenderest sympathy.

"My benefactor, my friend, my brother, how shall I ever repay you? Come with us to the castle. Accept this purse. In what way can I assist you, or pay you the debt you have so generously laid me under?"

He was going on in this somewhat incoherent style, when the man lifted up his face from his wife's bosom and answered, in tones which the earl too well remembered, —

"My lord, *you owe me nothing*. I have but done my duty."

It was our teacher. The screams of the heir caught his ears too, in that momentary lull of the storm. Giving the child to Rachel, he had ventured through the surge, and was enabled to do the deed we have already described.

We will not attempt to describe the mingled feelings of the earl. The liveliest gratitude struggled painfully within him beneath the pressure of Duncan's proud retort. To this man he had spoken rudely but a few hours before. He was now bound to him eternally. Once and again he proffered his thanks, and renewed his offers of hospitality and help. The pride of the teacher stepped between, and waved his lordship's help away.

"This morning," said the earl, "you asked a favor at my hands. May I now offer what I then refused?"

"My lord, you owe me nothing — nothing, my lord. Rachel, let us hasten on our way."

Rachel had listened with eagerness all the while. She would not have spoken in the earl's presence, if her name had not been mentioned. She knew her husband's pride of heart: she knew how deeply he had cause to feel the conduct of the earl's officials. But now the circumstances were changed. The peer was asking what the teacher had to bestow.

"Duncan," said she, "have you forgotten that God has bound the human race together in bonds of mutual debt? Each one owes something to every other, and to all. Whatever God has given to one, which he has not given to all, is given to be returned to the brotherhood of earth. Our gifts, our goods, our affections, — whatever we have which others have not, we must look upon as due to them. Did you not look upon yourself as debtor to the children you taught, to me, to these little ones? Is not this your own beloved doctrine? Will you refuse to acknowledge it now? Owe you not to this earl the acceptance of his thanks and help?"

These words were uttered slowly to an unwilling ear. But they broke down the proud spirit, and accomplished their end.

"Enough, Rachel. I have acted sinfully. My lord, bear with a man vexed and irritated by the unusual events of this day. I accept your kind offer; and will gladly return with you to the castle, and renew my request to-morrow."

The earl was touched. He had learned a lesson this day which had at once humbled and exalted him; with a truer feeling towards his brother man than had ever stirred in his bosom hitherto, he replied, —

"Duncan, I will more than grant your request. You shall abide on our estate, and be provided there with a school worthy of you."

He was as good as his word. A handsome school was built for Duncan within a mile from the castle. Better days dawned on him and his brave Rachel. On looking back, he felt that he had been truly led by a way he knew not, not merely to improved circumstances, but to clearer apprehensions of the duty which man everywhere owes to man. He never ceased to impress on his own children that a poor man may be as proud as a peer, and as inconsiderately withhold what he owes to his titled brother.

NOTES OF A JOURNEY ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF PANAMA.

We left New York on the 17th of July; and on the 28th of the same month cast anchor before Chagres, one of the eastern ports of the Isthmus of Panama. A leaden sky, a humid and oppressive atmosphere, and peals of thunder, that were echoed from the depths of the close woods, contributed not a little to give a melancholy aspect to a port whose reputation for unhealthiness has eclipsed even that of Senegal.

Though Chagres is so conveniently situated between the two oceans, and the two lines of steam navigation that connect the United States with California, it is but a miserable village, composed of a few Indian huts, which are constructed of wood and stubble, and stand on each side of the river. The streets are complete puddles during the rainy season, which occurs in winter. This season is most fatal to health, because of the humid heat that prevails, and the deleterious miasma which is disengaged from all parts of the soil. Serious maladies may be contracted within a few hours; and strangers are eager to leave this inhospitable place. The boatmen of the river Chagres, who were formerly hard put to it to earn a miserable subsistence, now gain very considerably by the American emigration to California, and the haste of travellers to leave this noxious coast and get up the river to Panama. In order to secure their own price from the poor strangers at their mercy, they take care only to exhibit a small number of boats while there are plenty more out of sight along the opposite bank of the river.

We left Chagres on the 30th July. The entrance of the river presented a most rich and beautiful aspect. Palms and cocoa-nut trees, and other gigantic productions of the climate, made two barriers on either side the stream of impenetrable verdure. Their long branches, gracefully inclining over the water, projected afar their splendid shadows, by which the voyager was only too happy to profit. The first impression produced by the sight of this luxuriance of nature is that of profound admiration; to which shortly succeeds a vague sinking of the spirits. This doubtless proceeds from the enervating odors sent forth by tropical vegetation, and from the gases produced by the soil of the plants, whose absorption, emission, and flow of sap, acquire, in the heat and humidity to which they are constantly subjected, an extraordinary energy. Alternately peaceful as a lake, and impetuous as a cataract, this river seems to pride itself in its violent contrasts. Its habitual visitors were more surprised than frightened by our approach. Here the wild turkey-hen, with plumage of ebony, sailed round a palm tree, slowly beating the air with her heavy wings. Further on were clouds of paroquets, gay with a thousand tints, and uttering their sharp, provoking cries. From time to time we could distinguish, in the middle of the thickets, the scaly and yellowish bodies of alligators, which are very common on the borders of the Chagres, where they wait entire hours for their prey, in a state of perfect immobility.

We were not long in arriving at a filthy hamlet, named Gatoung. There are few things so comical as a disembarkation in this country. The moment you place your foot upon the soil, which is nothing but mud, it sinks beneath your feet; and it is not without a great deal of trouble, and often at the sacrifice of your boots, which are left imbedded in the dirt, that you at length gain the top of the slope. We were ignorant, when we quitted New York, that the Isthmus of Panama was altogether without resources. We had not therefore been careful to lay in a store of victuals necessary for our journey; and a little sea biscuit and a few pots of preserves composed all our stock. Our halt at Gatoung gave us the opportunity of visiting several Indian huts, where we met with the most hospitable welcome, and we profited by this reception to try to procure some food. They at length directed us to a habitation where the inmates had a pot on the fire; the preparation of an *otta* of rice was quite an event in the district. A few crown-pieces obtained us a portion of this modest repast, and we succeeded besides in discovering in a neighboring hut a stray bottle of Xeres. Having forgotten to bring rain-water from Chagres, we found ourselves reduced to quench our thirst with the unhealthy water of the river, the crudity of which it was well to correct with a few drops of a spirituous liquor, even after it had been filtered. One of our number had fortunately brought with him a filter, which enabled us to obtain a passable draught. Thirst is perhaps the most dangerous enemy one has to encounter on the Isthmus of Panama. I have seen more than one American pay with his life for the fatal habit of listening to the temptations of this demon.

Continuing our route, night surprised us, and lent a new aspect to the surrounding scene. The majestic shadows of the huge trees upon the waters — the pale rays of the moon, that made the river like a sheet of silver — the silence around, uninterrupted save by the regular strokes of the oars, and the cries of the night birds, all contributed to the fascination of the hour. At length we arrived at a small creek, where our old pilot made us remain until sunrise.

Towards the evening of the second day, we arrived at the village of Pedro Blanco, where, after long and troublesome negotiations, we succeeded in obtaining a little rice for supper. Two of my travelling companions, who had been exploring the neighboring forest, brought in a couple of pretty paroquets, which were soon plucked, and added as a relish to our rice. But the flesh of this bird is far from equalling its plumage; and, notwithstanding the good-will of our sportsmen, they were compelled to pronounce their game horribly tough.

The next day the boatmen substituted the *palanca* for the oar. The *palanca* is a long pole, terminating in an iron point, which is pushed into the bed of the river, or into the roots or trunks of the trees, in such a manner as to shove the boat onwards, as much as possible avoiding the current. This mode of propulsion, more efficacious than the oar, has likewise the merit of being less fatiguing. But it exposes the passengers to certain dangers, and this was to be our day of misfortunes. One of the boatmen, by some awkwardness, lost his *palanca*. The boat, which had been adroitly guided close along the bank of the stream, ceded to the impetuosity of the current, which was not to be mastered by an unequal number of *palancas*, and was driven against an enormous trunk of a submerged tree in the middle of the river. The frightful force of the shock staved in our front plank. The water began to pour in, and we saw ourselves on the point of capsizing, without the power of leaving the boat, shut in as we were by its roof of branches and our numerous packages. But we escaped this danger by a species of miracle, and the current, carrying us rapidly on, left the poor Indian, who had lost his *palanca*, suspended in the air to the bough of a tree, which he had seized with all his strength to avert the violence of the shock. Seeing us leaving him rapidly behind, he at length allowed himself to drop into the water, and swam ashore. The two men who now remained shoved the boat towards a creek, where we found a shelter for the night, and where the other Indian shortly afterwards rejoined us. Here we repaired the damage we had received.

This night, another boat, containing several Americans, was moored beside ours. The desperate condition of one of their number had compelled them to halt. The unhappy man had been suddenly attacked by cholera, after drinking a little milk and eating several oranges. I shall never forget the night that we passed beside the poor sufferer, who, far from his family and all remedies, was fast approaching his end, without even a bed to lie upon. His companions unceasingly administered eau-de-vie, which had no other effect but to accelerate the disease. The plaintive groans of the wretched man hindered us from shutting our eyes for a moment, and at the same time recalled the dangers to which we ourselves were exposed in that frightful climate. The next morning he was no more; and his friends were obliged to beg the assistance of their boatmen, and of some inhabitants of the neighboring hamlet, in rendering the last duties to his remains.

Having now repaired the breach in our plank, we would have continued our route, but one of the men, retained by the hope of participating in the benefits of the interment, opposed our departure. Hoping, doubtless, to moderate my eagerness to continue the journey, he said, pointing at the same time to the corpse of the American with a significant smile — "Este muerto y od esta enfermo" (he is dead, and you are ill); an observation far from reässuring to a traveller laboring under a slight attack of fever in an unhealthy climate. The interment over, and the piastres pocketed, our phlegmatic boatmen decided upon continuing the voyage. The banks of the river now began to lose their grand and picturesque aspect, which they had owed to the beauty and density of the woods with which they were clothed. We terminated happily a day so ill commenced, and arrived at night at the village of San Pablo.

The next morning, at a little distance from a small town named Gorgona, we perceived an American steamboat abandoned in the river. The numerous obstacles it had encountered had completely disabled it after only a few voyages. In order to secure a safe navigation for steamers of the very smallest dimensions, the Rio Chagres ought to be completely cleared. It is obstructed, throughout the whole extent of its course, by trunks of trees, often hidden by merely a few feet of water. While waiting for the great roads which the Americans intend to establish through the isthmus, it is urgent that the Rio Chagres should be rendered navigable. The emigrants and the country generally have the greatest interest in this measure.

The Chagres rises near Cruces, a small town situated about six leagues from Panama and two from Gorgona. Its course is nearly seventeen leagues. Travellers, *en route* for Panama, sail up it as far as Cruces, which, besides being two leagues nearer than Gorgona to Panama, possesses also an ancient royal Spanish road — a very bad one, it is true, but much better than that of which we shall have occasion to speak. Most of the Americans who landed at Chagres at the same time with our party went on to Cruces, which was likewise our first intention. But our boatmen and others assuring us that the means of transport were very rare, and cholera and fever rife, we determined to land at Gorgona — a resolution of which we afterwards had reason to repent. In this country a stranger cannot be too much on his guard against the misrepresentations of the boatmen, on the one hand, whose interest it is to shorten the voyage, and of the inhabitants, on the other, in order to secure to themselves the advantage of his sojourn in their locality. There is a regularly organized conspiracy against his purse.

Gorgona is, like Chagres, an irregular assemblage of from sixty to eighty huts, intersected by steep streets, where mud and water replace the pavement. These habitations are but one story high; they have neither flooring nor ceiling, and they are frequently flooded during the rainy season. The town has already its hotel, which possesses four beds, a few hammocks, no windows, but numerous holes in its thatched roof, which permit one to contemplate the firmament when the weather is fine, and favor the inmates with gratuitous *douches* when it rains. The food corresponds with the lodging.

Contrary to what one usually remarks in unhealthy climates, the natives of New Granada appear equally exposed with strangers to the reigning maladies. There is scarcely a hut where one does not encounter some poor wretch trembling with the *calentura*, or the fever. The cholera, likewise, in 1849, made terrible ravages. The physical characteristics of the population are easily enumerated. They possess finely-formed limbs, equally vigorous and supple, copper-colored skins, tolerably regular features, and black hair, but not crisp like that of the negroes. The men are generally clad in a species of shirt, which descends a little way down the leg. The women add to this a petticoat. Both sexes wear straw hats, with broad brims to shade them from the sun. The inhabitant of the Isthmus of Panama is kind and hospitable. In great matters he may be entirely trusted, but it is well to place tempting trifles out of sight. He wants energy and character; there is no very decided leaning to good or evil. An extreme filial tenderness, as among the Chinese, is the sole peculiarity that breaks in upon his habitual indifference; all his faculties seem to languish under the enervating effects of the climate. Nothing is more monotonous than rural life in these countries. With the exception of some rare excursions, the people pass their time in smoking, and sleeping in a wretched hut, scarcely sheltered from sun and rain by a roof of palm-leaves. Many huts are formed of nothing but four stakes supporting a species of loft, where the family pass the night extended upon mats, and to which they mount by the trunk of a tree, notched at regular distances, so as to serve for a ladder. The domestic utensils consist of one or two kettles, and a few large jars, of a spherical form, which hold rice and rain-water. They light a fire on the ground, and cook in the open air. Men and women eat squatted upon their heels; and the use of tobacco is common to both sexes.

Gorgona possesses an alcade, to whom we were obliged to address ourselves for the fifteen or twenty mules which were needed to convey us and our luggage to Panama. The complaisant magistrate placed himself at our service, and promised us an unlimited number of these rare and indispensable quadrupeds. But time passed, and the mules did not appear. The travellers who had preceded us had engrossed them all. We were consequently obliged to separate for a time, much against our inclination, and to hire the mules as they returned by twos and threes to Gorgona. The hire of a mule varies from eight to sixteen piastres.

Our advance guard, composed of two mules, two Indians, and the youngest of my fellow-travellers, set out on the 5th of August. Impatient to arrive at Panama, I followed the next day, the landlord of the hotel having procured me a little mare, and a guide twelve years of age. Furnished with some sea-biscuit and chocolate, my fusil strapped to my shoulder, and hunting-knife at my side, I mounted my pitiful beast, after having disposed of a waterproof cloak on its croup, and placed under the saddle a blanket, which had been of the greatest service. In this fashion I left Gorgona, after having bidden adieu to my remaining comrades, who were to rejoin me at Panama as soon as possible, bringing with them our luggage. From the beginning of my journey, we traversed most abominable roads. Steep and slippery declivities, rivulets, precipices, narrow passes, where the rocks approached each other so closely that the mare could not advance without the greatest trouble, and at a sore expense to my poor knees, which were every moment grazed against their sharp edges, all announced a tiresome journey. I could not avoid making comparisons between my guide and my horse. The beast greatly exceeded the boy in topographical knowledge; and, with a modesty for which I gave him credit, the latter at length resigned himself to the leading of the former, walking in the rear, and only crying out, from time to time, aqui (here), or acà (there). When the branches of the trees or their overgrown trunks barred further passage, my young native resumed the lead, and speedily levelled the obstacles by the aid of a cleaver, without which an Indian never sets out on a journey. Sometimes the mare would stop and inflate her nostrils at the sight of a half-devoured mule, regretfully abandoned at the noise of our approach by the vultures that disputed its remains. The poor beast was constantly knee-deep in mud; for what they call a road in this country is simply the bed of a river, more or less dry in fine weather, but filled again by the first heavy shower. Divers claps of thunder now announced the approach of one of those storms which take place every day during the winter, and in a few minutes inundate the country. Urged on by the pouring rain, we reached, just in time, a tolerably large river, which was now forded without difficulty, but would have been impassable an hour later. We were luckily enabled to take refuge in a shed, where I dried my clothes, and determined to remain for the night.

The next morning, at an early hour, we continued our journey. In place of the good road I had been led to expect, I still encountered these muddy plains, and eternal hills bristling with rocks. At length we reached a house situated upon an elevation half-way between Gorgona and Panama. Here we obtained some coffee, without which I could scarcely have been able to endure the fatigues of the journey. At four, we arrived at the last dwelling before reaching Panama. For one instant I thought of passing the night here; but my guide hindered me from following this happy inspiration, solemnly assuring me that we should reach our destination the same evening. We therefore continued our way through a prairie where the road from Gorgona unites itself with that leading to Cruces, which, though horribly uneven, is at any rate tolerably free from mud. Here a new annoyance was reserved for me. My wretched mare, accustomed to the worst roads, refused to advance now that there was a little improvement. I was reduced, knocked up as I was, to dismount and lead her. By blows and cries we contrived to make her advance a little way; but our progress was so slow, that some workmen occupied in repairing the road laughingly prophesied that she would never arrive at Panama. This prediction, confirmed as it was by a feverish trembling of the animal, was far from being agreeable. While thus slowly progressing, night surprised us — a night of clouds and rain. The obscurity was such that we could not have told where we were, save for the ignis fatuus, the fire-flies, and the lightning. At length, unhoped-for happiness! we distinguished the barking of a dog, and soon afterwards a light. We had reached Panama. The reader may judge of my satisfaction on seeing the end of my eight days of painful journeying, accomplished under such disagreeable circumstances. I quickly made my way to the Hotel de France, where I found my young companion, who had set out the day before me; and there I speedily got rid of the fever that still hung about me.

Panama is a ruinous town, the population of which does not exceed 7000 souls. There is nothing remarkable about it but the immense number of churches, monuments of past grandeur, and now invaded by creeping-plants and turf. The bells of these venerable edifices are half rusty, and morning and evening ring the most lugubrious peals. There are, besides, some fortifications, and a dozen old guns, disposed along the rampart that faces the Pacific Ocean. This is a magnificent point of view, whence may be seen the church-steeples, the vessels in the roadstead, a quantity of islets, and, about two miles distant, towards the extremity of the peninsula upon which Panama is situated, the ruins of the former town, abandoned during the wars of the Hibustiers, in consequence of the reiterated attacks of a famous pirate.

Panama is traversed by two principal streets, containing a few tolerable shops, and a number of stalls, where they vend liquors. These last, kept by obliging *senoritas*, boast a sort of counter, and are separated by a screen from the bedchamber, where the indolent saleswomen swing in their hammocks the greatest part of the day, smoking their cigarettes, and waiting for customers. The houses are built of stone, and ornamented with wooden balconies. The walls present that beautiful whiteness which distinguishes Spanish masonry in hot countries. But there is nothing elegant about these buildings, and their interiors are deplorable. The rooms are almost destitute of furniture; curtains are unknown, even in the governor's palace; and it would be hard to find in the whole town a good bed or a safe lock. The pavements and footpaths respond to the houses.

The climate of this town is unhealthy, especially during the winter rains, which commence in May, and end in October or November.

The complexions of the inhabitants evince the noxious influence of vitiated air. Fevers are very common among the natives, as also mephitic colic, induced by the badness of the water, in drinking which one cannot be too cautious.

The population of Panama is composed of ancient Spanish families, natives, and half-breeds. The costume of both men and women is European, a little degenerated and simplified, to suit the climate. The women go with the head uncovered, and decorate their black tresses with flowers of penetrating odor. Without being beautiful, their features are agreeable enough, and they have a good deal of grace and coquetry about them. The habitual indifference of the inhabitants is strongly contrasted by the howlings and clamor that accompany their funeral ceremonies. These lamentations, however, appear to be hired. Their interments are managed after a singular fashion, as they employ a species of omnibus coffin, in which they place the corpse, to carry it to the cemetery. Once arrived there, they take the body from the bier, and throw it at once into a fosse, returning with the empty coffin.

The natives patronize music, and other amusements, among which may be reckoned cock-fighting. But the sicknesses, which, in 1849, clothed nearly every family in mourning, have put an end to the fêtes, and thrown over all a tinge of distress and fear.

The public works are executed by convicts, who are seen passing every instant under military escort. These guardians appear very polite to their prisoners, for, if any of the latter are stopped in the streets by an acquaintance, the soldiers stop also, and wait very tranquilly until the convicts are pleased to continue their way.

Panama possesses three or four hotels, which, upon our arrival, we found crowded with travellers. Eight, ten, fifteen were sleeping in the same chamber, upon hard rope beds, without mattresses. The charge of a week's board and lodging varied from $6 75 to $7 50 cents, without reckoning wine, which costs from 37 cents to 75 cents the bottle for ordinary Bordeaux. Meat and fruit abound, but vegetables are very rare. We had taken up our abode in the Hotel de France, situated in one of the healthiest quarters of the town; and here the companions whom we had left at Gorgona hastened to rejoin us.

The crowd of emigrants, though still very considerable, was infinitely less than it had been for some months previously, for thousands of Americans had been compelled to abandon the place, and return home, in default of financial resources, or means of transport to California. Never have I seen more deplorable figures than those of the poor Yankees, congregated in this little town, dragging themselves painfully along the streets, some under the influence of fever, others under the curse of idleness, disputing with oaths and imprecations upon the easiest and cheapest modes of reaching San Francisco, parading their bad-humor from stall to stall, which they endeavor to dissipate by reiterated doses of brandy, and then hastening to throw away the little money they have left, in gaming-houses, the last hope of these poor idlers. Once ruined, the Yankee becomes himself again — that is to say, the most industrious and enterprising of men. He finds a thousand resources, he invents a hundred modes of making money. One will engage himself as a sailor, another as a cook, a third opens a shop at Panama, and, a few weeks afterwards, procures some lots of goods to be assigned to him. He then commences selling, at magnificent prices, assortments of American boots, harder than wood, and newly-invented coats, that would have mouldered away at San Francisco without attracting a single admirer. A number of articles, in fact, find a far readier sale at ports situated on the way to California, than in the country itself, which is inundated with products of all species.

In the mixture of the floating and the indigenous population of Panama there is a most striking contrast between an almost extinct civilization and a spirit of young and powerful enterprise, full of nerve and promise for the future. The hoary steeples, these deserted monuments, attest the former magnificence of the place, the wretched inhabitants of which are, without doubt, the descendants of the proud and brilliant chevaliers of other days. All is poetry and grandeur in the past; in the present, silence and decay. But mark those columns of smoke, those pantings proceeding from the huge lungs of the steam-monsters in the roadstead. Those large vessels are freighted with passengers furnished with every species of instrument. They go to acquire wealth, to organize a new state; how differently from the soldiers of Cortez and Pizarro! Happier than these, it is neither at the price of their own blood, nor that of the peaceable inhabitants of the gold country, that they conduct their future operations. Thanks to them, Panama already beholds the commencement of a new prosperity. Whether the project of a railway through the Isthmus replace that of the Nicaraguan canal, or simply a good road for ordinary communication from Chagres to Panama, the future prosperity of this town is assured. A point of junction between the two Americas, a feeble barrier to the two oceans, it is one of the places marked out by the hand of Providence for the reunion of nations — a belt of land that will serve for the migrations of races, and bring the United States nearer to China by some thousands of miles.

The Isthmus of Panama, notwithstanding its extreme fertility, is but slightly cultivated; yet the rare agricultural experiments attempted by Europeans in these parts have been attended by magnificent results. With a little industry, some instruments of labor, and collected capitals, immense fortunes might be made. But there are no journals to record these facts, and no one dreams of settling here. The Californian torrent still rolls on, to endure privations and dangers in a country denuded of vegetation, the climate and salubrity of which even the Isthmus of Panama needs not to envy.

Sailing vessels frequently arrive at this port in search of passengers for California, and make a lucrative affair of it. Many travellers, disappointed in the regular means of transport, avail themselves with blind eagerness of any opportunities of quitting Panama, without considering that sailing vessels are frequently, in these seas, exposed to dead calms, and are consequently incalculably delayed.

THE TWO PASSPORTS.

In the autumn of 1830, being engaged in a tour of the Rhenish provinces, I arrived one evening about dusk at the small town of Bergheim, some half way between Aix la Chapelle and the fragrant city of Cologne. Bergheim has a quiet, comfortable inn, at which Michel, my *voiturier*, (who was absolute in these matters,) had ordained that I should stop for the night; nor did I feel any disposition to quarrel with the arrangement, when Herr Hons, the landlord, all civility and broken English, ushered me into his snug *Speisesaal*, where, instead of the dull, uncompanionable German stove I expected to find, a bright and crackling wood-fire blazed merrily on the hearth. I was glad, moreover, not to find myself the sole occupant of the *saal*, for, after all, it may be doubted whether the chief pleasure of travel be not to see travellers; and I will confess, for my own part, that,—without disparagement either of snowy Alps or cindery volcanoes, of a Strasburg cathedral or of a Basilica vaticana, of Florence galleries or of Roman ruins—to me *the people* of any country (with one sole exception) rank by no means among its least interesting features. My exception is Switzerland, where, between the glorious earth, and the inglorious race that possesses it, the extremes of grandeur and littleness are brought into too painful juxtaposition and contrast. Nothing can stand higher in the scale of nature than Switzerland—nothing in that of manhood lower than the Swiss.

In the Speisesaal, then, at Bergheim, it was my fortune to light upon two goodly tomes (if I may so phrase it) of "the proper study of mankind:" they were, moreover, to give the *coup de grace* to my metaphor, controversial, and on opposite sides of the question as well as of the fire. In other words, there sat, installed each in his chimney-corner, and armed—the one with a cigar, the other with a mighty pendulous pipe—two "dim smokified men," plainly Germans both, though widely dissimilar specimens of that very heterogeneous and multiform variety of human kind, engaged when I entered, in a conversation (or, to name it in their own way, a 'twixt speaking) the more vivacious for the considerable discrepancy manifest in the sentiments of the speakers. The cigarist was a pale, slight, voluble creature, under-sized and yet stooping, long-armed, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, using a great deal of gesticulation as he talked, and by a particular uniform drawing-out of the right arm, and a remarkable flourish, or rather twitch, of the right hand, (the left being comparatively at rest,) as well as by a look, not easily defined, of inefficiency and dubious fidget about the lower extremities, as if they were not in their accustomed position, giving you assurance of a tailor, as unequivocally as if he had chosen to sit *on* the table instead of *at* it; while his sharp intonation, round-about fluency, mincing utterance, occasional lapses into a Low Dutch dialect, frequent exclamations of "*yuter Yott!*" and continued interchanging of the pronouns *mir* and *mich*, and *Sie* and *Ihnen*, certified you with equal infallibility of a Prussian, and truly no Rhenish Prussian, but a genuine nursling of Royal Berlin herself.

He of the meerschaum was a man of another stamp; tall, and bulky, yet well knit, broad of brow and chest, quiet in manner, earnest but brief in speech, saying in three words what would have cost his opponent three dozen, and, now and then, though not often, letting fall a large and somewhat rusty-colored, though perfectly clean hand, with the *dunt* of a sledge-hammer, on the table that stood near him. You would judge him to be a grave man, yet capable of much joviality, straightforward, and hearty, and leal, and who could find his way pretty far down into the wine-stoup, as every German should. By many outward signs, I set him down for a worker in iron, and by his speech, with more certainty, for a Suabian; nor was I mistaken on either point.

On my entering the room, with German courtesy they both ceased smoking, until assured by me that neither to cigar nor pipe, as long as they were in anybody's mouth but my own, had I the smallest objection; then sitting down in front of the fire, while Herr Honns saw to the due setting out of the supper, I entreated that my presence might not interrupt the conversation in which I found my companions engaged, adding that I had a sufficient acquaintance with their language to promise myself much interest, and no doubt instruction, in hearing it continued. Accordingly, in five minutes they were battling away as briskly as ever.

"Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute," were, I found, the pleasant after-dinner topics that occupied this curiously contrasted pair, whose birth-places were not more widely asunder than their habits or thoughts, and in whose handicrafts, persons, and respective provincialisms of speech there were fewer and less striking dissimilarities, than in their views of things in general. The tailor, one could gather, had been a free-thinker of the French school, but now eschewed that as *rococo*, and professed the new and more fashionable German irreligion of pantheism, or Christianity according to Hegel, upon which his tongue ran — I will not say right on, but round about, through all the queer crinkles and Gordian complexities of German sentence-weaving. The man of iron, on the other hand, was Old-Lutheran to the back-bone, and beyond it, and believed and spoke as his fathers had believed and spoken from the sixteenth century downwards; his words bearing much the same proportion, whether for weight or rapidity, to those of his antagonist, that the sledge-hammer, with its measured and mighty downright strokes, may bear to the briskest possible plying of the finest possible needle.

At length, (not to make my preface longer than my story,) roused by some reference made in a tone of derision, by the latter, to the doctrine of a particular providence, our Suabian exclaimed, with a vehemence which he had not before displayed, "Ay! you take credit to yourself for being hard of faith, and yet can believe the wonderful and mysterious ordering of our steps, of which every reflecting man must be conscious, to be the work of blind haphazard! How often are our best considered and most promising plans thwarted, defeated by some influence which we cannot trace, but which, after the first emotions of irritation and disappointment are passed, we are constrained to acknowledge has wrought for our good, perhaps for our salvation! How often does some trifling circumstance, productive at the moment of its occurrence only of petty annoyance, prove to be the means which a benign and watchful Providence had ordained for our rescue from some impending evil, which we had not so much as dreamed of! I knew a man once who walked in his sleep, and was one night within five feet of a precipice more than a hundred feet high, when a bat flew in his face and waked him. And you would call that chance! Well, I will hope your error is more of the head than the heart; that you are an obtuse rather than an ungrateful man. You have not experienced in your own life any striking, any startling instance of the working of power above you, caring for you, taking thought for you, disposing otherwise indeed than you had proposed, but even *thereby* plucking your feet from the trap which the devil, in his cunning, had by your own hands set for them *I have.* And with the proofs which my own experience has furnished me of the good providence of God, I were deserving to be called, by unbelievers themselves, the unthankfulest of human souls, could I believe, or affect to believe, the disposal of man's ways to be committed to blind haphazard! You shall hear, you shall judge whether it be not as I say; that is, if *mein Herr* here will not be wearied by a story in which I must figure as my own hero."

I assured him that it would be a high gratification to me to hear his story. The tailor put on the face of one who resigned himself to the inevitable, and the Suabian began as follows:

"I am a Wurtemberger by birth, though the greater part of my life has been spent out of my native land, and especially at Hamburg, where I served my apprenticeship under my father's brother, who was likewise my godfather, and gave me his own name, Carolus Eisenkrafft, at the font: a kindly Suabian he was, and one, though I say it, that, in his own craft, had his match to seek in Hamburg, or out of it. I continued to work with him about a year after my time was out; and then, being twenty-one years of age, and wishing to see other countries, and being, indeed, by the rules of our trade, obliged to travel for a certain time, and learn the modes of work practised in different cities and lands, before I could be received as a free brother of the craft, and set up in business for myself, I set out from Hamburg, and travelled across East Friesland to the lower Rhine lands, and so took the course of the river upwards into Switzerland.

"I did not stay long there. Switzerland was then, as now, a country in which little good was to be learned, and much evil. However, I left it with the same true German heart which I had brought into it, hating the French, with an honest Suabian hatred, from Bonaparte down to the drum-boy. Now this was in the year 1806, which, as you know, was no year of peace for Europe, least of all for our dear German fatherland; and, in the journey which I had before me, perils of many kinds, and from many very different quarters, might be anticipated; nevertheless, my mind was made up not to lose any more time in Switzerland, for the year was advanced; and I was resolved that the beginning of the winter should see me again in Hamburg. After all, for the workman that combines industry with skill, there is but one Hamburg, just as I am told there is but one Paris for folks that have money, and seek a way to spend it, which, I thank my good destiny, is not my case.

"In my journey southwards, I had avoided Wurtemberg, keeping strictly to the course of the Rhine, though I confess that, as I passed the mouth of the Neckar, my heart strayed away up its waters to my Suabian home, and I looked with loving eyes on the soil it had carried down from the green valley of my childhood. Now, however, on my way to the north again, I said, 'I will see the familiar fields and the familiar faces once more; I will take a last leave of the hills and valleys in which my earliest years passed so happily, and of the dear ones that still dwell there.' A last leave — for you will observe, that in Wurtemberg, at this time, I was liable to be shot as a deserter; not that I had ever taken military service, but just *this* was my crime: I was, as I have told you, one-and-twenty; and at that period, in Wurtemberg, all healthy males of this age were drawn for soldiers. Such was the conscription-law, which it was death to evade. To enter Wurtemberg as a Wurtemberger, was to subject myself to it; and my first step, did I wish to avoid a disgraceful death, must have been to present myself to take my chance of being drawn; whereunto, I now take shame to myself in saying, my inclinations in no ways leaned. What, then, was to be done? If I visited my native place, it must be in the character of a stranger; and this was the course on which I resolved. In short, I conceived the blamable determination of providing myself with a false passport in Switzerland, that so I might with safety take my fatherland in my route to the northern states.

"By means of an acquaintance I had made in Switzerland, I easily accomplished the first part of my project, and thus had in my possession two passports, in both of which indeed my true name was given; but while my original and genuine passport, which I had brought from Hamburg, described me as a Wurtemberger by birth, the new one assigned Hamburg itself as the place of my nativity. I thought, for a travelling birth-place, there was none more eligible than that in which I had actually spent so much time, and in which my uncle, whom I meant to use as a father for the time, was well known to have his domicile. I now, therefore, travelled safely as a Hamburger through my native country, and from its northern frontier, with a sorrowing heart, looked a last adieu over its beloved and beautiful fields.

"I arrived the same night at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch, in the Bavarian territory, and repaired to an inn suited to my circumstances. The landlord, when I entered his house, demanded my passport, and received it forthwith, promising that I should have it back by times in the morning. You will remember it was the false passport, which I had used since leaving Switzerland, my old and true passport lying with other papers in my pocket-book. The morning came; I rose, breakfasted, and, forgetting my passport was still in the landlord's hands, I set off without it. I am not habitually a forgetful man, and to forget one's passport on a journey is, I suspect, a piece of thoughtlessness of which the most thoughtless have seldom been guilty; but so it was; without any passport I actually set off; nor did the circumstance recur to my thoughts until I stood, the evening of that same day, before the gates of Erlangen, where, of course, 'Your passport!' were the first words addressed to me by the soldiers on guard. 'Potztausend!' said I to myself, 'thou hast left thy passport at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch.'

"I had now nothing for it but either to say I had forgot my passport, (which nobody would believe,) and so be sent back in the custody of soldiers as a suspicious character, or else to produce my first and genuine passport. 'They will never believe thy story,' said I again to myself; 'for, to speak it without flattery, thou dost not look altogether like the simpleton that would forget his passport. Besides, who ever heard that a landlord asked for a traveller's passport? Thy story hangeth not well together, and they will hang thee to make it good.' In short, having no other course that bore an aspect any way promising, I presented, not without heavy misgivings, the original Hamburg passport. This document, as I need not tell you, was in its present state but an unsatisfactory voucher for the worthiness of its bearer to pass unobstructed, it having received no *visé*, nor bearing any trace of having been submitted to any official inspection, from Switzerland to the place where I then was; a mysterious circumstance, for which, of course, I was called on to account. However, not to make my story too tedious, suffice it to say, that, after finding myself for some time in an unpleasant position, I got the matter arranged, and was again free to pursue my way.

"While I was at Erlangen, there began to fall in troops forming part of the vanguard of the French army; and at Bayreuth, which was the next point in my route, I found a still more considerable body. The troops, having proceeded thus far by forced marches, here made a halt, while I, on the other hand, now made redoubled efforts to get on, it being easy to see that these parts would ere long become the theatre of active hostilities.

"It was about midday, or towards one o'clock, when, by the slackening of their pace and the increased briskness of mine, I lost sight of these undesired companions of the way; and that same afternoon, about three o'clock, I fell in with the first outposts of the Prussians. I was stopped, and asked from whence I came; and, on my answering 'from Bayreuth,' they said to one another, 'Why, the kerl is come direct from the French outposts.' 'I'll lay my life he 's a spy,' said one. 'We shall see that,' observed the officer commanding, and forthwith gave orders to carry me to Hof, where the Prussians had an encampment, — first, however, taking from me my tablets and everything in a written form, and sending these in the custody of one of my guards to head-quarters. Arrived at Hof, I was compelled to strip to my shirt; my clothes underwent a rigorous search; and the very soles of my boots were ripped, to see if anything of a suspicious nature lay hid therein. It was the first time I had ever been in the arbitrary clutches of soldiers, and the novelty was anything but pleasing. However, I did not lose courage, relying upon my conscious innocence, and not doubting that the matter would, on investigation, soon appear in its true light.

"After a short examination, which took place in the guard-room, I was consigned to a prison within the precincts of the main guard. Here I found I was not the only person in trouble; the prison already contained two unhappy wretches, one of them a Jew of the neighborhood, the other a tailor of Bamberg, who had been taken the day before. These were really spies, and had already made confession to that effect.

"All this gave me little anxiety. I still confided in my innocence, and did my best to make the same appear, even to my wretched companions. They expressed great compassion for me, chiefly on the score of my youth, and that I should be, as they expressed it, cut off in the very outset of a promising career. I did not like the tone of their condolences; it was evident they took me for one of their honorable guild.

"'I assure you, *meine Herren*,' exclaimed I, unwilling to appear a miscreant, even in the eyes of such miscreants, 'I assure you upon my honor I am no spy.'

"'Ah!' said the tailor, 'that 's just what I said to the officers yesterday. "I assure you, my officers," were my very words; "honorable captains, I assure you upon my honor that I am no spy. Judge of me, noble gentlemen," said I, "by yourselves; put it into your own honorable breasts whether a man of honor be capable ——" and so on. That 's the way I talked to them, but it helped nothing; not even when I offered to give them important intelligence of the position and strength of the French army.'

"'I offered to give my oath,' broke in the Jew, 'that I was no spy; and they did but laugh, and cast in my teeth a ribald rhyme which they are taught from their cradles —

"Come the fox to his lair?
Hath the Jew leave to swear?
Both have *planted you there!*"

"'All the curses ——'

"'But you have both confessed yourselves spies,' said I, cutting the old sorcerer short in his Jewish curses, which I had no mind to hear.

"'I believe you,' said the tailor; 'and so will you confess yourself before this time to-morrow.'

"'Never!' cried I; 'I am an honest man, and the son of an honest man, and will never stain my own name, and my father's, with a villany which the world's wealth should not tempt me to defile my hands with.'

"'Goodness bless you!' replied the tailor; 'what 's the use of talking that way to *us?* I, too, have been to school, and know how to put words together; yea, and can make many fine speeches out of Her von Kotzebue's plays. For example, I remember a beautiful sentiment beginning thus: "The man who ——" bah! I forget the rest; but it is infinitely touching, I promise you, and makes the heart swell with the finest emotions. But what 's that to the purpose? Hearken to me: you are young and a raw hand, and have run *like* a raw hand, into a trap. Now, if you can talk yourself *out* of the trap, I 'll say talk is a fine thing; but I 'll tell you what it is, if you can talk a hole in that wall, and a clear passage for yourself out of the Prussian lines, you 're safe; but, not to discourage you, I confess I have my doubts. I am afraid you won't find the method quite so sure as might be wished. However, you can try; and I promise you, if talk don't do *that* for you, it will do nothing else.'

"Well!' said I, 'they can shoot me if they will; I can but assert my innocence to the last. If the officers are determined to put an innocent man to death, to take away life on a bare groundless suspicion, no doubt they have it in their power to do so. Let them do it, then; I am not afraid to die.'

"'They are very punctilious, my dear,' remarked the Jew; 'very. They won't shoot you without a confession; they never do. They would n't put a man to death on suspicion. They are extremely particular on these points; you 'll have to confess; they make a point of it.'

"'Confess!' cried I; 'confess myself a spy! falsely accuse myself of a wickedness I detest! Never!'

"'The provost-marshal,' observed the Jew, 'has great powers of persuasion.'

"I confess I winced a little at this; hanging had not entered into my calculations. After a pause, however, I replied:

"'Well, they may hang me. Of the two, I had rather be shot; but I will not purchase the choice at the expense of my honest fame, neither shall even the fear of the gallows induce me to belie myself. Do what they will with me, they shall not have the satisfaction of hearing me call myself a spy. I will not die with a lie in my mouth.'

"'The gracious pity the boy!' exclaimed the tailor; 'hear him talk of the gallows! Death is death; and I see little to choose between the rope and the bullet; but what do you say to being *flogged* to death? "Assert your innocence" by all means, and die under the lash, or "belie yourself," and be shot. *That's* the choice you 'll have, this evening or early to-morrow. Bear the flogging, of course, as long as you can; life is worth bearing something for; but I prophesy you will not bear it long. Besides, they won't give over till they get a confession out of you. "Life is sweet," said I to myself, when they tied me up this morning. "I will save my life, though I be unable to put a coat to my back for a twelvemonth." But I could n't hold out — I could n't hold out; nor were it to any purpose, for I should be a dead man ere now, if I had not cried guilty!'

"'You will not die,' added the Jew, with the sneer of a demon; 'you will not die with a lie in your mouth. Will you die with piteous moanings and cries for mercy in your mouth, which you might as well address to the scourge that plays on your back, or to the human tool that plies it, as to the calm tyrants that sit and see it plied? Will you die with the thirst of the burning Tophet in your mouth — with the drought of the sandy wilderness in your jaws? Will you die when, from the resolved and silent man, you have become the shrieking woman, and from the shrieking woman, the sick child that plains feebly, and can only murmur "a little water, a little water," which they will not give, because they know that a blessed drop of it were death, and thereby were much good flogging thrown away? Men die not so speedily under the lash,' proceeded he, addressing the tailor; 'and thou wouldst be alive till now, though thou hadst *not* cried "guilty!" Ah! ah! had I a thousand souls, I would give them all — all — all! that my tormentors should suffer forever and ever — forever and ever — forever and ever — what I suffered this day at their will, before I bent my will thereto, and gratified them with my confession.'

"Until now, I had not seen into what a labyrinth my destiny had led me. I felt, from this moment, that there remained to me no other course than to prepare for death; for I resolved firmly that I would be shot rather than be flogged to death. Since now I had but the choice between these two modes of being murdered, I determined to give, on the very first stripe, the answer desired by my oppressors.

"From five o'clock that evening till the following morning, I was conducted at least half-a-dozen times before a court composed of officers. My conductor was the provost-marshal; and at each elbow walked a dragoon, their drawn swords held edgeways across my breast and back.

"An examination more rigorous, or one more difficult, — more impossible for a man to withstand, who had anything to conceal, — cannot be conceived. Interrogatories of the most subtle and ensnaring tendency — observations ingeniously calculated to throw me off my guard, insidious leading questions (which I had no learned counsel to object to) — cunning tricks of speech, intended to surprise me into a confession or admission, direct or indirect, of my presumed guilt, followed each other until my head was well-nigh dizzy. If there had been a weak point in my defence it must infallibly have been found out; had the hollow ground of guilt been under my feet, I had been engulphed without redemption.

"But as all this ingenuity was, upon an innocent man, necessarily thrown away, the officers at last desisted from questioning me, and looked dubiously in each other's faces. Now, the very strong presumption of my being a spy rested chiefly on this ground, that the Prussians, from the time they took up their position, had suffered no one, traveller or other, any more to pass on from their side in the direction of the French; and they naturally concluded that, as was customary in such circumstances, (the two armies being then but two leagues asunder,) the French would have acted on the same rule. When they saw me, therefore, come over from the French side, the conclusion was almost inevitable that I was a spy; and the evidence of my innocence must have been very strong, indeed, to have countervailed this potent presumption against it. My judges, as I have said, looked dubiously into each other's faces. 'After all,' at length began one, for they spoke openly before me, 'it is possible that at the time the young man passed, the enemy had really not taken up their position, in which case you know there would have been no hindrance offered to his passing; so you see there is a possibility, — mind, I say merely a possibility, for I don't build much on it, — but there *is* a possibility of his having come over innocently, and without being aware of the danger.'

"'I think you do well,' said another, 'not to make too much of your possibility; yet I confess myself perplexed. Appearances are desperately against the prisoner; and yet *his own* appearance and manner are as much in his favor as those of any man I ever saw. This I will say, either he is innocent or a most accomplished knave, and an infinitely more dangerous villain than a hundred such poor caitiffs as we took yesterday. If he be a spy, he is a perfect one.'

"'I think,' remarked the former speaker, 'such a mere youth could hardly be such an adept in dissimulation; moreover, he is a Suabian by his tongue; and that is a people that have more of the ox than of the fox in them.'

"'I see no great difficulty,' observed a third, 'in dealing with this matter: try five-and-twenty lashes for a beginning. My life on it, the provost-marshal will bring more truth out of the *kerl* in five minutes, than all your cross-examining will do in as many months.'

"I was now led back to prison, and occupied myself with thinking over the necessary proofs of my innocence. At this time came to my recollection a story which had been told me in Switzerland, by one Boschel, of Pirna; it was to this effect. During the siege of Dresden, which took place in the seven years' war, communications were secretly carried on between that town and Pirna; and the Pirna people having on one occasion hired a young girl of fifteen years of age, for a few *groschen*, to carry to Dresden one of their despatches, of the contents or nature of which she had not an idea, both the mission and its innocent bearer fell into the hands of the besiegers, who forthwith hung the poor child.

"The recollection of this story now depressed me; and when I reflected on the so-called 'hussar-justice,' known to be acted upon, particularly in spy trials, on the absence of any sufficing proofs of my innocence, and on the speedy effect which the torture of the lash would have to wring from me a false confession of guilt, I saw, as I thought, that my hours were numbered; and the only consolation I had was in calling to mind, that shooting, as I had heard, was a speedy and not painful mode of execution, and that to suffer unjustly was, after all, no such unheard-of or unexampled fate.

"The prison, as I have said before, was situated within the precincts of the main-guard; it had on the outer sides three strong walls, and on the inner an iron grating, before which the sentries on guard paced to and fro. I had not long been led back from my examination, when a number of soldiers crowded to this grating, pushing and shouldering their way to gaze on us as if we had been wild beasts.

"'One of these unlucky devils is to be shot this evening, or at day-break to-morrow,' said one of our spectators.

"'Serve them right,' growled another, with many other like sympathizing speeches. However, they were presently turned away, and no further molestation of the kind was permitted to be offered us. As for me, I knew that, as I had not yet been pronounced guilty, mine could not be the execution thus spoken of as so near; nevertheless, the impression the scene had made on me was far from agreeable.

"Still I had nothing for it but to accommodate myself as well as I could to my destiny; and I will say this, that I had at least no feeling of unmanly terror; I did not fear to die; what grieved me most was, that I should be thrust out of the world ignominiously, and as one of the most abandoned of men.

"A short time elapsed, and I was called to a further examination. On entering the guard room, I noticed a certain grating which had not appeared there on the former occasion. What this boded, I could but too well divine; nevertheless, I felt no violent discomposure; only I was sensible all at once of a peculiar burning heat under the tongue, nowise painful, but which has so branded itself on me that I retain to this day a distinct and lively impression of it.

"Once more I was questioned on the subjects relating to my position, but naturally with a result as little satisfactory to the court as before. It was resolved, therefore, to proceed without further delay to the experiment of the lash, and orders were given that I should forthwith be seized up to the grating aforementioned. That moment I felt a new spirit possess me; I was another man. Every trace of fear, all trepidation, all inquietude, was gone. With an undaunted mind, I looked my judges in the face, and asked for one moment's speech before the putting of their purpose into execution. With some roughness, (for they were impatient,) they asked me what I had to say, and I spoke with emphasis as follows:

"'Sirs! I am a travelling handicrafts-man, not accustomed to being flogged; and therefore my determination is, at the very first stripe I receive, to cry guilty! false as the word will be; for I can foresee, plainly enough, that once tied up to that grating, I shall find no compassion, and have no other prospect but to perish in the painfullest way. If, sirs, you have found, up to this moment, either in my papers or in my words, the faintest trace of a justification of your suspicions, I only pray you to have me shot at once. If you have found nothing of the kind, and want only to force me by torture to confess myself what you choose to consider me, you will attain your aim, it is true; but you will have blackened an honest man's name, and you will go to battle to-morrow, or the day after, with innocent blood on your hands.'

"There was a pause; and the officers looked upon me with a grave and sad expression: for that time I was led back to my prison unscourged. About an hour and a half had elapsed, when the provost-marshal came to usher me once more into the presence of my judges; and on this occasion I was no more flanked, as before, by the dragoons, with their drawn sabres. For the last time was the interrogatory addressed to me, whither I was on my way; and I answered, as before, to Dresden, by the nearest route, namely, by Chemnitz and Friedberg. My passport was handed me, the route duly marked upon it; everything that had been taken from me was returned; and I was dismissed with the advice not to be too ready another time to thrust myself in between two armies on the point of engagement. A soldier was given me for escort, with orders to conduct me to the distance of a league and a half behind the Prussian lines: thence I was at liberty to pursue my way without restraint.

"It was but a few days after my liberation, namely, the fourteenth of October, 1806, that the battle of Jena, so disastrous to the Prussian arms, was fought.

"And now, sirs, I ask you, are the concerns of men indeed abandoned to the sport of a blind hap-hazard? Consider it; to my very great annoyance, I had forgot to re-possess myself of my second passport, which had been taken from me by my host, at Neustadt-on-the-Aisch. But had this *not* taken place — had I been apprehended by the Prussians with two passports, varying in their accounts of me or my person — that power is not on earth that could have saved me from the ignominious fate of the vilest of traitors.

"I can only pity the sceptic, who will no doubt say it was a mere chance that my passport was kept back from me. Never in my life, besides, was my passport taken from me by an innkeeper; how little likely such a thing is to happen, they who have travelled most will be best able to judge. And supposing your passport *were* thus taken away, how much more unlikely still were it that you should forget at parting to ask for it, or your host forget to return it!

"No! I say again, with the proofs I have of a good Providence ordering the affairs of men, I should merit to be reproached, by infidels themselves, as a soul incapable of gratitude, could I believe my steps to be directed by no higher, no holier power than my own poor prudence, or than blind chance. And so, gentlemen, that is my story; and I crave your pardon for troubling you with it; but it has turned out longer than I counted on."

While the Suabian spoke, the tailor had applied himself, as if there had been nine of him, right manfully to the Rhine wine, and was now hardly clear-headed enough to give a very edifying comment on what he had heard. All that he could bring out was, that he considered remarks on a man's profession illiberal and beneath his notice; and that if he could bring himself to think that all that about the tailor the Suabian had spoken of was meant as a personality, he would —— The rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost in the speaker's increasing thickness of articulation.

AUSTRALIA AND VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

THE British Empire, extending through all the divisions of the world, comprehends no region more adapted for colonization than Australia. The shores of the Indian continent, rich in the most costly products of the earth, are more attractive to the trader than the emigrant; the superb islands of the remote East, with their camphor woods and precious metals, afford few plains for pasturage and corn-growing; while even the verdant karoos of Southern Africa present a less favorable field for settlement than the soil of New South Wales and Western Australia. Sixty years since, the whole region was a desert. Now and then an adventurous sailor navigated the waters along its lonely shores, and disturbed the quietude of its forest-bordered harbors. Little more than half a century has established civilization on the north and the south, the east and the west, of this the largest island in the world. Emigrant vessels and merchant ships throng the seas between, steam-packets ply along the coasts, shipping crowds the ports, omnibuses traverse the streets of well-built towns, farms and villas multiply near the sea, and a railway train is expected shortly to whirl through the passes of the Blue Mountains. The exports of Great Britain are consumed largely among the colonists, and Australia offers in return peace and abundance to those who are willing to labor for these blessings. In fine, the progress of the country, though occasionally interrupted, exhibits altogether one of the most striking features in the history of transmarine empire, and it may not be uninteresting to the reader to trace with us briefly an outline of this gratifying development.

While the Portuguese and the Spaniards, early in the sixteenth century, were extending their enterprise through the seas of the further East, rumors reached Europe of a new continent in the south. The navigator, driven by contrary winds and currents beyond the bounds of his ordinary enterprise, discovered different points of land, which for a long period none endeavored to examine. The Spaniards had been navigating the Indian Archipelago for more than eighty, and the Portuguese for nearly a hundred, years before the name of any mariner became connected with the discovery of Australia. The Unknown Southern Land (Terra Australis Incognita), and the Southern Land of the Holy Spirit (Australia del Spiritu Santo), were indefinitely mentioned in their records, yet no explorer ventured to approach the mysterious coasts dimly seen by the chance voyager in those remote seas.

In 1605, however, the Dutch, eager to attain a maritime superiority in those distant regions, equipped the yacht *Duyfen*, which sailed from the port of Bantam, in Java, to explore the coast of New Guinea. Returning from this expedition, the little vessel entered the waters off the shores of Australia, and sailed into the great Gulf of Carpentaria. To these early voyagers all seemed desolate and barren, for, since the discovery of America, the voyage of Vasco di Gama, and the exploration of the Indian Archipelago, the navigator continually thirsted for some new Chersonese, where gold was to be found in every stream, where amber was washed up on the beach, where spices perfumed the forests, and pearls were plentiful in the shallow waters near the shore. The wild aspect of the Australian coasts consequently offered little temptation to them. Nevertheless, Spanish, Dutch, and English mariners continued to visit those seas — Dampier, between 1684 and 1700, exploring a portion of the north-western coast, and surveying it in the rude manner of his time. Half a century of further research added little to the world's knowledge of this great region; but 1770 brought the advent of Captain Cook, whose immortal memory is associated with so many seas and shores. He discovered the eastern coast of Australia from Cape Howe to Cape York — naming the region New South Wales. Many successive voyagers followed, each of whom contributed some tracing to the seaboard of this vast territory, until Captain Stokes, about eight years ago, made the entire circuit of the island, and first enabled the biographer accurately to lay down the leading features of its mighty outline.

While the daring navigators of Europe were exploring the shores of Australia — marking its outlying islands, endeavoring to discover the mouths of rivers, fixing the position of harbors, and laying down the general outline of the island — inland discovery commenced much later, and made a slower progress. In the south, ridges of hills were known to exist, and believed to be impassable. Not lofty, but precipitous and rugged, they were intersected by deep chasms and broad barren valleys, sprinkled with half-blasted trees, and piled with masses of sandstone rock — landscapes sub lime in their melancholy desolation. The Blue Mountains — so named from their habitual aspect — were long considered impassable; but when the English colonists in New South Wales were straitened for room, they looked for wider pastures for their flocks, and more extensive lands for the cultivation of corn and vegetables. Necessity, then, opened a passage through the hills, the Bathurst Plains were discovered, and a stage-coach rattled along a well-made road, winding among the mountain-passes. In other directions adventitious men, starting from different points, attempted to explore the interior of Australia; but as yet, all have been unsuccessful in their endeavor to reach the centre, and he who travelled farthest, at the utmost point of his journey has only cast his eye over a monotonous desert, apparently of interminable extent.

Australia is situated in the immense ocean stretching to the south-east of Asia, and lies in nearly the same latitude with the Cape of Good Hope and Brazil. Equal in surface to four fifths of the European continent, it extends from 113° 5′ to 153° 16′ east longitude, and from 10° 39′ to 39° 11′ south latitude. The greatest breadth, from Cape York to Wilson Promontory, north and south, is 2000 miles, and the extreme length, from Shark's Bay to Sandy Coast, west and east, about 2400. The area is calculated at 3,000,000 square miles, and the coast-line at 7750. The whole of this immense mass of land is solid and compact, broken by few indentations of the ocean. The great Gulf of Carpentaria on the north, and Spenser Gulf, in the Australian Bight, on the southern side, are the only extensive sheets, though Shark's Bay and Hervey's Bay are also considerable. Numerous inlets, however — too small to be named as breaking the coast-line, but of noble dimensions nevertheless — afford easy approach to this otherwise iron-bound island.

The mariner, for the first time approaching Australia on its western coast, perceives few of those natural charms painted by so many writers. Along these shores — even now very rarely visited — there is little to allure the eye. A monotonous plain, bounded in the distance by a chain of bleak hills, stretches from the sea, and over the surface of this vast level are scattered sweeps of ground blackened by the passage of flames. The few wandering tribes leading a nomade life in this part of the island, frequently, by accident or intentionally, kindle the tall dry grasses or the low bush. The fire, seizing greedily on the parched vegetation, travels with great rapidity, and, driven by the wind, spreads to the base of the hills, where the conflagration spends its fury. Generally, in one direction or another, the navigator may perceive the smoke or flame of one of these prairie fires. As we proceed further northward the shores become strewn with enormous masses of rock, extending to some distance from the beach. It is supposed that formerly the land here was considerably more elevated than at present, and that the action of water has levelled it, leaving the more durable masses unremoved. Some eminences, covered with a vegetation richer than that of Brazil or Borneo, with occasional fertile plains, present themselves in marked contrast with the general aridity of this coast.

On the northern shores the same level prevails. Flinders sailed 175 leagues without seeing any hill higher than the mast of a sloop. Irregular cliffs rise from the sea, broken by the embouchures of several rivers, some of which — the Adelaide, the Victoria, and the Albert — were discovered during the last surveying expedition of Captain Stokes; but they have never been traced to their sources. Along the Gulf of Capentaria few elevations occur; but, reaching the eastern coast, the view is no longer monotonous or dreary. New scenes continually unfold themselves: forests, and open plains, and valleys, running up between the hills, and a more numerous population enlivening the country. Passing between the shore and that great barrier-reef which outlies the eastern coast of New Holland for more than 600 miles, we enter the principal field of British enterprise, where the coast is marked by a thousand fantastic irregularities. A line of precipitous cliffs extends far towards the south; a huge breach in this natural wall becomes apparent; and, while the eye is resting on the grim magnificence of these granite barriers, the vessel glides between the rocks, and reposes in the superb harbor of Port Jackson. The shore, sweeping in gentle slopes towards the hills, is covered with a natural growth of verdure. The sea, blue and brilliant, flows into beautiful bays, where vessels lie safe after their long voyage from Europe. White stone-built villas, with graceful gardens and groves, lend artificial charms to a landscape naturally picturesque; and Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, with its forts and light-houses, its churches, hospitals, and custom-houses, full of traffic, and smoking in the heat of industry, appears like the creation of enchantment. The industry of Europe, planted in Australia, now ploughs the sea between Port Jackson and Moreton Bay with steamers, which prepare the mind for the scene presented within; but with this exception, the change from the outer view to the panorama of Sydney is as that from a lifeless desert to an English seaport.

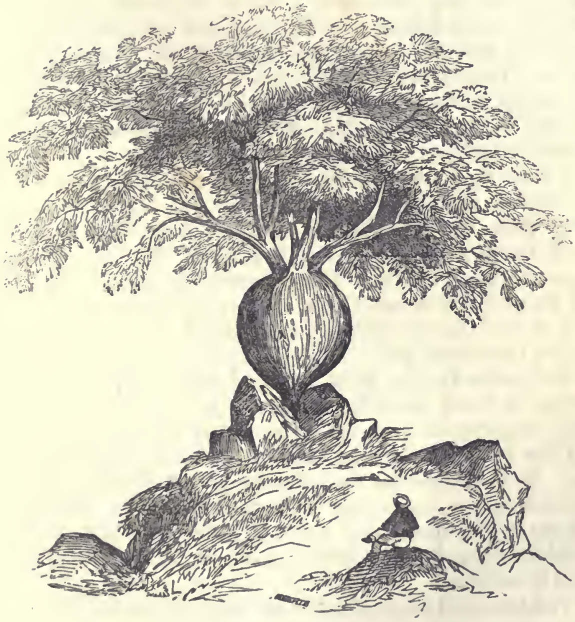
Still proceeding southward towards Cape Howe, the coast wears a similar aspect, until, rounding the huge peak of Wilson Promontory, with its inaccessible islets lying around, we enter Bass' Straits. Sailing along the fertile shores of Australia Felix, the eye of the mariner rests with delight on the scenery for many hundred miles. Towards the west the surface again becomes level; irregularities are few; tall sloping cliffs commence; and the country sinks into a plain covered with scrub, and extending as far as the south-western point of the island. There rises a range of low hills, continuing as far as Gautheaume Bay, where we reach again the desolate level from whence our circuit commenced.

The general surface of Australia, so far as it has yet been explored, is level. In New South Wales several ranges cover a large portion of the province. Of these the principal are the Warragong, or Australian Alps, in the region called "The Happy," rising to the height of about 15,000 feet, and capped with perpetual snow. The Blue Mountains, west of Sydney, attain an elevation of 3000 feet; the Grampians, in Australia Felix, of 4500; and the Liverpool range, between Sydney and Moreton Bay, of 6000. Other ridges, connecting these, complete a continuous though tortuous chain more than 1000 miles in length. This chain runs from Portland Bay in Australia Felix, at a distance of from 60 to 100 miles from the sea, as far as Moreton Bay, branching out into several inferior ridges. The western mountains never rise to more than 3000 feet, and in no other division have any eminences deserving this name been discovered. The surface of Australia, therefore, is more uniformly level than that of any other region of equal extent. Its mountain-system also is altogether peculiar. In the countries of the old world every range, however tortuous, agrees in general direction with the length of the continent in which it lies. In Australia the case is reversed — the hills run transversely from north to south. In the old world, also, the tendency of the ridges, valleys, and rivers, is parallel; but here we find a region apparently struggling into form with all the elements of its ultimate perfection loosely scattered over the surface. For example: south of latitude 33 degrees, the valleys run along the base of the hill-ranges, watered by streams which follow their direction throughout; north of that latitude they cross from east to west, while in the western provinces the land is divided into terraced plains like the steppes of Tartary. Thus a theory formed by investigation in one place, is destroyed by the examination of another. All the geological formations exist; but they occur without order, and appear subject to none of the laws laid down by science in the old world. Again: if we turn to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, we have black swans; white eagles; crabs of an ultra-marine color; those singular insects the walking leaves; cherries growing with their stones outside; trees which shed their bark instead of their leaves; quadrupeds with birds' bills; and fish that are amphibious, leaping over the ground by the aid of their strong spiny fins.

A curious and remarkable tree is frequently met with in Australia, called the *barrel tree*. The trunk bulges out in the middle like a barrel, so as to be sometimes three or four times as much in diameter as it is at the ground, or at the point where the lower branches spring out. They are small in proportion to their great girth, and, indeed, the whole appearance of the tree is extremely odd. Sir T. Mitchell saw specimens of the barrel tree often, and expresses the opinion that the swelling of the trunk is the natural characteristic of the tree, and not a *lusus naturæ*.

A very remarkable specimen was found by Mr. Kennedy, the companion of Mr. Mitchell, in the apex of a basaltic peak, in a kind of gap of the range of hills through which he passed. He made a drawing of it on the spot. The accompanying cut will show the general appearance of these curious trees.

Australia is consequently called the Land of Anomalies; but if we accept the theory of its recent growth, these phenomena become intelligible. All its features indicate an origin dating not far back in the history of creation. Its physical structure, as we have shown, is incomplete and peculiar; its indigenous vegetation is of the scantiest description; in many parts its soil is raw and unproductive; while its fauna belongs to the lowest orders in the animal kingdom. All is rough and crude — a mass of disordered elements unmoulded into the beauty of perfect nature. In the river system the same irregularity prevails; no more than thirty-five mouths of streams have been discovered along the whole of this immense coast-line,. and of these none have been traced more than two hundred, and few more than fifty, miles from the shore. They are insufficient to the drainage of a tenth part of the island, — a fact which gave rise to the belief, not yet altogether exploded, that far



THE BARREL TREE.

inland a circular range of mountains existed, down whose inner slopes numerous rivers poured their waters through the plains into a great central sea. There is still, it is true, a vast blank around the centre of Australia; but travellers, as far as they have hitherto explored, have failed to discover any indications of this lake. Natives have reported the existence of a "great water," breaking in waves higher than the mast of a ship; but probably they had travelled from some district near the coast, and confounded the Southern Ocean with the inland sea of which the wanderers were in search. Violent inundations, however, certainly do occur, when the springs in the mountains discharge volumes of water, converting small streams into torrents, and spreading the waters over whole tracts of country. Deceived by these ephemeral floods, travellers have brought home accounts of immense lakes extending beyond the reach of sight, in places where the next explorer has found a grassy plain, covered with the traces of a dried-up deluge. In South Australia are several sheets of water, but few of them large or permanent. The Salt Lake Torrens, discovered by Eyre, lies at a distance of 400 miles from the sea, almost enclosing a circular tract of land nearly 200 miles across; Lake Alexandria, which receives the waters of the Murray River, is the most extensive of the fresh-water basins; while scattered along the banks of several streams in South Australia, and Australia the Happy, are considerable expanses of water, which do not in all cases bestow on the land that fertility to be expected from such an abundance of irrigation. In other countries rivers are the great fertilizers, and throughout their course clothe their borders with verdure. In Australia, only the higher lands thus watered are verdant, and the streams spread themselves over a barren sandy waste, which they are powerless to reclaim.

From the great range which shuts in Sydney on the west descend numerous streams, which flow inland, and reach the plains through rocky and tortuous channels. Those below the latitude of 33 degrees empty themselves for the most part into the Darling, which, after a long and winding course, joins the Murray 200 miles from the sea. Those above pour into the Lachlan, the Morumbidgee, and the Hume — also tributaries of the Murray — a river which, though its course is many hundred miles, bears no proportion to the size of the region it waters. None of greater magnitude has been discovered. The streams in South Australia and Western Australia are in comparison insignificant; but it is a received opinion among many geographers, that great water-springs exist in the island, which will ultimately burst from the earth, flow together, form for themselves channels, and find outlets at various places along the coast. Springs are formed by the accumulation of moisture in the cavities and gullies of hills, and this process is at first extremely slow. When overcharged, these reservoirs burst, and emit their superfluous waters, at first by an occasional overflow, but gradually in a continuous stream. The waters wear their own channels, growing slowly from rivulets to rivers; and in Australia great numbers of these incipient, half-developed streams exist. At present, in the river-system of Australia, as well as in its mountains, valleys, and geological formations, its botany, and its zoology, we discover a strong support of the theory that this region is of recent emergence from the ocean. Formerly, Captain Sturt believes it consisted of an archipelago of islands. The bed of the ocean, upheaved by the agency of subterranean fires, raised the whole to a level; and the action of the great sea sweeping over it, has produced those strange appearances which have earned for Australia its curious title — The Land of Anomalies. The researches of travellers in the interior will at no distant day lay it open to examination; and, when the great doubt is removed, science will explain with accuracy phenomena at the present day so perplexing.

Over such a vast surface of the earth a variety of climates may naturally be expected to prevail. Throughout Australia, however, it is generally salubrious and genial to the European constitution. The third part of the island — the north — lies in the torrid, the rest in the temperate, zone. The former part is not yet sufficiently known to allow an exact description of its salubrity; but in the extra-tropical divisions human life is endangered by a few natural afflictions. Endemic diseases are all but unknown; small-pox, measles, and hooping-cough, scarcely ever appear; but dysentery is common, though all disorders yield to simple remedies. It may be useful to state a point on which the best authorities agree, that the settler in Western or Southern Australia may in all cases preserve himself for the honors of a ripe old age by temperate prudence; for deaths from climateric diseases are exceedingly rare.

The plains of Tropical Australia are swept by the Indian monsoons — blowing north-west about the beginning of November, and south-east in the early part of April. Rains are there uncommon, but the air is generally heavily charged with damp, and iron rusts after a few hours' exposure. In the extra-tropical divisions a mild drought often prevails. On the lowlands 65 degrees is the mean temperature of the year, but the atmosphere rapidly changes to cold as the surface rises; while on the peaks of the mountains the earth is eternally clothed with snow. The order of the seasons presents a curious contrast to that of Europe; from March to August is the winter; the rainy season is in May; while summer lasts from September to February. In the interior the weather, whether wet or dry, is always warm. One remarkable feature has been observed, or we should rather say has been supposed, to exist in the climate of Australia: at intervals of twelve years a period of unmitigated drought prevails, and for twelve months the clouds never send down their gentle showers to refresh and fertilize the earth; following this is a year of continual floods; after this the quantity of rain decreases, until another cycle has passed, and the land is once more parched with excessive thirst. Dews are abundant; thunder-storms without rain last for several days; and on the northern coast a shock of earthquake is occasionally felt.

In all things wandering from the ordinary course of nature, Australia is equally strange in her soil. In those interior deserts, a few times traversed by the traveller, it is various; in some places a red tenacious clay; in others, a dark, hazel-colored loam, rotten, and full of holes; in others, but these few and limited, sandy. When Sturt was exploring this dreary waste, he vainly looked for evidence of a hilly country near. "Had we picked up a stone," he says, "as indicating the approach to dry land, I would have gone on." But nothing of the sort was found; and the desert ever widening to his weary view, he turned about and retreated. In the sloping lands of New South Wales, however, and in the elevated valleys of Australia Felix, a rich, dry vegetable soil prevails, abundantly prolific. In the rest of the island, the soil, like the river-system, is yet in the mould of nature; and doubtless at some distant period every prairie throughout this magnificent region will smile upon the immigrant, like those fertile "Plains of Promise" discovered in the north by Captain Stokes.

Of the 70,000 or 80,000 species of plants described by botanists, 5710 are already known to exist in Australia. Of these only 270 are common to it and to other countries, while 5440 are altogether peculiar to its extraordinary soil. Thus this island contributes to botany nearly a twelfth of the plants known, but they are generally of a very low order. Ferns, nettles, flowers, and grasses, having the form, bulk, and habits of trees, are abundant; hard timber, with rosewood, sandal wood, and cedar, is plentiful; some trees yield the purest gums; while the leaves of others are used as tea. The sassafras and castor-oil have been discovered. On the northern coast palms flourish abundantly, and the tropical mangrove exists in those parts nearest the Indian islands. With one exception, all the trees of Australia are evergreen. No dense woods have been found;

and the groves, from a peculiar arrangement of their foliage, present a strange appearance — many of the trees having their leaves hanging with the edge downward. Flowering plants of excessive beauty are found; and the lily, tulip, and honeysuckle grow to the size of large standard trees. There are many odoriferous shrubs, which scent the air to a considerable distance. In the interior immense numbers of prickly plants cover the ground, binding down the loose soil, and preventing that drift which distinguishes the deserts of Arabia and Africa from the Australian wastes.

Large pastures form a prominent feature in the aspect of the country; yet a heavy English sward is seldom found. Flax, tobacco, a species of cotton, tares, indigo, chicory, trefoil, and burnet, (an excellent substitute for tea,) are natural productions; but of fruits and vegetables fit for human food there is a strange scarcity. The pith of a reed is the only indigenous substance with which bread can be made, and the only known fruits are raspberries, currants, one or two tasteless berries, and a species of nut. It appears as if Australia had been selected for colonization, by the avidity of civilized man, before her soil was sufficient to his support; and she was called on to nourish the children of an overpeopled land ere her breast was filled by the rich treasure of maternal maturity. Yet industry may be said to have outrun nature, and completed in sixty years the task which centuries would not have accomplished. Corn crops and orchards abound in all the colonized districts. Every species of grain, including maize, is cultivated with success: oranges, lemons, citrons, nectarines. apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, figs, mulberries, quinces, bananas, guavas, pine apples, grapes, and many others, the produce of Australian soil, are sold cheaply in the Australian markets; and doubtless the luscious fruits of India will all shortly follow. The sugar-cane probably would thrive in the lower latitudes, but the colonists prefer pastoral industry, for which, indeed, the land affords much facility; though it is said that the keep of a sheep upon the native grasses requires three times the extent of ground which in a moderately fertile district in England would fatten an ox in summer, and keep two sheep during winter.

The zoology of Australia, like every other department of its natural history, also presents extraordinary features. The number of known species of mammalia is about one thousand. Fifty-eight are found in Australia, of which forty-six are peculiar to it, leaving twelve only which it contains in common with other regions. Even of these, five are whales and four seals; another is the strong-winged bat of Madagascar; another like the jerboa of America; and the last the dog — an animal found always where man exists, and rarely, if ever, where he does not. Kangaroos, however, are almost the only important animals. In the birds and reptiles similar peculiarities exist, while of fish and insects no account has ever been completed.

The people who inhabit this extraordinary region belong to the Ethiopic, which is the lowest family of the human race. Many writers, with great ingenuity, have attempted to trace the original colonization of Australia to a horde of Malays passing over in canoes from the Indian Archipelago, across Torres' Straits, to the unknown Southern Land. The color of the skin, however, the formation of the skull and the limbs, with the genius, the habits, and the general character of the Australians, identify them with the negro race of New Guinea. The weapons they employ are similar, and their progress in the industrial arts, as well as their mental qualities and conditions of existence, being infinitely lower than those of the Malay, and closely similar to those of the Papuan, destroy the theory of their Malayan origin. Traditions they have few, and those but faint and incoherent. It is probable, however, that the wild savages of the Indian Archipelago, driven from their original homes by the superior civilization of the Malays, put to sea in rude canoes, and, reaching the mysterious Southern Land, debarked, and gradually peopled the wilderness. They left their own rich islands to the conquering Malays, deserting a contested heritage for one where security and peace made up for the loss of a soil spontaneously productive. Liberty, even to the wild savage, is sweet, and life more cherished still, so that doubtless, if Australia was unpeopled at so late a period, the growth of the Malay empire in the East scattered the swarms of Papua along its desert coast. That an infusion of other blood has taken place is probable, but not to such an extent as to have influenced the character of the population. The old custom of circumcision is found at two places, at opposite extremities of the island, and nowhere else. This appears to us rather as a traditional custom, originally practised by the whole race, whose size has dwindled to this narrow compass, than as a grafted habit borrowed from the Mohammedan traders. Thus in Bali, among the Indian islands, the burning of widows was until recently an established custom. It was not, however, a practice derived from accidental intercourse with the Hindoos, but the relic of a mighty empire once held by that religion in the further East.

The Australian aborigines are divided into numerous tribes, with distinct modes of life and various languages. The dialect of the south is a strange tongue in the north, and the northern vocabulary is wholly unknown in the east. The habits of the natives are unsociable: they seldom come into contact, except in war, each tribe wandering at will through the solitudes, where they have hitherto held an empire all their own. Their manner of existence in some measure resembles that of the Californian savages — dwelling in huts of the most primitive construction, and existing on the seeds of grass, and the pith of reeds, made into cakes. Those living near the coast consume large quantities of fish, which they roast, but have no idea of the effect of fire upon water. A shipwrecked sailor, domiciled among a tribe of Australians, once obtained the reputation of a sorcerer by boiling a potful of water. They gash their bodies with decorative scars, and strike out their front teeth, in the spirit of vanity inherent in the most barbarous as well as the most civilized people. An English trader once made a large profit by selling in London a number of these teeth, beautifully large and white, for the use of the dentists.

The color of the Australian's skin is lighter than that of the African negro; his form, unencumbered by clothing, is well proportioned; his hair, black as ebony, is twisted about the head in the form of a hoop; no whiskers or moustaches are worn, though a scanty beard frequently drops from the chin; the face is in almost all cases ugly, even to repulsiveness; the nose large and flat, the mouth extravagantly distended, the ears long, the forehead retreating, and the chin highly protuberant. Nor is the character of the Australian more alluring: to lie and to cheat are practices almost universal — not so much indicative of moral depravity, as illustrative of the low condition in which these savages still remain. Among some tribes treachery to Europeans ranks among the virtues, and basely to assassinate a white man is considered heroic. We knew a naval officer who was stabbed from back to breast by one of these barbarians, who stole on him as he sat sketching on a bank in a lonely spot. On another occasion, two Europeans, engaged in making observations, were startled by a loud shout from above. Looking up, they saw with horror the summit of a lofty bank swarming with savages, who quivered their spears, and were evidently intent on the strangers' death. The Englishmen, skilled in the characteristics of the savage mind, immediately commenced dancing, capering until they were ready to sink under exhaustion. Every time they paused in their strange exercise, the savages lifted their spears with threatening gestures; till at last, weary of the sport, they quietly retired.

With some tribes, however, different ideas prevail, and shipwrecked men, hungry and naked, have in the worst hour of their need learned to bless the rude but honest hospitality of an Australian savage.

Among themselves a crude social system exists. Ideas of property are very distinct, and one man respects the roasted fish and fried frogs of another with scrupulous integrity. Murders are rare, and, when they occur, are punished. It is the opinion of certain philosophers that these wild men will never be reclaimed, but will be driven deeper into the wilderness as colonization proceeds, until ultimately all will perish under the breath of civilization. It is hard to accept this theory, though there is unfortunately much in the history of modern times to lead to its adoption. We would rather cling to the philosophy of the poet, T. K. Hervey, who writes in the spirit of humanity, in language of the loftiest eloquence, for the wild man of the Australian desert —

> "Yet on his forehead sits the seal sublime
> That marks him monarch of his lovely clime,
> And in his torpid spirit lurk the seeds
> Of manly virtues and of lofty deeds.
> Within that breast where savage shadows roll
> Philosophy discerns a noble soul,
> That, like the lamp within an Eastern tomb,
> But looks more sickly 'mid surrounding gloom.
> Full many a feeling trembles through his frame,
> For which he never knew or sought a name;
> And many a holy thought but half supprest
> Still lurks 'mid all the tempest of his breast.
> Pants not his heart with human hopes and fears,
> And is he not the child of smiles and tears?
> 'T is love that links him to his native woods,
> And pride that fires him while he breasts the floods,
> And glory guides him, felt but undefined,
> To battle with the breakers and the wind,
> To tempt the torrent, or in arms to claim
> The savage splendors of a warrior's name.
> True, through their souls all fiercer passions run —
> These fiery ones, these children of the sun.
> But gentler thoughts redeem the frenzied mood;
> Represt, but quenchless, hid, but unsubdued.
> Theirs is the spell of home, where'er they rove;
> The maiden loves with all a maiden's love;
> And the dark mother, as she rocks her boy,
> Feels in her bosom all a mother's joy!"

Where the human heart is warm with these feelings, it is surely susceptible of some refinement. An anecdote will show that the mind of the Australian savage is not blunt to all the better passions of humanity. A native, named Tonquin, dwelling on the banks of the Swan River, stabbed one of his comrades. The murderer fled into the desert, remaining there for fifteen days alone with the memory of his crime. When he reäppeared among the people of his tribe he was a maniac — heart-broken by remorse.

The Australians recognize a benignant god and a variety of evil spirits, especially one in the form of a gigantic serpent. When the winds groan over the hills and woods, they imagine it to be the voice of this monster, and illuminate the plain with fires, repeating magic spells to scare the evil one away. Notwithstanding this timidity, they are brave in battle, though trembling in the presence of death. A grave placed before the door of a house is a perpetual safeguard against thieves. The dwelling of a lonely settler was once attacked by the natives, of whom two were slain. Their bodies were buried in front of the house, and the two low mounds, haunted with the idea of death, were more formidable than the loftiest walls. Some of the tribes enclose their dead in wrappings of leaves and bark, placing them among the branches of solitary trees, near which the vulture sits immovable, with drooping wings, waiting for the last covering to drop from the corpse. Captain Stokes saw one woman who continually bore, hanging from her neck, a net containing the bones of a little child whom, during its short term, she had loved, and over whose dear remains she lingered with tearful eyes, imagining, in the warmth of her maternal fondness, that they rose before her clothed again with the lineaments of life. The Australians regard the white men as their former brethren, whose spirits, purified after death, have passed into superior forms. At Perth, one of the colonists was twice visited by a strange native, who had heard that there had come to his land a lost brother. The savage travelled through a long extent of hostile country to behold again a cherished friend blessed with the glory of a second life, who had left his paradise beyond the sea to revisit the scene of his earthly career.

Three ranks of society prevail among the aborigines: the young men, the warriors, and the aged — the hierarchy of the Australian commonwealth. Simplicity degenerate is their characteristic. Four slender poles planted in the ground, and roofed with wattled boughs form a palace for one of these lords of the creation; and at night, when the cold winds blow, the savage, burying himself neck deep in the sand, warms himself literally in the bosom of mother earth.

What, however, is chiefly interesting to the English reader, is the colonization of Australia. First in order of the settlements is that of *New South Wales*. It was the earliest established, and has risen to prosperity by more rapid degrees than any other. From a miserable convict colony it has become a valuable dependence on the British Empire, with a flourishing capital, and an increasing trade. Sydney, with its churches, theatres, forts, hospitals, and other public structures — its banks, hotels — its parks and promenades — above all, its crowded port — displays all the features of a young and energetic civilization. Trade is developing largely; its population has become an important consumer of British manufactures; and its towns and rural districts offer a fine promise of fortune to the industrious emigrant from the mother country. But it is a saying no less expressive than true, that those who settle in Australia must lay by their kid gloves, cast off dainty habits, customs, forget their love of lounging, and look to themselves only for the success they desire. No others will prosper in New South Wales. The youthful colony needs no soft-handed Sybarites, whose whole life is the realization of one idea — comfort. The young, with open prospects before them — the disappointed, with a wreck of fortune — and those who have accumulated a small store of wealth by the industry of a life, do well to emigrate to Australia. The young may look for opulence, others may retrieve their losses, and the old may plant their vines and fig trees at once to shade their heads in age, and to make a provision for their children. But none can succeed there, or in any other colony, who forgets these important rules — to depend on his own vigorous industry, to be frugal and sparing of expenditure, to be cautious in his speculations, and watchful when he has entered into them.

Eighty years ago the adventurous voyager Captain Cook sailed along the eastern coast of Australia, and there, in latitude 33° south, discovered a commodious inlet. Near the water's edge he saw many curious flowers blooming wild, and from them named the place Botany Bay. The account of his visit was circulated in England; and when, sixteen years later, our unhappy war with America had closed up the great outlet for crime, it was resolved to establish a colony in some other part of the world. The African coast at first appeared convenient; but the idea was abandoned. Then the existence of Australia seems first to have been remembered in England, and the idea suddenly flashed upon the public mind of carrying the seeds of British population to people the "Unknown Southern Land." Botany Bay was thought of. In 1787 the *Sirius* and the *Supply*, with six transports and three store-ships, sailed with the germs of a new colony on board. Besides the crews and one hundred and sixty-six marines, there were seven hundred fifty-seven convicts — five hundred sixty-five men, and one hundred ninety-two women. Stores and provisions for two years were taken, besides agricultural implements and tools, with all the necessaries for the foundation of a permanent settlement. Captain Philip, the appointed governor, took command of the squadron, and sailed first to the Cape of Good Hope, then belonging to the Dutch, where livestock and seeds were procured. At Rio Janeiro more stores were taken in, and the expedition steered direct for the new land.

Continuing their course, they reached Australia after a voyage of eight months and one week. On January 20th they anchored near the antipodes of their native country in general good health. Botany Bay appeared to promise little. Water seemed scarce, and an aspect of aridity on the surrounding land decided them to go elsewhere in search of a place of rest. The fleet, therefore, weighed anchor, and, as they left the bay, two French ships under La Perouse entered it. That enterprising discoverer stayed two months in this haven, and then set sail for the Pacific, disappearing forever from the sight of civilized man.

Drawing near an opening in the cliffs, a few miles further north, the governor went to examine it in person. The natives collected on the rocks, shouting to the strangers to go away; but they persevered. Captain Cook had reported the existence in this neighborhood of a creek where boats could be sheltered. A sailor named Jackson, however, declared that a great haven lay within the mighty rocks that frowned above them; and, entering between these, the explorers were delighted to discover a harbor of many miles in extent. A fine anchoring ground was at once chosen, and the name of the sailor bestowed on the harbor. This is one of the instances in which the name of the original discoverer has remained fixed to the scene of his discovery.

The spot chosen for debarkation was near a stream of fresh water overshadowed by trees. Every man literally stepped from the boats into a forest. They detached themselves into parties, and the primeval silence of the shore was immediately broken by sounds which have never since died away. Some shouldered the axe, and commenced clearing ground for the different encampments; some pitched the tents; some brought from the ships the necessary stores, and others examined the capabilities of the neighboring soil. Every one wandered freely over the country, and wholesale disposals were made of land which, fifty years later, was worth more than a thousand guineas an acre.

The people were then collected together, and the governor's commission was read, with letters-patent for establishing courts of justice. The ground was gradually cleared, a rude farm was prepared to receive the live stock, and gardens were laid out for the planting of seeds and roots. The *Supply* was then sent to Norfolk Island, a thousand miles to the east, to form a settlement on a spot said to be favorable to the cultivation of flax. Thus was planted the colony of New South Wales. Before tracing its growth, it may be desirable to describe the territory, and show upon what materials English energies were then set to work.

From a point on the eastern coast, near the Tropic of Capricorn, to Portland Bay, on the south, the coast-line of New South Wales measures more than 1600 miles. It is broken by many safe and spacious harbors — the gateways, as it were, of a country diversified in aspect, with a rich soil, abounding in coal and iron, and intersected by numerous streams. These flow from the ridge of mountains we have already described, winding down the slopes, and traversing, with a tortuous course, the maritime districts, and discharging themselves into the sea at intervals along the eastern coast. Few of these are navigable, even for small craft; but they serve to enrich and adorn the high valleys through which they flow, covering the earth with fertility. South of Sydney, as far as Bass' Straits, the mountains encroach so nearly to the sea that the streams are mere torrents; but northward are several fine rivers — the Hawkesbury, the Apsley, the Brisbane, &c. Near Port Philip others have been found; but none of those which descend the eastern slopes of the great range, and follow an independent course to the sea, are of equal magnitude with those on the western side, which swell the waters of the Murray. Two great channels, we have shown, receive the tribute of all the hills from the Grampians to the Darling Downs, yet hitherto they are little used for navigation. For the formation of highways, however, and railways, the surface of New South Wales is admirably adapted — a fact which compensates in some degree for its poverty of water communication, in all countries the easiest and most obvious.

The climate is mild and proverbially salubrious. It is indeed commonly compared with that of Southern Italy, but the remark should be accepted with reserve. The atmosphere is drier, the extremes of temperature are greater, the average heat is less, and the air becomes colder more rapidly as we ascend the hills.

The soil of New South Wales is capable of yielding every grain and vegetable useful to man, with fruit in rich perfection, and in the utmost profusion and variety, from the gooseberry and currant of the north to the banana and pine-apple of the fervid tropics. Even in the neighborhood of Sydney, apples, pears, plums, strawberries, cherries, raspberries, mulberries, medlars, apricots, nectarines, figs, grapes, melons, oranges, olives, lemons, citrons, loquots, and pomegranates, are abundantly produced; while in warm and sheltered situations the luscious guava and banana grow intermingled. Peaches — never in England a very common fruit — are abundant to excess in New South Wales. During four months in the year they are produced in incalculable profusion. The fruit grows everywhere in all soils. A peach stone, planted no matter where, will in three or four years become a fine productive tree. In such numbers are they gathered, that vast piles are made, which are left to ferment in the sun, and then thrown to the hogs, who fatten magnificently on this dainty food. A pleasant and wholesome cider is made from the peach.

Green peas are gathered in winter as well as in summer, and two crops of potatoes are produced in the year in districts near the sea-coast. As we approach the hills, the cold seasons become more severe. Sharp white frosts are then of usual occurrence, and snow lies even on the lower mountains. On well chosen soil the wheat crops, with good cultivation, average from twenty to thirty bushels an acre. In the colder district of Argyle forty bushels an acre are often obtained. The small settlers at first, however, carried on so improvident a system of husbandry, that fifteen bushels was the average produce. The seed season for wheat, barley, and oats, is from March to June, and harvest from November to December. Maize, the most prolific of all grains, sown in October and November, ripens in March and June, producing, according to the quality of the soil, from twenty to seventy bushels an acre. There are thus two seed and two harvest seasons in New South Wales, and the sickle and the drill are in continual employment.

The soil and climate are admirably adapted for the cultivation of the vine, the olive, and the mulberry. Many vineyards and olive plantations have been established, and flourish well, while extensive fields of good tobacco alternate with the other species of cultivation. It is considered probable that silk and dried fruits will shortly enter into the exports of the colony, nor is it unreasonable to suppose that the capabilities of the soil remain as yet incompletely developed. Its richness is singular; yet for the food of civilized man nature in New South Wales has produced spontaneously nothing. Trees of gigantic growth, flowers of brilliant hues, and wholesome pastures, abound; but the forests are not hung with fruits, the fields are not covered with grain-bearing grasses, and edible roots in this division of the island are unknown. Yet, as we have said, to the hardy settler willing for a while to eat bread by the sweat of his brow, and accumulate fortune by diligent industry, no country in the world is more favorable for settlement. There is a fine contrast between the bleak desolations of the Blue Mountains and the fertility of the lower provinces: the one wild and terrible; the other presenting a pleasant prospect of green and beautiful pastures, graced by swarming flocks, with towns, and villages, and decorated villas, with cultivated lands, and all the signs of a complete civilization. Cattle thrive well in New South Wales, where the pastures are sweet and wholesome, fattening the animals well, if not with unusual rapidity. The produce of grain and vegetables will always supply the colony with cheap provisions; but its chief commercial wealth at present is in the pastures, where the millions of pounds of wool are produced which now form so important an article of exchange for the manufactured fabrics of Great Britain.

This general sketch will afford an idea of the region first colonized by the English in January, 1788. The early years of the settlement were far from prosperous. Idleness, ignorance, crime, and general demoralization prevailed. Some of the convicts were hanged, others killed themselves by excess, and others fell under the knives of their comrades. And, as usual, among a community for the most part criminal, offences were rarely punished, because the offenders could not be discovered. There is a strange fidelity among the wicked. Men who would rob one another, steal a pittance of food, and quarrel with one another until knives were drawn, refused to betray a fellow-culprit.

The great difficulty in any colony is its support during the early years of its existence. From the first, this object was steadily kept in view by Governor Philip; but the idleness and inaptitude of the settlers — who had not chosen the best field for farming operations — contributed to bring the community into danger of famine. Cultivation proceeded slowly and irregularly, the stores were wasted and stolen, the provisions decreased, and scarcity threatened. After two years' struggles the rations were reduced, and the colony languished in despondency. While, however, the spirit of industry flagged, and the land lay untilled in spite of the danger, an eager attention was given to any rumor which seemed to promise wealth without labor. The curse of many colonies has been a mine of gold, a grove of spice trees, or a bank of costly pearls, for they allure men from industry to spoil the earth of its natural treasures. An impostor among the convicts knew the temper of his companions. With a brass buckle and a guinea he manufactured specimens of the precious ore, and, displaying them, endeavored to get clothes and provisions from the stores as the reward of his discovery. But the deceit was detected, and the impostor flogged for his fraud. The miserable man afterwards ended his life on the scaffold.

A flagstaff was now erected at the entrance of Port Jackson, to signal the arrival of any ship: as the provisions sunk, many an anxious eye was turned upon the staff, desiring the expected sign.

Alone, on that remote, inhospitable coast, they dreaded the horrors of famine, though somewhat relieved by the supplies of fish brought in three times a week, and distributed in equal rations to the whole community. The governor made no exception in his own favor, faring as the rest fared; and when a party was collected at the government house, each guest was requested to bring a supply of provisions for himself. In 1790, though the rations had been reduced by one half, there were only four months' supplies in the colony, and some measures were necessary to check the approach of famine. It was resolved to plant a settlement on Norfolk Island. Two hundred and one convicts, men, women, and children, were sent thither, and a vessel was despatched to Batavia for supplies. The *Sirius*, bearing her criminal burthen to Norfolk Island, landed them, and was immediately afterwards wrecked upon the coast. A lofty hill was observed, whither at evening enormous flights of birds proceeded from the sea, where all day they collected food. Their eggs were gathered in vast quantities, and when fires were kindled to attract their notice, the birds came down in such numbers, that 2000 or 3000 were taken every night. From the circumstance of this occurring at a time of great need, these birds were called the Birds of Providence.

Meanwhile more convicts arrived at Port Jackson; death struck down numbers of the first comers; sickness prostrated nearly 500 at a time; and a state of demoralization followed which rendered the young colony of New South Wales a lazar-house of crime and misery. Five men, endeavoring to escape, put to sea in a boat, steered for Otaheite, and were doubtless drowned in the abysses of the Pacific. Many of the Irish started off, intending to travel across the whole region, and reach China overland — for only so far had our knowledge of the country then proceeded. Probably they were killed by the natives, though some of them may have become domesticated among them, and, adopting their customs, sank into the savage state. Next year ten ships arrived with upwards of 1000 convicts, and their coming imparted an air of life and activity to the infant city of Sydney. Various public works and buildings were commenced; tanks were cut in the rocks to provide against dry seasons; and fresh land was got ready for the cultivation of Indian corn. Some of the ships, after discharging their cargoes, were employed with considerable success in the whale fisheries; while many of the convicts were for good behavior released, on condition of remaining in the country to fulfil the terms of their sentence, while those who had already passed their terms, and were willing to remain, received allotments of land.

At the end of 1791, when the colony had been established four years, the public live-stock consisted of one aged stallion, one mare, two young stallions, two colts, sixteen cows, two calves, one ram, fifty ewes, six lambs, one boar, fourteen sows, and twenty-two pigs. The cultivated ground amounted to three hundred acres of maize, forty of wheat, six of barley, one of oats, four of vines, and eighty-six of garden ground, besides seventeen under culture by the soldiers of the colonial corps. These were the humble beginnings of that wealthy colony, to which, in the first half of the year 1850, we exported more yards of cotton cloth than to the whole Austrian empire. When we reach the present state of the province it will be seen what advance has been made.

Six years after the foundation of the settlement, a church was built of wood and thatch, costing £40, and employed during the week as a school-house, where two hundred children were instructed by the chaplain. Meanwhile the mortality increased, provisions ran low, and famine again became imminent. All the while the utmost discontent prevailed. Fifty-three persons were missing at one time, all of whom had deserted in the delusive hope of reaching China overland. Crimes and punishments multiplied, and the infancy of the colony was passed in the most disheartening confusion. Drunkenness and gambling demoralized the community, the spirit of sloth invaded it, and it became dependent on importations of corn. The live stock, however, increased. A few animals strayed, and some years after there was discovered on the banks of the Nepean river a herd of upwards of sixty cattle, wandering over pastures of fine sweet grass, thinly scattered over with trees, and dotted with large ponds. Upon the surface of these sheets of water, fringed with beautiful shrubs, ducks and black swans swam to and fro. Perceiving the value of a wild breed of cattle near the settlement, the governor arranged that no part of this fertile tract — to this day known as the Cow-Pastures — should be allotted. In consequence of this the animals multiplied so rapidly, that before 1813 the 60,000 acres were unequal to contain them. A severe drought following, they died by thousands; and from that period the Pastures were allotted, and the wild herds retreated to a greater distance from the sea.

Captain Hunter, the second governor of the colony, was an adventurous man. He explored the country, and enlarged the boundaries of the settlement. Several valuable discoveries were made during his administration. In 1796, some men, fishing in a little bay considerably to the north of Port Jackson, found, at a little distance from the beach, quantities of coal scattered over the ground. Near the spot a considerable river, now named the Hunter, discharges itself into the sea. The valuable mineral was obtained in abundance, and a township has now been established there, which supplies the whole colony with this fuel. A large trade in lime, obtained from immense quantities of oyster-shells thrown up on the beach, is carried on at this place — appropriately named Newcastle.

Through all its struggles Sydney continued to rise, and by slow degrees free settlers from England arrived. Government provided their passage, their tools and implements, allotments of land, provisions for two years, and clothes for one. Soldiers and convicts also turned farmers, and individual instances of prosperity encouraged the rest. One man, to whom Governor Philip had in 1792 granted a ewe for breeding, found himself in seven years proprietor of 116 sheep, and on the high road to opulence. While some applied themselves to the rearing of flocks and herds, others pursued agriculture, and many beautiful farms were established on the banks of streams near the little town of Sydney. A gradual change came over the face of the province. From a wild forest it became a pastoral country, with houses, stacks, and sheds, fields well fenced, and all the usual features of well-directed industry. In the last year of the eighteenth century a great flood took place. From some unknown cause, the river Hawkesbury swelled to an enormous volume; and a settler, whose dwelling stood on a hill, near a beautiful bend of the stream, saw at one moment, floating with the flood, no less than thirty wheat-stacks, on some of which were numerous pigs and poultry, vainly seeking refuge from the rising of the waters. The consequences of this disaster were most calamitous. Wheat rose to 30s. a bushel in a colony where it had at times been thrown to the pigs, and Indian corn became equally scarce.

In course of time roads were made through different parts of the colony; and, in 1813, when the settlers resolved to widen their territory, a passage was found across the Blue Mountains. A drought in the maritime plains and valleys compelled the colonists to seek pasturage beyond; and, driving their sheep and cattle through the passes, they came down upon the plentiful plains of Bathurst. An excellent road, 100 miles in length, now connects Sydney and the town which soon sprang up in the new territory.

In Governor Bligh's time an insurrection upset the government, which was with difficulty restored. A contest then broke out between two parties in the community — the Exclusionists, who, in the petty pride of honesty, refused to associate, even in the offices of charity, with the tainted population; and the Emancipists, who considered that a convict, after his term of punishment expired, was as good as any other man. The first endeavored to stamp the criminal with an ineffaceable brand of infamy; the second, perhaps too hurriedly, sought to produce a mingling of the convicted and unconvicted classes. The governor, Maquarrie, famous for his success in road-making, exerted himself philanthropically to raise the convicts from their degradation, and thus came into collision with the sentimentality of a few little-minded Exclusionists. During the twelve years of his administration New South Wales increased in extent and prosperity, while the boundaries of discovery were pushed still further westward. Bathurst Plains, and the ways to them, were discovered; the district of Argyle was opened to the enterprise of the settlers; two rivers, the Lachlan and the Maquarrie, were traced beyond the Blue Mountains, until they were supposed to flow into pathless swamps; while northwards the river Hastings, with a large tract of pasture-land, called Liverpool Plains, was discovered. A penal settlement for the punishment of refractory convicts was formed on the Emu Plains; another at Newcastle, near the mouth of the Hunter; and a third at Port Maquarrie, at the mouth of the Hastings, about 180 miles north of Sydney. When Maquarrie's administration began, the settlement was in a state of imbecility, disabled by privation, the country impenetrable beyond forty miles of Sydney, agriculture indifferently carried on, commerce only beginning, and no revenue; famine ever on the threshold, factions continually alive, public buildings falling into ruin, a few miserable roads commenced, a people depressed by poverty, abased by crime, and utterly careless of religion. He left it with brightening prospects, with an enlivening energy pervading the community, and elevated hopes moving men to vigorous action. The port-dues of Sydney had risen, from 1810 to 1822, from £8000 to £30,000 per annum. A population of 29,783, of whom 13,814 were convicts, now labored with energy for the public good. From that period the struggles of the colony were less severe, and its strength was greater. Accounts of its resources were circulated throughout Great Britain; men brought home fortunes, and those who emigrated in poverty counted their acres and their flocks by thousands. To trace the progress of the settlement to its present condition, through every change of fortune, would be an interesting task, but it would be incompatible with our limits. A glance at its actual state, however, is necessary.

Among the twenty-one counties into which the territory of New South Wales is divided, Cumberland is the most populous and important, though not the most fertile. The capital, Sydney, with the prosperous towns of Paramatta, Windsor, Liverpool, and others, give it preëminence. It consists of an undulating plain, stretching from north to south 53 miles, and from the base of the Blue Mountains to the coast, which is broken by many creeks and inlets, of which the noble harbor of Port Jackson is the most remarkable. Near the sea the soil is poor and unproductive, but inland the country improves, the woods thin, the valleys become verdant, and the hills excessively fertile. The borders of the Hawkesbury and Nepean rivers are covered with rich soil, spread over extensive flats, finely cultivated. Good water is not plentiful, though by boring wells this might in a great measure be remedied. There are 900,000 acres in the county, of which little more than a third is fit for profitable cultivation. All the good land has been granted away; but a curious fact is, that the greatest abundance of water is found on the most ungracious soils.

The next county southward is Camden, with 66 miles of coastline, and a breadth of 55. It is more mountainous than Cumberland, with lofty timber, alternating with tracts of great fertility. Illawara district contains 150,000 acres of fine deep soil, whose rich qualities may be perpetually preserved by a manure of decayed shells found upon the shore. The most delightful landscapes abound in this favored region, wooded hills, and beautiful streams; while the Shoal Haven River, navigable for ships of eighty or ninety tons, bears its produce to the capital. The 60,000 acres of the Cow-Pastures are now sheep-farms, well watered. There are no important towns in this county.

Next to this is Argyle, a lofty, rugged district, well timbered, but containing many broad, bare levels, like Goulbourn Plains, which are twenty miles long, and ten wide. Two remarkable lakes — George and Bathurst — exist here, supposed to be of recent formation. The natives, indeed, declare that they remember the period when their beds were dry. Bathurst County lies inland, due west of Cumberland, divided from it by the Blue Mountains; it is 72 miles long by 68 wide, approaching in shape an irregular square. Downs, like those of Sussex, extend along the banks of the Maquarrie for more than 100 miles, and among them Bathurst Plains, containing upwards of 50,000 acres of the most fertile land, with a cool climate that reddens the cheeks of children.

North of Cumberland county is that of Northumberland, measuring about 60 miles by 50. Its general appearance is undulating, with high table-lands among the hills. Here are the coal-mines, near one of the principal towns — Newcastle — with the productive farms which dot the valley of the Hunter — a stream navigable for small craft 50 miles from the sea. Boats may ascend 200 miles, but frequent and violent floods interrupt the navigation. The coal, found in most parts of New South Wales, is most abundant here. A company obtained a grant of the mines from government, and, in 1836, 12,646 tons were delivered at the pits' mouth, at 9s. a ton. Steamers, introduced five years before, now ply so frequently along that remote coast, that the demand has enormously increased. In this Land of Anomalies the coal district is the most fertile, for not even the rich vales of the Hawkesbury or Nepean can vie with the borders of the Hunter River. Maitland is the largest town, and its market supplies Sydney with potatoes, tobacco, cheese, and butter. The district is liable to one great evil — namely, the frequency of floods, which often rise forty or sixty feet, pouring through the valley, and sweeping away all traces of cultivation.

Of the counties still imperfectly known, only partially colonized, and almost completely undeveloped, there are Bligh, Brisbane, Durham, Gloucester, Wellington, Philip, Hunter, Roxburgh, Cook, Georgiana, Westmoreland, King, Murray, St. Vincent, Stanley, and Maquarrie. Distributed among the whole are about forty-five "chief towns," above which Sydney stands the mistress of them all.

Port Jackson, with an entrance three-quarters of a mile wide, a length of fifteen, and a breadth of three, would afford shelter to fleets of the largest size. Around it spreads a panorama of varied landscapes. Towards the sea are scattered picturesque islets; northward rise long chains of rugged cliffs; southward the wide harbor of Botany Bay extends; and westward the stately forest, broken by occasional clearings, still reminds the spectator that he is in a new country, fresh from nature, with all the features of youth impressed upon it.

The city of Sydney covers a considerable space of ground. It is laid out on a regular plan, with straight streets crossing at right angles, and adorned with many large and some elegant buildings. Quays, wharfs, and forts, government buildings, churches, hospitals, hotels, custom-houses, newspaper offices, barracks, assembly-rooms, post-offices, police offices, market-places, banks, insurance-offices, chapels, theatres, and a cathedral, adorn streets lively with the rattle of superb carriages, cabs, horsemen, and omnibuses. There is little in Sydney to distinguish it from an English town. except the scenery surrounding it, for scarcely a street is not called after some name familiar in "the old country." The "Sydney Morning Herald," the "Sydney Chronicle," the "Atlas," "Bell's Life in Sydney," the "Daily Advertiser," the "Australian Journal," and the "Sydney Guardian," exist to impress on the settler's mind, that in leaving his mother-land he has not left the luxury of newspapers and leading articles.

In the market-place of this flourishing city we find wheat at 4s. the bushel of sixty pounds, and Indian corn at 1s. 6d.; potatoes at £6 a ton; beef at 2d. or 3d. a pound; fresh butter 1s., tea 2s., moist sugar 3d., tobacco 9d., candles 4d., mutton 1½d. or 2d., veal 4d., and bread, best quality, 1½d. a pound. All other articles of consumption are in proportion. Fruit is excessively cheap. Most of the neighboring counties contribute to supply Sydney with provisions, consumed by a population of 60,000 persons. The most expensive part of living is house-rent, for a moderate habitation, unfurnished, can be hired for nothing less than £100 a year. The number of houses in Sydney is about 7500; and in the whole colony little more than 35,000.

Of the other towns in New South Wales, numerous as they are, a detailed description cannot be afforded. They are all similar to Sydney in plan and aspect, differing only in size and situation, and the character of the public buildings. When we estimate their number, consider the commerce which supports them, and glance at their rapid growth in a region where, sixty years ago, there was not a village standing, it is with excusable pride that we point to New South Wales as an example of national energy.

Sixteen years ago the population of New South Wales was 77,096. In eight years it rose to 173,377, and is now more than 220,000, in the proportion of 60 women to 100 men. The exports average three millions, and the imports more than two millions and a half a year; while the revenue, now increasing at the rate of £10,000 a quarter, has risen from £183,218, in 1836, to £288,044, in 1849. Sixteen million pounds of wool are annually produced in this colony, where, as we have shown, there existed, in 1791, 1 ram, 50 ewes, and 6 lambs. Contrasting with that account of live-stock, the following figures appear startling: — 98,000 horses; 1,366,200 horned cattle; 6,530,000 sheep; and myriads of pigs, the descendants of that solitary boar which, sixty years ago, represented the species in New South Wales. Now, if the reader recollects the account of the land then under culture, he will hear without surprise that nearly 200,000 acres are now annually cultivated, producing more than 3,000,000 bushels of grain, and 60,000 tons of potatoes, tobacco, and grasses for hay. It is necessary thus to introduce a few figures in illustration of this interesting subject.

Since 1840 no convict-ship has debarked its corrupting burthen at the harbor of Sydney; and, since its emancipation from this curse, the colony has received the right of partial self-government, returning its own representatives. Recently an amended constitution has been granted it, and, blessed with these advantages, we may look to its continued progress among the most prosperous colonies in the world. Vessels continually leave our own shores bound for this "land of plenty;" but we fear that many are disappointed through the extravagance of their expectations. The earth was given to man, that he should live on it by labor; and the slothful will find in New South Wales, as at home, that they may wait long at their doors before sixpenny pieces will fall like the manna from heaven.

The colony contiguous to New South Wales is *South Australia.* It was originally projected in 1831, when a committee was formed in London for establishing a chartered company to settle the country. The project failed; but three years later another association applied for an act of Parliament to erect South Australia into a British province. Meetings were held, the preliminary arrangements were carefully made, and a colony was established. Its territory extends from the 122d to the 141st degree of east longitude, and runs up northward as far as the 26th parallel of latitude. There was for some time a discussion as to boundaries; but the governments of Adelaide and Sydney have amicably adjusted the point, and marked a line to the distance of 123 miles from the coast. The shore is wild, and broken by many bays, into which the Southern Ocean rolls in tremendous breakers. In the waters of Encounter Bay — always white with foam — a successful whale fishery is carried on. The first settlement formed by the South Australian Company was at Kingscote, in Kangaroo Island, off the shores of Nepean Bay, at the mouth of St. Vincent's Gulf. A town was laid out, and some houses built; but the place was officially abandoned some years ago, though a pretty seaport town remains, with a good harbor. Penetrating the gulf about seventy miles, we reach Port Adelaide, and landing, proceed towards the town. Villages, cottages, and farms, are scattered over the monotonous flats, and, after traversing the swamps near the sea, the emigrant finds himself on the Park Lands, rich and beautiful, where Adelaide stands on the first elevated ground. Westward lie the plains of Adelaide, with the sea running up St. Vincent's Gulf; eastward a richly-wooded country extends down to the valley of the Murray, beyond which spread forest and plains as far as the heights of "Lofty Range." Lower down, and separated by the valley of the Torrens from the upper town, stands South Adelaide on a flat surface. It is large, and densely built, and forms the commercial division of the city, containing the government-house and other public structures. Some handsome edifices have been erected; and Hindley Street and Rundle Street would do no discredit to a second-class city in England. Churches, schools, banks, and other buildings decorate the broad thoroughfares, and outside a promenade, half a mile wide, runs round the city. Its inhabitants here enjoy the mild evenings, and crowd upon it, like our own citizens in the parks, with cheerful faces, doubtless sometimes contrasting their position with that of those whom they have left behind to struggle with extravagant competitors in the mother country. Little more than twelve years have passed since the first wooden dwelling was erected on the spot where now stands Adelaide, the capital of South Australia.

The general resources of the colony are considerable. The copper mines of Kaprunda are supposed to be immensely rich, and other minerals have been discovered which may be expected to form the materials of future prosperity. The climate is favorable to the growth of fruit, even of the tropical kinds. The loquot, the guava, the orange, and the banana, flourish well, but slowly; while the vine, the fig, and the pomegranate attain a suberb maturity, with English fruits of every description. The climate of the plains is altogether different from that of the hills; while the latter are white with snow, the former are warmed by a glowing sun. On the lowlands the forest-trees of Europe have a stunted growth, but in elevated situations they thrive to perfection. Gooseberries and currants also bear only on the hills. Two extremes of climate prevail in South Australia. In the early part of the year the rains fall copiously, the whole land is brightly green, and vegetation thrives in luxuriant richness; later, the sun is intensely hot, the earth is almost herbless, millions of grasshoppers swarm over the ground, but the air, though hot and calm, is breathed without difficulty. In August the thermometer ranges about 59°, and rises till January, when it is often 106½°, descending in July to 55° at two P. M., the hottest hour of the day. This climate is exceedingly salubrious; even the most heated winds are light and agreeable. It is of course subject to the ordinary maladies common to most regions; but there are no dangerous indigenous complaints, and it is, in the opinion of a well-informed traveller, "one of the healthiest countries in the world;" — but it is important to remember one fact, a universal knowledge of which might have kept death out of many homes — that the climate of South Australia and of Sydney is fatal to persons of consumptive habits. As in New

South Wales, the summer of Europe is winter here, and the winter summer.

The soil of this colony is not better than that of New South Wales, and inferior to that of Van Diemen's Land, yet the crops produced in it are finer than those of the other provinces. The agriculturists of South Australia, less dependent on pasture, have applied themselves more studiously to cultivation; and the most magnificent specimen of wheat ever exhibited in our markets was grown by them. The province contains an area of about 324,000 square miles, or in round numbers 207,000,000 acres. The settled territory, however, occupies no more than 4000 miles, or 7,000,000 acres, and even in this a large portion of country, at present desert, is included. About 500,000 acres have been purchased for cultivation, besides large tracts for sheep and cattle pastures. The rate of progress in the colony may be indicated by a few facts: — In 1845, 18,848 acres of wheat were sown; in 1846, 26,135; while oats increased 7000 acres. In one year 400 names were added to the list of landed proprietors. The produce of the colony, therefore, exceeds its capability of consumption, so that, while in 1839 the price of flour in South Australia was £120 a ton, it is now about £12. The increase of stock was equally rapid: cattle and sheep stations were established immediately after the formation of the colony, and the wild nutritive herbage so abundant gave nourishment in 1844 to 355,700 sheep; in the next year to 480,669; and now to about 1,200,000, with an increase of 200,000 annually. There are in the colony also about 80,000 cattle imported principally from New South Wales, with 6000 horses, and about 25,000 pigs and goats.

Though not so rapid in its recent development as New South Wales, South Australia prospered better during the early years of its existence as an English colony. The encampment at Rapid Bay, with the rude gardens at first laid out, was soon abandoned, though some traces of them may still be seen, as well as some curious ovens scooped in the banks by the first settlers. The situation was deserted for the site of the present capital, planned on an extensive scale. A thousand acres were surveyed — seven hundred on the south, and three hundred on the north of the river, and the streets, crossing at right angles, are from one to two chains in width. No convicts were ever allowed to be imported. All religious denominations were encouraged by an equality of rights. The town lots were put at £2, 10s. an acre, the country at £1 — half the money thus raised being added to the colonial fund, and half applied to bring out laborers and mechanics. The value of the town land has risen to

£1000 an acre. After the first, new settlers continually arrived; flocks of sheep and herds of cattle were brought from Van Diemen's Land, and every artisan skilled in house-building was engaged at wages varying from seven to ten guineas a week. Men earned much money; but uneducated poverty, suddenly prosperous, is apt to run into excess; and sawyers and splitters, earning in two days enough to riot on all the rest of the week, drank rum and beer until an empty pocket induced them to resume work. Bullock-drivers, and others of their class, became dainty, and drank only claret and champagne; while many, who in their own country wanted the necessaries of life, staked £50 on the toss of a halfpenny. The sale of liquor was a prosperous trade. One publican made £10,000 in three years. While this factitious prosperity endured, hardy Bushmen from New South Wales came down to Adelaide with their flocks and herds to sell, cows at £40 each, bullocks £100 a pair, meat at 2s. a pound, bread at half-a-crown the four pound loaf, flour at £120, and potatoes at £30 a ton. Thus things stood for some time in 1839. All was done on a large scale. Surveyors marked the land in a circle of twenty-five miles into lots, which were bought by speculators, who drew clever plans, marked Islington, Kensington, Brighton, Paynham, and Walkerville, and advertised them as town lots. A mania followed. People ran deeply into speculation, money flowed like water, and excitement rose to a spring tide of excess. As usual, panic trod on the heels of this pernicious fever, and in 1840 hundreds of laborers crowded the streets of Adelaide, begging for employment at the lowest rate of wages. The colony became involved in debt, and when Governor Grey arrived in 1841, all credit was destroyed, and ruin hung over the settlers. The government expenditure had risen to £180,000. In two years an honest administration reduced it to £30,000, though a loan was effected from New South Wales, and public works were commenced to prevent the poor from starving.

Farming operations had not been vigorously commenced; but now, when the mania was over, and wholesome industry revived, families settled in the bush, lands were bought, cleared, and fenced, put under cultivation, and covered with magnificent crops. Hedgerows lined the roads, cottages dotted the fields, stacks and ricks sprung up, reapers and sowers multiplied, the plough went through the furrow, and before the end of twelve months provisions became abundant. In two years more the colony, with brightening prospects, took rank with the other Australian settlements.

The seaport lies several miles from the town, and is connected with it by a good macadamized road, traversed every hour by passenger cars — (fares, sixpence). A spacious basin, lined with wharfs, receives the shipping; and along the highway teams of oxen are continually moving, carrying British manufactures to the town, or Australian produce to the port. There are several good inns on the roadside, with ruddy-faced bar-maids — everything, indeed, familiar to the English eye, except the landscape and the people; for the newly-arrived emigrant would never recognize in the stalwart fellows, well mounted and clothed, who ride to and fro over their own farms, the thin and sickly creatures who would at home have broken stones in the yard of a workhouse.

Round Adelaide lie three principal divisions of the colony: the north, or sheep, cattle, and great mineral district; the east, famed for agriculture and pasture; and the south, combining cultivation, rearing of cattle and sheep, fishing and mining. A vast quantity of level land, covered with crops of rich grass, and unencumbered with trees, affords the finest pasture. In 1843 lead and copper were discovered, and now gold is also known to exist in many parts of the colony. The discovery of these treasures, instead of producing its legitimate effect, caused another mania. A prospect of scarcity hung over the colony. A noble harvest was ready to bend before the sickle, but the community was mad with the rage for mining, while the winter threatened to close in and cut off the promise of land. Enormous sums were offered for reapers. "Gentlemen and ladies sallied forth with sickles, even with scissors," to save the harvest, and the military and police were called out. They marched in battalions, and attacked the standing corn; great exertions were made; many granaries were filled; but over hundreds of acres of the ripe grain fell and rotted to the earth. But this fever was of brief duration, and we now witness in South Australia the spectacle of an industrious community of settlers with a profitable division of labor — some at the mines, some in the fields, some in the pastures, engaged in developing to their own advantage the resources of a wealthy soil. The population within the last ten years has risen from 10,115 to 38,666 — or 286 per cent. An increasing commerce is carried on with the mother country, which in the first six months of 1850 exported to its young offspring as many yards of cotton cloth as to the whole of Denmark.

Western Australia, at the Swan river settlement, is another English colony. It is situated on the western coast, nearly opposite New South Wales, and 36 degrees of longitude to the westward of it. The place was discovered in 1697 by the Dutchman Vlaming, who named it from the black swans found floating on the stream.

The first settlement took place in 1830, in somewhat an unusual manner. A few private individuals, in consideration of immense grants of land, undertook to colonize the province, on condition of restoring the grants if their engagements were not fulfilled within a given time. Great difficulty was at first experienced, but Western Australia, like her sister colonies on the same mighty island, has struggled through her difficulties, and promises soon to prosper well. Beyond a line of barren country bordering the sea the land is very fertile. In the neighborhood of the principal settlements, Perth and Freemantle, it is hilly and bare; but most of the poor soil is capable of improvement, and admirably adapted to the cultivation of the grape. There is a vine in the government garden at Perth, which, planted as a cutting, sent forth shoots sixteen and one half feet long in the second year, and yielded more than four hundred weight of fruit. The climate of this productive region is salubrious and pleasant, though not, as some writers assert, superior to that of the other colonies. The rains are more abundant and regular; but while this fertilizes the soil, it does not favorably or otherwise affect the atmosphere. The waters on the coast swarm with fish, and whales gambol in shoals a few miles from the shore. Oil is therefore a principal article of export, and the enterprising Americans have sometimes engaged as many as three hundred ships along these distant shores.

Freemantle is a port town at the mouth of the Swan river. Two miles up is Perth, the capital, and, seven miles further, Guildford, where the rich corn lands commence. There are several other settlements, all in steady and vigorous, if not rapid, growth.

In 1838 two British vessels sailed to colonize Port Essington, on the northern coast, where one or two attempts had already been made without success. The situation of the new settlement is at the utmost point of *North Australia.* There was found, to the astonishment of our countrymen, a community of Australian Christians, with churches of their own, which had already elementary instruction in the arts of civilization. To the Dutch belongs the praise of thus planting, at this remote point, what may be the seeds of a great change in the condition of the native people. We have now a settlement there which, like the others, thrives with considerable success. There is a splendid harbor, capable of sheltering the largest fleet. The soil of the territory — by some described as very poor — is in reality very productive. Industrious settlers could cultivate with much success crops of rice, cotton, and indigo, of the finest quality: but there is one drawback — the climate. This, though not in itself unhealthy, is unsuited to the European constitution; though it is believed that when the seasons, atmospheric changes, and other peculiarities of the place are thoroughly understood, temperance will destroy the virulence of the ground fever. Abundance of fresh water exists, and already, from the little beginnings described, this settlement develops towards prosperity.

Among the continental nations it is believed to have been established with purely political views. The French especially describe it as the opening of a port to the south of the Indian Archipelago, near the Dutch possessions, to counteract the influence of Holland in those seas. However this may be, it is certain that the Malay trade is expected to be attracted thither, and that already many a fleet of Indian prahus, laden with tea, sugar, salt fish, and other commodities, come to bargain for British cottons. As at our new settlement of Labuan, many opportunities of profit occur at Port Essington without effect, from the absence of European merchants to take advantage of them. At either place an enterprising trader, with £2000 or £3000 at his command, could speedily realize a fortune by trading with the Malays. From an early date the rude vessels of the Indian islanders have visited this coast in search of seaslugs for the Chinese market. They would gladly collect for Port Essington the costly products of their islands, and barter them for cottons and utensils of rude earthenware. An account of their ancient traffic carried on between the Indian islands and the northern coast of Australia would afford a most original picture of human industry, but we are compelled to forego it, and pass to the concluding portion of our subject.

Outlying the southern coast of Australia, as Ceylon outlies the Indian continent, *Van Diemen's Land* appears, separated from the mainland by a broad channel, known as Bass' Straits. Numerous islands are sprinkled over these mid-lying waters — some inhabited, others so surrounded by reefs, and so beaten by surges in eternal commotion, that they are unapproachable. The most northern point of Van Diemen's Land is about 120 miles distant from the most southern point of Australia. The country is equal in size to Ireland, more mountainous than the great neighboring region, more full of variety, and graced with more charms of scenery. The hills, varying in elevation from 4000 to 5000 feet, do not run in unbroken ranges, but are crossed by fine valleys, watered by many beautiful streams. Limestone abounds, and iron and coal will probably be discovered in large quantities. Where cultivation has commenced, the soil is found to be partly a rich vegetable mould, partly mixed with sand and flint, but almost everywhere fertile. The coast is diversified — here projecting in promontories, there retiring into bays, with many commodious harbors, and the mouths of some considerable streams. The Derwent, on whose border stands Hobart Town, on the south of the island, is a broad, deep, salt water stream, free from rock or shoal, and navigable for vessels of heavy burthen. On the north, the Tamar pours into Bass' Straits, with Launceston near its mouth — a convenient port, though obstructed by a bar. These two towns, the twin capitals of the colony, are situated in the midst of beautiful scenery — the one under the shelter of Mount Wellington, the other in the midst of a gently undulating country, varied with woods and pasture lands. Their progress has not been regular, the southern outstripping the northern city in commerce and industry, though Launceston now promises to attract considerable trade to the Tamar river.

From the date of Tasman's visit to Van Diemen's Land (1642), no European vessel sailed thither during 130 years. In 1773, Furneaux, one of Cook's captains, coasted along the eastern shores, and entered Bass' Straits, to ascertain whether the territory was an island or a part of Australia Proper. Stormy weather drove him back, and the discovery was left to Bass. In 1777 the great navigator himself visited these shores, and carried on some intercourse with the natives. Years later, La Perouse is supposed to have come hither, and the expedition sent out in search of him explored the coast in quest of some memorial that might throw light on the fate of the unfortunate navigator. In 1797 Bass' Straits were first navigated; and Flinders, who accompanied the discovery of the passage, circulated in the new colony at Port Jackson the idea of forming a settlement on Van Diemen's Land. The plan was neglected until 1803. The French then evinced an inclination to secure the prize, and, to forestall them, a small party of soldiers and convicts was lodged on the island. A site was chosen near Hobart Town. The usual preliminaries were gone through, but unhappily the Europeans and the natives quarrelled. Blood was shed and an ill-will was established which has only lately ceased to rankle in the breasts of the aborigines.

The early years of the colony were passed in the ordinary manner. Many difficulties arose, and several conflicts took place with the natives; but the settlers were hardy, their number increased, the soil was fertile, and the colony prospered well. A legislative council managed the public affairs, and by 1831 the excess of revenue over the expenditure was £20,000; a fair standard of the condition of the colony. Next year, at a large meeting, it was determined to petition both houses of Parliament for a representative assembly; a privilege which was not granted for some time. Colonial policy forms one of the most difficult and important of the statesman's studies; and it is only of late years, with the experience of great misfortunes before our eyes, that we have commenced acting on the principles whose universal acceptance can alone render our distant possessions the permanent sources of prosperity.

Van Diemen's Land has been a great convict colony. In 1832 there were 11,040 male criminals on the island. Of these 921 were undergoing severe punishment for offences committed after sentence. Two hundred and forty were at the penal settlement of Port Arthur, on a barren peninsula, connected with the main by a narrow neck of land. Across this runs a line of posts guarded by savage dogs and some soldiers, to prevent the escape of the culprits. Nevertheless some do evade even the vigilance of the brute watchers; and we have heard of several men, who, clothing themselves in the skins of kangaroos, and imitating the motions of the animal, thus contrived to escape.

For a long period the abundance of convict labor was an evil, especially as men were draughted into the farms on tickets of leave, to perform tasks for which they were utterly unfit. A free settler once received the allotment of a convict set down as a ploughman. "Can you plough?" he inquired. "No." The man was a weaver, but his master employed him to drive a cart. The first day he broke the vehicle to pieces; the next, intrusted with another, he snapped the pole; and the third lost it in a swamp. He was then directed to cut down a large tree overshadowing a barn, and performed the office with vigor, letting the huge tree fall directly across the building, which it crushed to total ruin! But where willingness accompanies this ignorance, the case is not so bad. In some instances, however, the convicts refused to work at any other but their proper vocation; and one weaver, who was ordered to root up trees, hewed off his arm with an axe rather than comply. As household servants, they answered better, though, with such recommendations to character, the colonists could little be expected to trust their servitors. One gentleman wrote home — "Even in our small ménage our cook has committed murder, our footman burglary, and the housemaid bigamy!" It is only fair to qualify this extract by quoting a remarkable passage which follows: — "It is strange to be in a country of thieves at all, but still stranger to be there without any fear of having your pocket picked. Such is the admirable arrangement of the present government."

From various causes there was a few years ago a vast superabundance of labor in Van Diemen's Land. The consequences were very disastrous, but an influx of capital now promises to remedy these evils. The resources of the island are varied and extensive, and it will be long before its population increases to an extent commensurate with its natural capabilities. A change also is dawning over the spirit of our colonial policy, which cannot be without effect on the welfare of our Tasmanian settlements. All, indeed, that they require is the energy of man prudently directed; for nature has done her part to perfection. The island being nearly the antipodes of our own country, the seasons are almost exactly the reverse of ours. The cold is, however, more extreme, both from the vicinity of the southern pole, and the fact, that no land lies between the southern coast of the island and the masses of eternal ice that load the sea a few degrees beyond. A clear and brilliant atmosphere, dry, pure, and elastic, almost invariably prevails, though occasionally the weather is fitful, and changes from heat to cold within the revolution of a day. In the western districts much rain falls, on the northern less, on the eastern still less, and on the southern least of all — not averaging more than fifty or sixty wet days in the year. September, October, and November are the *spring months;* December, January, and February correspond with our June, July, and August; March, April, and May form the autumnal, the most agreeable season; and during our hot season, frost, snow, and rain prevail in Van Diemen's Land. The shortest day (21st of June) is eight hours and forty-eight minutes, or one hour and four minutes longer than the shortest day in England (21st December); but the longest day in England is an hour and twenty-two minutes longer than with them. The climate, even now in the uncultivated condition of the country, is remarkably salubrious. In comparison even with the healthiest parts of Europe it is unusually genial, and its salubrity will in all likelihood increase as colonization spreads over the unexplored districts of the island. Fever and dysentery sometimes prevail; hooping-cough was introduced among the female convicts, but though it attacked all the population, not one fatal case occurred; and influenza, common at times, never becomes dangerous. The only affliction most severely felt is insanity; but it has been well remarked by a writer on the subject, that this can be traced to the excessive use of ardent spirits. During a long period the amount consumed in Van Diemen's Land was at the rate of five gallons a year to each individual, including women and children.

The island is divided into two counties and fifteen districts. The fertile lands are distributed over the whole, in alternation with rugged mountains and dense woods. Numerous streams, bordered with rich land, intersect its surface, fed from perpetual springs, as well as by the snows which during many months in the year, crown the loftier peaks. Hobart-Town district is the most important, but, like that of Sydney, not as the most fertile and extensive, but as containing the metropolis of the island. It contains about 250,000 acres, and the cultivated soil yielded in 1829 an average return of fifteen bushels of wheat, twenty of barley, twenty-five of oats, twenty of peas, twenty of beans, three tons and a half of potatoes, or seven tons of turnips an acre. Since then its productiveness has greatly increased. The produce of wheat is nearly thirty bushels an acre, and of other grain in similar proportion — an example of the effect of careful husbandry. A brisk trade is carried on at Hobart-Town, where a motley population is now continually on the increase. Between 1839 and 1847 it rose from 44,121 to 70,164, or 59 per cent. Scots with Highland kilts and claymores, Irish peasants with blue jackets and trousers, Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, Chinese, Malays, Lascars, black aborigines, Africans, and elegantly tattooed New Zealanders, jostle in the streets, and crowd about the stores. At these depôts are sold all imaginable articles of use, to which public attention is attracted by advertisements in the local paper. A specimen of these may be amusing: — "At the store of the undersigned — For sale — Cart-harness and cayenne pepper, drill trousers, crockery ware, one lady's side-saddle, one very strong dray, gold and white cambric, four circular saws, ladies' stays, starch, blue and soap, Leghorn hats, shot, mustard, pattens, black stuff and bombazines, nails and iron pots." Prices in Hobart-Town are not remarkably low.

The produce of the soil is varied. Of timber fit for shipwrights, builders, and cabinet-makers, there are gum, stringy bark, white and yellow thorn pine, and sassafras; black and silver wattle, dark and pale lightwood, pencil cedar, Adventure-Bay pine (a peculiar species), cotton tree, musk, silver wood, myrtle, forest and swamp oak, plum tree, yellow wood, lignum vitæ, red and white honeysuckle, peppermint wood, pink wood, and cherry tree. No native trees bearing edible fruit have been found. The peppermint tree affords an oil efficacious in cholera; a kind of grape that grows near Maquarrie Harbor, on the west, yields a juice equal to that of the lime for scurvy; the leaves of the tea plant are not much inferior to those of China; and the bark of the wattle is useful for tanning. European fruits, however, supply the absence of any indigenous species. The grape, the apple, the peach, the cherry, the apricot, the nectarine, the green gage, the pear, the raspberry, the mulberry, the gooseberry, the currant, the strawberry, the quince, the walnut, the chestnut, thrive well, some requiring care, others none. Many beautiful flowers, finely scented, have been discovered, and many others have been introduced.

All kinds of grain cultivated in these islands will flourish in Van Diemen's Land. Potatoes of the first quality are produced, though not so plentifully as in England; mangel-wurzel and turnips thrive well, with clover, tares, lucern, sainfoin, sweet-scented vernal, and indeed most of the English grasses. Sheep fatten well on the native kangaroo grass. Hemp, flax, and tobacco are also produced, with peas, beans, cabbage, broccoli, cauliflowers, spinach, carrots, parsnips, asparagus, beet-root, artichokes, lettuces, cucumbers, celery, radishes, onions, leeks, and shalots. With this abundance of vegetable produce, capable of still further development, the island will be able at all times to support whatever population may spring up to crowd its commercial cities and cultivate its rural lands.

Horses, asses, and mules, black cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, flourish as well as in New South Wales. The native zoology, as in that province, consists of the kangaroo, in five species — from the forest kangaroo, standing five feet high, and clearing fifteen feet at a bound, to the kangaroo mouse, considerably smaller than a rabbit. The flesh of these animals is much esteemed. There are numerous varieties of the opossum; and there is an animal between a tiger and a hyena, very destructive to the flocks. The "devil" is another carnivorous beast, shaped like an otter, which attacks the sheepfolds at night. Porcupines, wild cats, and weasels, with bandicoot rabbits and rats, exist; but not in great numbers. The ornithology of the island is also in some respects similar to that of Australia, but belongs to a higher order. The emu, found on both islands, is the largest bird known in those regions, weighing sometimes as much as a hundred pounds. Around the coast, during the breeding season, great numbers of whales resort, and the fishery is valuable and productive, oil forming a considerable article of export.

As of all the other British settlements formed in Australia, we may say of Van Diemen's Land that it is still in the infancy of its existence. Large tracts remain unexplored, the capabilities of the soil have never been completely tested, and the universal wealth of the country is scarcely at all known. With every year we may look for an increasing prosperity; and if no speculating manias occur again to convulse and derange its system of industry, the colony may one day rank among the foremost of our dependencies, as a brother in a great union of which each member contributes to the welfare of the rest. With a climate of the finest kind, with a rich soil, and every facility for the construction of a railway from Launceston to Hobart-Town, its great distance from England should be no objection in the eyes of the emigrant. The sea once crossed, what matter whether three or thirteen thousand miles of water roll between the new home and the old? Steam will soon rivet the links of intercourse between the British islands and Australia; and a monthly Indian mail arriving with intelligence from the remote south, the difference of a few days will be all in the communication between this country and any of her transmarine dependencies.

THE FAIRY CUP.

Many years ago, when the people on the earth were free, and it took less to make a prince or a princess than it does at the present day; when people were rich upon a little, and everything was rightfully their own that they could catch, either in the wild woods or in the silver stream; when a king was the positive representative and head of the people, and so independent as to care very little about anybody, and when plenty made governing easy; when no man had to pine after the possession of house or land, if he happened to be strong enough to kick the envied possessor out, — who, acknowledging might to be right, merely shrugged his shoulders and wended his way to pastures new, or sought one weaker than himself, and served him in like manner as he had been served by his stronger neighbor; when knocking out a man's brains was thought rather a spirited thing, and the murderer was rewarded accordingly, by being called by anything but his real title.

Oh! happy "many years ago," called by us the Golden Age, for no other reason than for the great scarcity of that metal which, in its abundance, with strange anomaly, has only produced this Iron Age, which appears every day to get more rusty.

Oh! that now was "a good while ago," when Romance walked with stately step and a positive suit of tin, through the wild woods and rocky passes, and you had a chance, if you could knock hard, of striking out some spark, and taking possession without question of his air-built castle. Oh, happy times, when you never went to law, — that not being invented, — but to loggerheads, which is much the same thing, only leaving more for the combatants!

In those days — when all the world lived by what we call, in the refinement of this age, robbery, merely because now everything seems, in the most unaccountable manner, to be claimed by somebody — a man might ride through the luxuriant woods and lovely sloping glades, occasionally meeting with a fat buck that he could shoot down at his mighty will and pleasure, and dine thereon without asking my lord or my lady, then calmly take a nap under the spreading branches of some noble tree, upon a bed of most unexceptionable moss, and all without anything to pay for trespassing.

Even the authors and poets of that day were to be envied, for they had the power of publishing their own works, and getting a very good living by it. One of these envied beings was indeed a whole circulating library in himself; for, whenever any impatient damsel or expectant coterie languished for some particular story, they were obliged to send for the author, who only yielded his treasures by word of mouth. They were also the great origin of our present newspapers, for through them alone, collecting as they did all the news in their wanderings, could be obtained the chit-chat and murders of the province; and, considering their opportunities, they did not lie more than their printed representatives of the present day, which is certainly a chalk in their favor. All this ability was rewarded with the warmest corner, the deepest flagon, and the finest cut from the chine. This is not often the case with the poets of this miserable age, who foolishly print their effusions, and stay at home in their garrets, very often without any dinner at all.

Pleasant times, indeed, were they for all erring humanity. Young gentlemen of expensive habits, and irregularity in their cash payments, instead of being summoned themselves, summoned the devil, who immediately put in an appearance, took a little I. O. U of them, to be claimed at some indefinite period; and lo! they were again freer to run out the reel of their folly to the end.

Now, young gentlemen go to the devil in a very different way — certainly in one less romantic.

Fairies, of a kind and beneficent nature, took under their particular care young handsome travellers, who did not travel as they do in the present day, for any particular house, but who went out to seek their fortunes. Rather an indefinite term, certainly; but in that golden time there were a great many waifs and strays, almost crying "Come take me" upon every highway. So that a man, blessed with a sharp wit and a sharp sword, — for a little fighting was often necessary, — might tumble, as it were, headlong into luck, and find himself the husband of some princess, and the owner of a very respectable rubble and limestone.

Gold, then, was pointed out by amiable gnomes, who did not know what to do with it themselves, enriching some fortunate mortal who had lost his way and his inheritance. Kings and bank clerks are the only privileged ones now who are allowed to gloat upon so much collected treasure.

In fine, then there was enough for everybody and to spare. Those kind beings have all gone into some more refined sphere than this matter-of-fact world. Railroads and bricks and mortar have desecrated their little shady nooks and gold-burthened caverns, and all that we have got left is the sweet remembrance of their freaks and goodness "Once upon a time."

Therefore I love to rake up the old stories of my memory, and introduce to my readers some few of those quaint mortals, — for, that they did exist, and do exist now, there can be little doubt, or how otherwise could their private histories and actions have been chronicled in all our early works, or been the constant theme of the ancients, who are our authority in all learning and accomplishments, even in the present day? If we doubt their Nips, and gnomes, and fairies, why do we believe their Heros and Leanders, their Antonys; their Cleopatras, and a host of other historical beings?

I would not, for the world, tear out the early leaves from my book of life, for I have to turn to them too often to solace me for the many after pages of sorrow and gloom that fate has chronicled with her changeful pen. So, reader, you must let me lead you back into fairy land, and I will show you pictures both pleasing and instructive. In my experience I have found that it would be as well if we could be children oftener than we are.

Without further lament over what has gone by, fix your eyes upon my erratic page and see what is to come.

THE FAIRY CUP.

"Once upon a time" there dwelt in the soft green shadows of a primeval wood a happy woodman named Hubert, with his little wife and russet-cheeked children. It was the sweetest little nest the eye could rest on. Its peaked, thatched roof was mossy and green from the early dews shed by the overhanging gigantic trees that stretched their branches over its lowly roof to shelter it from the storm, as the mother-bird spreads her wings over her callow brood. Its little twinkling casement caught the first rays of the morning sun, and sparkled in the most cheering manner, whilst the curls of the graceful smoke rolled playfully amidst the gnarled branches, and lost itself amidst abundant foliage, startling the young birds in their airy nests with its sweet odor. Oh! it was a happy-looking spot. It seemed the very dwelling of Peace, who flies from the palace and the turmoiling crowd, to find only in the simplicity of Nature a fitting resting-place for her pure spirit.

And here she dwelt indeed; simple love pointed out the spot; peace sat upon their threshold, whilst contentment gave a zest to all their enjoyments. There could be no solitude there; for the ringing laugh of childhood disturbed the echoes in the deep vistas of the forest, and the birds answered from the high branches to the happy notes of the gambolers beneath them.

The mother watched them in their play as she plied her wheel, whilst a happy smile played in her eyes with a brightness so full of love and fondness, that the last ray of the sinking sun retired in dudgeon at being surpassed by the holy light.

The night stalked forth over hill and valley, stretching his long and shadowy arms afar and near, as he gathered up the daylight into his dark wallet, when Hubert turned his weary footsteps to the home that has been pictured. He plodded through the tangled path with a heavy tread, but still he whistled out a blithesome air, for his heart was on the path before him, and he thought of nothing between himself and his home.

But there was something in his path that, envying his sturdy step and lightsome heart, cowered with spite amidst the underwood, and threw forth before him the twiny, thorny brambles to delay him on his way. It was one of the evil fairies of the wood — a spirit that gathered the deadly bright berries from the branch, and mized them in a huge stone caldron in the deep recesses of the rocky ravine, always dogging the footsteps of mortals to persuade them, with fascinating wiles, to drink from her fairy cup, which quickly destroyed the charm of all beside in nature; for so strong was the draught that it made the dark yawning precipice appear to the bewildered sight of the drinker a lurid field of sweet-scented flowers and bright rippling brooks, until, in his insanity, the poor deluded victim destroyed himself and all he loved, and found too late that he had sold himself as slave to his wily and deceitful foe.

At a sudden turn of his path he started, on beholding at the foot of a gnarled tree, a beautiful female figure, with a dress of filmy texture, girded with a bright cincture round her yielding waist. Her beautiful limbs appearing and disappearing under the transparent folds like those of a swimmer who disports himself amidst the green waves of the sea. She arose with downcast looks as he timidly approached. Her bright eyes fell as with timid modesty, and the deep roseate tinge of her enamelled cheek grew deeper under his ardent gaze.

Hubert doffed his cap, as this beautiful being rose from her recumbent posture, but stood irresolute and embarrassed by the awe-inspiring charms of the creature before him. At last, after gazing for a moment more, he summoned up his courage and addressed her. "Lady," said he, "fear me not — I will not harm you; if you have wandered from your home, or missed your friends in the intricacies of the forest, you can have no surer guide than your humble servant."

A smile flitted like a bright light across the fair face of the fairy, her lips unclosed, and forth issued a voice as melodious and enchanting as the softest flute.

"Child of earth," said she, "these woods are my home. I am the spirit of perfect happiness. Behold my magic cup!" As she spoke, she held up to his view a small cup of rare workmanship, formed in the fashion of the wild blue-bell. It sparkled with a sapphire-like lustre at every movement, as drops of liquor fell like diamonds from its brim. "This cup," continued she, "was given me by the fairy Hope, who never looks behind her, that past sorrows and misfortune may not cast a shadow on the future. Without Hope, mortals would all wither and die in the black valley of despair; she was sent to encourage them as a guiding-star through the troubles of the world, that they might reach the abode of perfect happiness. Few mortals meet with me while living. I appear occasionally, and let them drink of my cup, when I think they deserve from their goodness to participate in the godlike draught. You have I chosen to be one of the favored. Drink, then, and you shall become greater than a king; your burthen shall be as down upon your back, and your feet shall lose their weariness; your heart shall bound with the full pulse of felicity, and you shall be borne on your way upon wings stronger than those of the mighty eagle."

Hubert hesitated as the bright being held the cup still nearer to his grasp. His extended hand appeared as ready to clutch it, but doubts and fear withheld him from grasping its slender stem. Another moment of indecision, and it was pressed within his palm!

"Drink, mortal!" said she, "and become almost as immortal as myself. It will incase your heart with armor impervious to the shafts of care, and raise your crest to the bearing of the fearless warrior. You shall be no longer serf and vassal, but the lord of all that surrounds you; seeing through its influence the hidden treasures of the world that now unheeded sparkle beneath your feet, where the gnomes, who hate mankind, have hidden it from the sight of all but those who have courage to face the dangers of the fairy world." The fiends of avarice and ambition seized upon the heart of the simple woodman. To be rich! to be great! perfect happiness! What golden promises! The soft, bewitching voice of the fairy still whispered with silvery tones in his ear the fascinating words. Foolish mortal! was he not already richer than a king, in the love of his wife and children? Was he not great, in his honest simplicity, and had he not enjoyed perfect happiness beneath the roof of his lowly sequestered cot?

He looked for one moment upon the lustrous eyes of the being before him, and, as if fascinated, drained the magic goblet at a draught.

What gushes of enrapturing pleasure rushed through his bounding veins! His stalwart frame seemed to dilate as he yielded the cup to the ready hand of his tempter.

The vistaed trees melted, as it were, from their rugged forms into towering pillars of shining marble of the most dazzling whiteness · the greensward rolled like waves from beneath his feet, and he stood, with the mysterious being by his side, upon a flight of porphyry steps that led to a palace of interminable terraces, towering in their magnificence even to the blue arch of the heavens.

The load fell from his shoulders, and was seen no more. The tremor left his heart as he gazed upon the wonders around him, and he felt as if he had wings that would carry him to the topmost height of that wondrous palace. Vases tempted him on either hand, laden with the treasures of the mine, whilst jewels invaluable were scattered at his feet in numbers vying with the pebbles on the sea-shore. Music, soft and delicious, wrapped his senses in a delicious delirium, ever and anon swelling into a lively measure, prompting him to bound forward in a wild and rapid dance. As he progressed through the magnificent halls, the attendant fairy kept plying him with draughts from her bewildering goblet of sapphire, until he, grown bolder at every draught, tore it from her grasp, and quaffed with a maddening delight the precious liquid; when suddenly the palace and its wonders quivered before his sight like motes in the sunbeam, and, gradually melting into splendid rainbow tints, sunk into a black and sudden darkness — the rest was all oblivion.

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The voice of lament rang through the forest as Hubert's wife bent over his unconscious form. The cry of children arose shrilly on the night air, and awakened him to a half-dreamy consciousness. A stare of almost idiocy upon his pale and haggard face, as he gazed at the miserable and distracted group that surrounded him, made their fond hearts turn cold.

They had sought for hours for him in the mazes of the forest, and at last discovered him apparently dead at the foot of an aged oak.

With trembling and uncertain foot he accompanied them to his home, muttering strange words as he went, to the dismay of his fond wife and children. When they arrived at their hitherto peaceful home, he sank powerless upon the humble pallet, and fell into a deep slumber.

The next morning harsh words, for the first time, answered to his wife's anxious inquiries as to what had been the cause of his strange accident. Without tasting the morning simple meal, he shouldered his axe, and wended his way moodily into the recesses of the forest, leaving a deep shadow over the brightness of home. As he disappeared through the trees, his wife pressed her little ones to her breast and wept aloud.

Days and months, weary and sad, rolled on, and the noble form of the woodman became a wretched ruin. He saw his once-loved cot and its inhabitants withering daily before his eyes, yet still he sought the fascinating being who gave him a fleeting heaven for a lasting pain. The drooping wretch no longer raised his hand to labor, but lingered listlessly through the glades of the forest, craving for the appearance of the being who was to lead him, at such a fearful cost, to lands of vision and madness.

Morning, with her rosy fingers and balmy breath, opened the wild flowers through the woods and valleys, shooting as if in sport her golden arrows through the whispering leaves, startling the birds from their sleep to sing their early matins.

Night gathered up the dark folds of her robe, and retreated majestically before the coming light, leaving her sparkling gems of dew trembling upon every stem and flower.

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With downcast look and melancholy brow came the young mother. Her eye beheld not the flowers that strewed her path, and her ear was deaf to the early songs of the birds; tears trembled on her eyelids, and fell unconsciously down her pale cheek. Her lingering step ceased as she approached a rustic basin, formed of rude blocks of stone, into which the water had been turned from some neighboring springs.

As she raised the vessel which she carried in her hands to immerge it in the sparkling waters, she was startled by seeing them bubble and rise until they leaped over their stone boundary in copious streams to her feet. Hardly had she time to wonder at this strange phenomenon, when she beheld a dwarf like figure rise from the midst. He was dressed in a quaint costume and looped-up hat, which was dripping with moisture, apparently not at all to his inconvenience, for he leaned upon the edge of the basin, while his little figure continued still half-submerged, with a comfortable and satisfied look.

As she continued to gaze at the odd object before her, undetermined whether to stay or fly, he politely raised his hat, and bade her not to be alarmed. "For I have come out," said he, "this morning on purpose to meet you, and to try and remedy the sorrow which is devouring you. I say 'remedy,' for you must understand I am the natural universal doctor. In fact," continued he, while a sly smile passed across his comic little face, "your human doctors apply to me upon all occasions; indeed, without me they could not exist, though they never let their patients know it, — for, if they did, they would all — poor deluded wretches! — come direct to me, and ruin the whole of the fraternity.

"I have more power than any sprite, fairy, or gnome, that exists; the whole earth itself is under my control. These mighty trees would never raise their towering heads without me; no flower would bloom at their rugged feet, nor would the soft mossy carpet so grateful to your feet live for a moment, if I did not sustain it by my magic aid. I am ordained to yield continual good wherever I am present. I creep amidst the wild flowers and bid them bloom. I climb the snake-like vine, and hang it with the rich clustering grape, and all the fruits of the earth await my summons to burst their bonds and yield their treasures to the human race.

"I wander into other lands, and bear back rich argosies laden with jewels and gold to deck the brow of noble beauty. I dash down from rocky heights, headlong, to fertilize the teeming valleys. My voice is heard like the roaring thunder, and anon like the softest music in the shady solitudes, as I whisper on my way through the reeds and the water-lilies. Where I am not, all must droop and die.

"I have watched you long, when you sought me in your early days of happiness and love, until young blossoms like yourself sprung up around you, and paddled with their tiny feet in my cool and crystal waters. Then your song was of the merriest measure; but now the echoes mourn in silence the absence of your melodious voice, and your sighs alone break the stillness. Your pale face has been reflected in these waters, until I felt and knew that some blight had fallen upon your happiness, which as yet had never shrunk under the cankering breath of care.

"A little bright rill, that had wandered to play with the wild blossoms in this wood, returned to me, and, prattling by my side, told me of the dreadful delusion under which your hitherto good and stalwart husband labored. I watched him as he came, with dejected look, so unlike his former self, to lave his burning brow in my cooling waters. I quickly saw what fairy demon's hand had so destroyed the goodly form and noble heart of my poor woodman. Here was the shadow that fell over your pure brow, drained your young heart, and silenced the song that made this no longer a solitude.

"Listen to me," continued he, "and I will endeavor to save him. If you can persuade him, by the eloquence of your love and the picture of the ruin that day by day encompasses you all, to attend strictly to my warning, I will rescue him from the overpowering spell of the fascinating demon that enthralls him.

"I will give him a talisman so powerful that the scales shall drop from his eyes, and his destroyer appear in her own proper hideous colors; when, if he has any love left for those whose sole dependence is on him, he will resolutely baffle all the attempts made to seduce him again into this world of vicious dreams and indolence."

As he concluded, he sunk beneath the waters. The young wife stood entranced, with hope beating in her heart, and her eyes fixed upon the bubbles as they rose to the surface, doubting almost whether what she had heard was not a delusion of her distracted brain.

Another moment, and the benevolent sprite again appeared, holding in his hand a globe containing a liquid that shone like a pure diamond.

"Take this, and let your husband keep it with him; and when the deluding demon approaches him, to mystify him with her machinations, let him drink from the small aperture of this globe, and he will instantly see her in her demoniac form. Let him persevere, and she will fly from him, and you and he will be saved and restored to peace. Farewell!"

As she clasped the bottle with eager hand, he sank amidst a thousand sparkling bubbles, and she was alone. Quickly she sped through the tangled way, for her feet were winged by love, and by hope that had long lain drooping. The cottage door was soon reached, where sat the pale form of her husband, his bloodshot eyes turned languidly towards her as she approached. But he was soon roused from his listless posture by seeing the excitement of her manner, and listening to her strange tale, which he would have doubted, had she not shown him in triumph the bright globe given her by the sprite of the spring.

Her almost childish delight, strange to say, hardly met with a response in his bosom, for the charm of his daily enchantments he seemed to feel a hesitation to relinquish; they appeared to his bewildered sense all that was worth living for.

Her heart sunk with almost a death-like pang, but she bade him drink from the jewel-like bottle. A deep shudder shook his attenuated frame as he did so. One moment, and his pallid features flushed as he beheld, for the first time, the ruin and desolation of his home. He stood an abashed and guilty man before his loving wife and little innocent children.

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Hubert, armed with good resolves and his stout axe, again entered the forest, his heart palpitating with an indescribable feeling, as if in doubt of the power of the talisman to shield him from the fascination of his deluder. Hardly had the stroke of his axe awakened the echoes of the forest, when, through a shady vista, he saw the light form of the fairy tripping over the greensward, with upraised cup and joyous laugh, as she recognized him at his labor. Strange thrills rushed through his frame as she approached nearer and nearer; strange thoughts hovered in his mind of throwing his wife's talisman from him, and once more clasping that tempting cup that shone even in the distance like a bright amethyst.

But a shadow fell over the bright form, and her resplendent eyes glared with a fiendish look, as it approached nearer to the spot.

He seized the talisman, and drank of its pure and bright contents. On the instant, the forms of his wife and children encircled him in fond union, as a barrier between him and the evil spirit. Again he drank, and, as he did so, shuddered with horror as he beheld a lambent flame rise from the hitherto craved goblet of the fiend.

The beautiful locks, which played round the brow of the false one, twined into writhing snakes, and bright burning scales rose upon her fair bosom. Her face became distorted with horrible passion. Hubert could behold no more; he placed his hands across his eyes to shut out the fiend, and in a moment he was alone.

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That night, as the moon threw her silver tribute on the rippling waters of the lowly well, Hubert stood with his arms around the waist of his happy wife. They were silent and expectant. They both hoped to see the benevolent being, who had given them a powerful talisman, to free them from the destroying spirit.

THE WHITE SWALLOW.

The Dog-ribbed Indians.

Far away to the west, and in a very high northern latitude, dwelt, towards the latter end of the last century, a small tribe of Indians. Their numbers were few, their characters simple and unwarlike. Not being celebrated in arms, they had, while residing further to the south, been so often a prey to their fiercer neighbors, that they had gradually retreated northwards, in the hope of escaping from the forays of their enemies. Matonaza, a young chief of twenty summers only, commanded the reduced tribe, and had pitched his wigwam near the waters of a lake. A renowned and indefatigable hunter, full of energy and perseverance, he owed his power as much to his individual merits as to the renown of his father; and now that seven-and-twenty men alone remained of all his race, and that misfortune and the disasters of war had driven them to regions less productive in game than their former residence, his sway was unbounded. Matonaza was as yet without a wife; but the most lovely girl of his tribe, the White Swallow, was to be his when his twenty-first summer was concluded, when she herself would attain the age of sixteen.

In general the Dog-ribbed Indians at that date — it was about 1770 — had had little communication with the white man. Their knives were still of bone and flint, their hatchets of horn, their arrow-heads of slate, while the beaver's tooth was the principal material of their working tools; but Matonaza himself had travelled, and had visited Prince of Wales Fort, where he had been well received by Mr. Moses Northon, the governor, himself an Indian, educated in England. Admitted into the intimacy of this person, Matonaza had acquired from him considerable knowledge without contracting any of the vices which disgraced the career of the civilized Red Man. He had learned to feel some of the humanizing influences of civilization, and held woman in a superior light to his brethren, who pronounce the condemnation of savage life by making the female part of the creation little better than beasts of burthen. He had hoped for great advantage to his tribe from trade with the pale faces; but the enmity of the Athapascow Indians had checked all his aspirations, and he had been compelled to make a long and hasty retreat towards the north, to save the remnant of his little band from annihilation. In all probability it is to similar warlike persecutions that the higher northern regions owe their having been peopled by the race whence are descended the Esquimaux.

The exigencies of the chase and the fishery, more than any inherent taste for the picturesque, had fixed Matonaza in a lovely spot. The wigwams of the young chief and his party were situated on an elevation commanding a view of a large lake, whose borders, round which grew the larch, the pine, and the poplar, furnished them with firing, tent-poles, and arms. Beyond lay lofty snow-clad hills, on which rested eternal frosts. Above the tents to the right and to the north fell a vast cataract, which never froze even in the coldest winter, having always a clear expanse at its foot for fishing even in the dead of the season. At the foot of the neighboring hills the hunters found the deer, the elk, and the buffalo, while the women attended to the nets and lines in the lake. In the fitting months there were plenty of wild fowl, and altogether, the tribe, though exiled from the warmer fields of the south, had no great cause of complaint. Their tents sheltered them well, they had plenty of food, ample occupation, and for a long time peace and contentment. Far away from the conflict of arms, the warriors threw all their energy into hunting; and, with the habit of scalping and killing their fellows, threw off much of their rudeness. The women felt the change sensibly: their husbands grew tenderer; much of the energy wasted on murderous propensities found vent in the domestic sentiments. The fact that each man had only one wife, and some none — their victorious adversaries having not only killed their best men, but carried off their marriageable women — added to their superiority of character. Polygamy among these Indians, as everywhere else, brutalizes the men, and debases the women; and in those tribes where rich men had as many as eight wives, the fair sex sunk to the level of mere slaves. But on the borders of the White Lake they had no superabundance of ladies, and they were valued accordingly. It is readily to be comprehended how the position of an Englishman's wife is preferable to that of a sultan's; the English wife is alone; the sultan's spouse shares his affections, such as they may be, with some four hundred!

Matonaza viewed this state of things with delight. He had, since his residence with the Pale Faces, become ambitious. He aimed at civilizing his people; he had already induced his tribe to consider the matrimonial tie as permanent, which was a great step. Then he boldly entered upon the somewhat rash experiment of alleviating the laborious duties of the women. He tried to induce the men to do some of the hard work; but here he met with invincible repugnance. The women had been always accustomed to draw the sledges, carry the baggage, and pitch the tents, while the men hunted, ate and smoked. Any departure from this line of conduct was beneath "the dignity" of a warrior. Matonaza discovered that to expect any permanent change in a nomadic race used to hunting, leading a wandering life, and accustomed to arms, was difficult. He felt that he must first make his people sedentary and agricultural, and then begin their civilization.

Having conceived this plan, he despatched the best runner in the tribe to Prince of Wales Fort. He gave him some furs, and a message to Moses Northon, with directions to follow the most unfrequented trails, to travel cautiously, and by no means to allow the terrible Indians of Athapascow Lake to track him. Three months passed before the runner returned, and then he came accompanied by a young and adventurous Englishman, who had sought this opportunity of learning the manners of the far-off tribes, and of studying the geography of the interior. Matonaza received him well, and was glad of his assistance to lay out his fields of corn and maize, by sowing which, he hoped to attract his Indians to a permanent residence, and to destroy all fear of famine. Mark Dalton joyously seconded his projects. He was the son of a gentleman who was a shareholder in the Hudson's Bay Company, and who joined to the love of travel, adventure, and the chase, considerable knowledge of agriculture. One year older than the Indian chief, they at once became warm friends, and, from the hour of their first meeting, were never a day apart.

It was not without difficulty that the chief could get his fields dug, small though they were, though he and Mark worked, because the women alone followed their example. The soil was not of the best character, and the climate pretty rigorous; but still corn would grow, and Matonaza suffered not himself to be downhearted. A whole spring, summer, and autumn, were devoted to these agricultural pursuits; and when, at the end of the fine season, a good harvest enabled the tribe to vary their food from venison, fish, and buffalo meat, to corn-cakes, and other preparations of flour and maize, all were satisfied. The Indians, naturally indolent, were pleased at the prospect of obtaining even their food by the labor of the women. This was not precisely what the youthful chief desired, but it was still a kind of progress, and he was so far gratified.

But he did not neglect his hunting. Eager to show Mark all the mysteries of his craft, Matonaza led him after the elk, which they ran down together on foot in the snow. This is the most arduous department of Indian hunting. The sportsmen throw away all arms which may embarrass them, keeping only a knife, and a pouch containing the means of striking a light. Being practised while the snow is on the ground, the men accordingly wear long snow-shoes. The Indian chief and Mark Dalton rose at dawn of day, and, having succeeded in discovering an elk, darted along the snow in pursuit. The chase under ordinary circumstances would be vain, a man being not at all equal to an elk in a running match; but, on the present occasion, while the unfortunate animal sunk at every step up to his body in the snow, the men with snow-shoes glided along the surface with extreme rapidity. With all these disadvantages, the animal often runs seven hours, ten hours, and even four-and-twenty in some rare instances; seldom, however, escaping from the patient hunter. When reached, they make a desperate defence with their head and fore-feet, and have been known to slay their human enemy.

On the present occasion, the animal was a magnificent specimen, considerably taller at the shoulders than a horse, and his head furnished with antlers of fifty pounds' weight. His coarse and angular hair, so little elastic that it breaks when bent, was of a grayish color, having probably changed at the beginning of the winter from nearly black. He was tracked by his footprints on the snow, the hunters keeping at some distance to leeward of the trail, so as not to alarm the watchful animal even by the crackling of a twig. He was at length seen, but at too great a distance for a shot, sitting on his hams like a dog, and seemed at first in no hurry to rise; though, when at last satisfied of the character of his enemies, and his mind made up for flight, he got upon his legs; but even then, instead of bounding and galloping like other deer, he shuffled along so heavily, his joints cracking audibly at every step, that Mark was inclined to form but a mean opinion of the sport. Gradually, however, its ungainly speed increased, its hind-legs straddling from behind, as if to avoid treading on its fore-heels; and when a prostrate tree interposed in the path, it stepped over the trunk, however huge, without its flight being interrupted for an instant. It seemed, in fact, that smaller obstacles were more dangerous to the fugitive than great ones; for running, as he did, with his nose up in the air, and his huge horns laid horizontally on his back — an attitude necessary, it is to be presumed, to sustain their weight — he could not see close to the surface, and on one occasion a branch which protruded only a few inches from the snow caught his fore-feet, and he rolled over with a heavy fall. The hunters thought they were now sure of their prey; but the elk scrambled on his legs again in surprisingly little time; and, as he pursued his flight with unabated speed, Matonaza seemed to derive some quiet amusement from the surprise of the Pale Face, as he found himself engaged in so difficult a chase of so apparently unwieldy an animal.

It was the policy of the hunters to turn the fugitive to where the snow was deepest; but, as if knowing his danger, the elk continued to keep on comparatively hard ground, and at length, by the intervention of trees and inequalities of the surface, he escaped wholly from view. His trail, however, could not be concealed; and for many hours his pursuers followed, well knowing that their quarry was only a short distance in front, but unable to obtain a glimpse of him. The trail at length appeared to turn towards a hollow, where the hunters might be tolerably secure of their prize; and the two friends separated, to make such a sweep as would lead them to the same point. Presently, however, the animal appeared to discover his imprudence; and at a moment when Mark was unprepared, he saw the huge creature returning on his own trail, and within ten or twelve yards of him. The rifle seemed to go off of its own accord, so sudden was the discharge; but the shot missed and on came the elk, its nose no longer in the air, but pointing full at its enemy, with the points and edges of its tremendous antlers in terrible array. Mark did not lose his presence of mind; but springing behind a young tree, which was fortunately at hand, felt himself for a moment in safety.

It was not the antlers the hunter had to fear, for they were not used as weapons of offence; but the creature, determined to carry the war into the enemy's quarters, struck furiously at the intervening tree with his fore-feet, and Mark speedily found that its shelter would not long be between him and his justly-incensed enemy. No other tree was near enough at hand, and he was too busily engaged in dodging round and round to be able to load his rifle. Faster and faster fell the blows of the fore-feet. Now a piece of bark, now a splinter of wood, flew off; and now the tree bent, split, and came crashing down. Even so fell the elk; for, just at the critical moment, a bullet from the Indian chief, who had returned to the rescue at imminent peril to himself, struck him in a vital part, and killed him on the spot.

The two hunters made prize of the skin and of the more delicate parts of the dead animal, and on returning to their companions, loaded with the spoil, Mark ate for the first time of elk flesh of his own hunting. This is considered a great delicacy by the Indians and all residents of the fur countries. It is preferred by many to beef, and the fat resembles that of a breast of mutton.

When the spring had arrived, it was resolved that the whole of the male party, save two old men, should start on a trip to the mountains, in search of buffalo and elk, which they intended to kill, dry, and drag home on sledges made from the first trees they laid their hands on. The women were to join them six weeks after their departure, at a place close to the scene of their hunt; and, thus reinforced, the men hoped to have an ample stock of dried meat for the winter. Great preparations were made on the occasion. All the arms of the tribe were furbished up. Matonaza and Mark alone had firearms; the rest had bows, arrows, and spears. The women mended the clothes of the hunters, packed their provisions, and made the thongs to drag the sledges with. But the chief part of such utensils were to be brought by them to the rendezvous. The gentle, lovely, and blushing White Swallow herself made everything ready for her betrothed, to whom, on his return, she was to be united. All was smiling, promising, and joyous. The fields of the little settlement were improving; the wigwams exhibited the air of more permanent buildings than they usually are; and when the warriors departed on their errand, they left behind them a happy and hopeful community.

THE ATHAPASCOW FORAY.

As soon as the men were really gone, the two elders proceeded to organize the movements of the party for the next six weeks. They had been directed to make clothes, watch the fields, fish for their subsistence, and do all needful domestic duties. All save the White Swallow. She, the unmarried, but affianced bride of the chief, was, by custom, exempt from all share in labor; but to this her tastes and feelings were repugnant, and though the White Swallow neither scraped leather, nor carried burthens, she was yet industrious in her way. She learned to make her own clothes, to fish in the lake, to light a fire, to build a tent, to snare birds, and to perform a multitude of other things necessary to the existence of an Indian woman.

Then, again, while her companions were scattered round the lake or in the fields, she would stop with some of the more helpless infants. She would, while overlooking them, sit still and think with pride and joy on the absent one, whose image was always uppermost in her thoughts. In general, nothing is more pleasant to the gentle female heart than the memory of beings well-beloved and far away; and no employment is more conducive to this dreamy occupation than sedentary ones. The women one day started to fetch the produce of their successful draught of a large net at some distance, taking with them the two old men. The whole camp was abandoned to the guardianship of the White Swallow and a couple of shaggy, ill-looking dogs, which were none the less faithful because ill-favored. The young girl had volunteered for this service; and to her charge were committed eight infants of various ages, that rolled about on a green spot with the dogs, unable to crawl because of their uncouth swathing. As they had been well fed before the departure of the mothers, the duty of Thee-kis-ho, the Indian name of our heroine, chiefly consisted in keeping away any wandering wolves from invading the camp; a service which the dogs probably could render even more effectively.

However this may be, the young girl seated herself on a log at no great distance from the wigwams, and thence looked around. At her feet was the lake, divided from her only by some fifty feet of cornfield; Matonaza having placed his fields near the water. To her right was a large and novel building for an Indian village, erected under the guidance of Mark, and which served as the granary of the tribe. Close to this was the wigwam of the venerable dame who was her adopted mother — not one of her relatives remaining alive. At some distance was the chief's hut, and on this her eyes were fixed; and the sight naturally enough filled her mind with sunny thoughts; for she could look forward now to its being hers too at no distant period; and cold, indeed, must be the female heart which is not warmed at the thoughts of the home which is soon to receive her as a wife.

Thus occupied, and watching over the children, and in preparations for the evening meal, the hours flew swiftly by, and the White Swallow at last heard the voices of the returning party just as night was about to close upon the scene. At this instant her ear was attracted by footsteps approaching from behind. She turned, and one wild shriek betrayed the intensity of her alarm.

"The Athapascows!" she cried, springing up, and about darting away to meet her companions.

"Stay," said a young warrior, leaping to her side; "there is room in my wigwam for another squaw."

Seven painted and horrid Indians were around the young girl ere she could move. They were all in their war-paint, and well armed; they stood gazing at the village an instant, as if irresolute.

"Warriors of the Dog-ribbed race!" cried the resolute girl in a loud and ringing voice, "on to save your wigwams! The lying foxes of the Athapascows are among us!"

The young Indian seized her by the arm, a second plucked a brand from the fire, and cast it into the granary, and then the whole party, conceiving the men of the tribe to be upon them, commenced a rapid retreat, bearing with them their wretched and disconsolate captive. They were a party of ambitious youths, who, having hit upon the trail of the runner the year before, had tracked his steps in search of scalps and glory. Alighting on the camp when deserted by all but the White Swallow, they had intended to hide in the huts until the return of the rest of the party; but suddenly startled by the cry which responded to that of Thee-kis-ho, they fled, believing the whole tribe to be upon them. Their haste had marred the object of their expedition, while their position became one, as they thought, of extreme danger. The part to be played by the young girl was most painful. If she revealed the absence of the men, the Athapascows would return and capture the rest of the women; if she remained silent, she was doomed to be hurried away into captivity, all the more horrid because of her late day-dreams and visions. While dwelling on these thoughts, she found herself proceeding to a considerable distance from the camp in a south-easterly direction. The Indians moved with the utmost rapidity and silence towards a very broken, stony, and arid plain, the last spot which men would have been supposed to choose for a retreat. Suddenly they halted at the edge of one of those deep fissures met with sometimes in the prairies and in the plains of the West: this was their camp. Their victim was told to go down, and was then placed in a natural hollow, the Indians barring all exit. They next proceeded to light a small fire with some well-charred wood, that gave neither flame nor smoke, upon which they cooked their evening meal. A piece of meat was given to the girl, which she ate, strength being necessary to her. She had not abandoned all hope. There are a thousand chances between total despair, as between the fruition of hopes, and Thee-kis-ho, while crouching in her hole, strained every faculty of her mind for an idea out of which might come escape.

The Indians conversed with considerable volubility as soon as one had departed as a scout. There were no aged or experienced warriors among them to check their eagerness and levity. They expressed themselves in a dialect which the White Swallow partly understood. She could distinguish that they spoke with considerable disappointment about their failure, and that all seemed determined not to return home until they had obtained a sufficient number of scalps to excuse with the elders of the tribe their temerity and long absence. Much difference of opinion prevailed, but at last the whole party came to a resolution which can only be comprehended by those who know the Indian character. They resolved upon marching northward to the Coppermine River, to waylay and attack the unfortunate Esquimaux, whom they expected to have the double satisfaction of killing and robbing. These Esquimaux have from time immemorial been the prey of the more southern tribes, whose persecution accounts for a large portion of the race having abandoned *terra firma*, to live on the islands in the Polar Sea, where they were found by Ross, Parry, Franklin, and other explorers.

Thee-kis-ho heard this decision with varied emotions, while another gave her unqualified satisfaction. It was determined that, as their prize was young and pretty, she should be the reward, at the end of the expedition, of the bravest and most distinguished member of the party. The journey with which she was threatened was long, arduous, and of doubtful issue; but it offered, all the more readily on this account, some chance of escape, and the occurrences of the two or three moons before her might still enable her to wed the young chief; a consummation which she resolved should never happen if she were forced first of all to be the squaw of an Athapascow. The moon rose about midnight, when the Indians were smoking, and the scout then returned, bringing word that their camp was admirably hidden, and that there were no alarming signs within some miles. Satisfied with this assurance, the whole party went to sleep, after tying both the arms and feet of their captive in such a way that, while not hurting her, the thongs completely precluded movement.

Wearied with her walk and her thoughts, the White Swallow went to sleep, and awoke only when summoned to cook the morning repast of her captors, after which they started along an arid plain towards the north, in which direction lay the villages of the Esquimaux. About mid-day a halt took place near a small wood; and while some went about in search of game, the rest set hard to work to make shields, which were absolutely necessary to defend themselves against the fish-bone arrows of their enemies. Thee-kis-ho received a knife — part of a sharpened hoop — to aid in the process, which, when the work was concluded, its owner forgot to reclaim, and the Indian girl gladly hid it about her person. The shields were ingeniously fashioned of small strips of wood fastened by deer-skin thongs, and, when finished, were three feet long, two feet broad, and a couple of inches thick. It was nearly evening when the work was concluded; but the Indians, fearful of being pursued, after eating a hearty meal, continued their march some hours longer, and camped near a lake of small dimensions. The White Swallow took careful note of all the places they came to, that she might find her way back again if possible, and was not sorry to observe that the Indians left a pretty evident trail.

For several days after, their progress was very slow indeed, as much game fell in their way, and the Athapascows, to whom eating was even more grateful than glory, revelled on the fat deer of the lakes. Much more, however, was killed than was consumed, from the mere love of waste, which is inherent in most savage people. These Indians would not pass a bird's nest without destroying it, much more a deer which they could neither eat nor carry; while, if they refrained from setting fire to a grove of trees they encamped in at night, it was not from any calculation that they or others might want the grove again, but because the conflagration might betray them. Here, as in nearly everything else, the alleged superiority of the "child of nature" fades before examination.

They soon reached the confines of inhabited ground, when they hit upon the branch of the Conge-cathawachaga River; and as the dwellers on its banks were enemies, and too powerful for seven men to attack, every precaution was taken. No fires were lit; they camped in strange out-of-the-way places; and crossed the stream swimming, despite the rapid current, which swept them a long way down. They hit one night on a large camp, with blazing fires and numerous dogs, but moved off as fast as possible, being not at all inclined to have fifty Coppermine Indians at their heels. These savages do not live so near the sea as the Esquimaux, but they have many of the same habits. Still, they are a distinct race, though probably all the inhabitants of America are of Tartar or Chinese origin.

They were still at some distance from the Coppermine River, and weary and sore-footed indeed was Thee-kis-ho, now some five or six hundred miles away from the home of her friends and her intended husband. Provisions, too, were now short; and as on such occasions the men of this part of America help themselves first, the White Swallow went often to rest without food. An Indian, when reduced to semi-starvation, will rarely, if ever, divide what he has with his wife or wives — he eats all, and leaves the women to starve. Some days even the men were reduced to a pipe and a draught of water, and the girl was glad to chew the leaves of an odoriferous plant by way of a last resource.

The way, too, was arid and rough. They were now amid the Rocky Mountains of the farther north, a vast and dark pile of rocks, looking perfectly inaccessible; but on went the Indians, sometimes walking, sometimes crawling on their hands and knees. The path, however, was marked and clear as any highway, but often so steep, as to present extraordinary difficulties. At night they slept in hollows and caves without fire, generally from want of wood; but sometimes from the heavy rains, which rendered the moss, usually a never-failing resource, damp and useless. All this tended to put the Indians in a savage humor, which promised little for the poor Esquimaux; and Thee-kis-ho suffered all the more neglect and hunger. In fact, with the exception of raw meat, devoured with ravenous ardor, there were no meals taken during the whole time they were crossing the mountains.

Near Buffalo Lake they killed a large number of the animals which gave it its name, and, finding some wood, regaled themselves. The White Swallow, more determined than ever to fly, concealed a small portion of food about her person, that at all events she might not starve in her flight. The road, after their departure from Buffalo Lake, became less rugged and disagreeable, while, by signs which had been described to them by certain old Indians, they believed themselves approaching the termination of their journey. The young men seemed chiefly satisfied at recognizing the eminence of the Gray Bear, so called because frequented in certain seasons by those animals. At last the sight of a large wood, and of a river in the distance, made the warriors eagerly advance. They were in view of Coppermine River, a stream wide, shallow, and filled with rocks and cataracts.

A halt was now called, and a council held. All were unanimous that a day's rest and food were necessary before striking their intended blow. Accordingly, while the White Swallow and two Indians stopped to prepare the fire, the others started off in various directions in search of game. It was the last time they would hunt before they attacked the Esquimaux, as it would henceforth be dangerous to let the report of firearms be heard in the neighborhood. Before two hours had passed, each Indian had brought in his deer, and then all fell to work to broil, and roast, and stew, eating as they went on. The consumption of victuals would have alarmed an English troop of horse, but the enormous capacity of the Indian for food is well known. It is enough to say, that had the White Swallow not been well fastened by leathern thongs, she could easily have escaped, as, before night, every Athapascow warrior was sleeping off his feast like a boa-constrictor.

MATONAZA.

When the Indian women saw the brand thrown into their granary, and caught a glimpse of the retreating Indians, they knew at once the nature of the late surprise. Their first impulse was deep gratitude for their fortunate return, for one minute longer, and every child on the green-sward would have been immolated; the red-skin in his wars sparing neither toddling infancy, decrepit old age, nor defenceless women. Then a scream of rage and despair arose as they discovered that the pride of the tribe, their chief's affianced wife, was gone. They looked about in speechless terror, expecting to see her bleeding and mangled corpse, but several declared that they had recognized both her form and her voice among the marauders. Then all the women, and the boys and lads of eleven and twelve, seized every available weapon, and, after lighting huge fires, prepared to pass the night. The conflagration of the barn was easily extinguished; and fortunately so, for it contained the whole of the unconsumed autumn crop.

The night, though full of alarms, passed peaceably, and before its termination, one of the old men had severely cautioned and instructed one of the lads, whom he designed as the bearer of the news to Matonaza. The boy, proud and honored by the trust reposed in him, took his bow and arrows, provisions for four days, and just about dawn started at a round trot towards the hills, which he reached with unerring accuracy on the third day. But no trace of the warriors of his tribe did he find. Still, the lad hesitated not a moment. climbing a lofty and prominent eminence, he cast his eyes for some ten minutes round the horizon. Satisfied with this scrutiny, he tightened his belt, descended, and darted across a long low plain, at the very extremity of which he had seen a rather remarkable column of smoke, which the boy at once attributed to the Pale Face who accompanied his friends.

After three hours of continuous running, he gained a small lake, on the borders of which was a fire in the centre of a grove of trees

He clearly distinguished a man engaged in the classical and time-honored art of cooking. It was Mark, as he expected; who, being a little wearied, had volunteered to pass a day in the camp, cooking and inhaling tobacco-smoke, with eating, which is the *acmé* of luxury in the eyes of a prairie hunter. The lad advanced straight towards the fire, and, without speaking, sunk, exhausted and fainting, at the feet of the Englishman. Mark seized his double-barrelled gun, fired both barrels, and then, these preconcerted signals given, piling a great armful of green boughs on the fire, stooped to attend to the boy. He raised him up, gave him water, a little brandy, and then food. In a quarter of an hour he could tell his story. Mark heard him with dismay. He had formed a warm attachment for his Indian friend, and a proportionate one for his future wife. He knew at once how agonizing would be the feelings of the young warrior, who, having but this one squaw in view, had fixed on her his ardent affections far more strongly than is usual with a red-skin.

It was not long ere the whole party were collected round the fire. The Indians came in from all sides at the sight of the signal. A dead silence then ensued, not one of the red-skins asking any questions. All saw the boy; but not even his own father evinced any womanly or unusual curiosity by taking notice of him.

"Matonaza is a great warrior," said Mark Dalton solemnly, after a certain pause; "and his heart is the heart of a man. The Athapascow Indian is a snake: he has crept in and stolen away the Swallow."

The young chief said nothing, but Mark plainly saw the muscles of his face working, and knew how he felt. But he took no note of the warrior's emotion, but bade the boy tell his story.

The lad stepped forward, and briefly narrated what had happened.

"Ugh!" said Matonaza after a pause; "my brothers will continue their hunt. Let them keep hawk-eyes about them. Matonaza and the Roaming Panther," pointing to the runner who had formerly gone with him to the Prince of Wales Fort, "will chase the thieves who steal away women. Let us go!"

Mark started to his feet, caught up his rifle, took a substantial piece of deer's meat, and was ready in an instant to join them. A few words passed between the chief and his people. He directed them to proceed with their duties. He would send the women to join them at once; and with Mark and the Roaming Panther, he started on his chase of perhaps a thousand miles and more, apparently as coolly as a European would have gone out for a walk.

The evening of the third day found them at their village, where they were received in respectful silence. Matonaza caused the old men to tell the story of the White Swallow's abduction once more; and then, after bidding the whole party go join the hunters, retired to rest with his two companions, bidding Mark sleep as long as he possibly could. The chief did not rouse him till a late hour, after he had himself tracked the trail of the Athapascows to a considerable distance. They breakfasted heartily, and then each man, with his gun, powder, and powder-horn, started on his way. The chief led the van, his eye fixed on the trail of the party. He pointed out to Mark the moccasin step of the young girl with a grim smile. Mark was pained at the sadness of his expression, but said nothing.

They with difficulty followed the trail along the arid plain which the Athapascows had first hit upon, and, at one time, when the ground was unusually hard, even lost it. The two Indians at once parted, one to the right, the other to the left; Mark, who was eager to prove himself of use, looked anxiously about, and at last caused the warriors to run to him. The white man pointed with a smile to the hole in which the enemy had camped on the first night of their flight.

"Good!" said Matonaza, taking his hand; "my brother has an Indian eye."

And the journey was at once pursued without further comment. As frequently as possible the party camped in the places where their enemies had camped before them, as the chief was sure to find some note of the White Swallow — her footstep in the ashes near the fire; a mark where she had lain; or, at all events, some almost invisible sign of her existence. Every day, however, the warrior grew more uneasy as he advanced towards the north. He began to suspect the errand of the Athapascows. He knew, though only traditionally, the terrible journey which must be performed ere the land of the Esquimaux could be reached, and regarded it as almost impossible that a young girl could outlive its hardships. Still on he went, never dreaming of abandoning the chase — never even alluding to such an idea. He, however, increased the extent of their daily march, though sometimes compelled to delay while seeking for food. The wood, where the young men made their shields, confirmed him in his belief as to their errand.

At night they hastily ate what food they had, and lay down to sleep. No time was wasted in talking. Rest was all they required, and it was to them of the utmost consequence.

"At this rate," said Mark, one day, when he found himself approaching the north more and more every hour, "we shall reach the Icy Sea itself!"

"The White Swallow is on its borders," replied the chief, quietly.

And they proceeded on their journey.

They crossed the Rocky Mountains, here also strictly adhering to the trail of the Athapascows, and were at no great distance from the Coppermine River, when one night, at some distance on the plain, they saw a small, low, flickering light. Their own fire was composed of mere embers, but even these were hastily covered up. Matonaza cast his eyes around. Not a tree, not a bush was there to aid their approach, though the camp in the distance seemed to be near a dark object, which looked like a stunted grove of trees. This could not be, however, they having already passed, as they supposed, the region in which trees are found.

The three men looked to their rifles, stooped low, and began to crawl towards the distant fire on their hands and knees. The night was pitchy dark. The sky was lowering, and threatened rain. The low fire, scarcely distinguishable at times, was all that guided them. Presently, however, its glare became more evident, and Matonaza discovered that it was placed under the cover of some low trees which grew on the borders of the Coppermine River. He could now clearly distinguish a party of men sitting round the small fire in the act of smoking; and leaving his companions and his rifle, advanced unarmed, bidding them slowly reach a bank within pistol-shot of the camp. He then began to writhe or slide along the ground instead of crawling, moving a yard or two, and then stopping to breathe or listen. In about ten minutes they saw him roll himself behind the bushes of the camp. They saw no more, for a strong ray of the moon peeped through a cloud, and they could no longer raise their heads above the ground. They fell behind the low bank agreed on, and waited.

Three quarters of an hour passed, and then Matonaza rejoined them, using the same caution as before. He was out of breath with his hard labor, for such it is to crawl along the ground like a snake, never rising on the hands or knees. As soon as he could speak, he told his companions in a whisper that these were the Athapascows returning after a terrible foray among the Esquimaux. The White Swallow, however, was not with them. They spoke of her absence with regret, and as a severe disappointment, but how her absence was occasioned he could not tell. Matonaza spoke in a tone which was new to his white friend. He seemed husky, and his eyes glared like those of a panther. The fearful excitement he had endured, and his terrible awakening from a dream of happiness, all the greater from his half-European education, had almost driven every civilized idea out of his head.

"Roaming Panther," said he to the Indian runner, "is thy rifle ready?"

"What would my brother do?" asked Dalton hurriedly.

"Kill my enemies!" replied the warrior coldly.

"What! skulking behind a bank?"

"Warrior of the Pale Faces, hear my words! Does a bear show himself in the distance when lying in wait for his prey? Does a white warrior, when in ambush, give a signal? We are three: the Athapascow dogs are seven. Not one shall see the home of his fathers: their squaws shall find other husbands. They have robbed Matonaza of *his* squaw: they shall die!"

A double report followed; and then, as the Indians with a fearful cry rose in the air to lie down again in the dark, the Little Snake, as the handsome young chief was called, levelled and discharged the rifle of his friend Dalton, who had declined to shoot at the unprepared savages.

"I spit on ye, dogs of Athapascows!" yelled the Little Snake as they fired at random. "A Dog-ribbed chief will leave your bones to bleach on the plains of the Icy Sea!"

With these words the three friends retreated, loading their rifles; and, wading across the river, concealed themselves in a low hollow, and sought rest. Mark slept uneasily. The neighborhood of fierce and bloody enemies, roused to desperation by recent losses, was far from being pleasant; and he was little surprised when, on rising in the morning first amongst his party, a leaden bullet at once hit the bank near him. He dropped down, and in an instant the whole three were again prepared. The Athapascows, six in number — one had been killed — were near a bush on the other side of the river. They had just at daybreak tracked the Dog-ribbed Indians. These fired, nor was Mark behind-hand; and so fatal was their aim that two warriors fell headlong into the river. The others, who were not aware of the nature of rifles, introduced only by the chief himself and Mark, flew to cover, astounded at the distance at which they had been struck. The friends loaded, and pursued. The Athapascows turned, and fled across the plain.

Matonaza gave vent to a low and scornful laugh. "Let them go and boast to their women that their brothers were killed in terrible fight. They are squaws and will tell of a battle with a hundred warriors in their war-paint."

Mark at once added, that to follow them was to lose all trace of the White Swallow, who was either a prisoner among the Esquimaux, or hiding somewhere in the hollows of the hills, awaiting the departure of their enemies. Besides, no time was to be lost, for the winter was coming on, and all hope of finding her would vanish with that season.

Matonaza replied by turning his back on the river, and searching for the old trail of the party. They soon found the remains of a fire, with bones of animals — deer, &c., — which had been recently devoured, and thus continued their journey at some distance from the banks of the Coppermine River.

The Esquimaux Village.

We left the White Swallow advancing towards the village of the Esquimaux with her worthless companions. The race about to be attacked, like most of the Esquimaux, were of small stature, and little strength or beauty. They are very stout, copper-colored, and in general ugly, though some of the women form exceptions. They resemble all the tribe in dress, while their arms are bows and arrows, lances and darts. They have canoes with double paddles, and tents composed of deer-skins, with stone and ice huts for winter. Their utensils are all of stone and wood, with spoons and bowls of buffalo horn. Their hatchets, pikes, and arrow-heads are of copper. They are a poor, harmless race, who live by fishing and hunting, whose sole riches consisted in a little copper they found near the river — thence called Coppermine River.

It was this unfortunate race who, from their helplessness and weakness, had been selected as the fitting victims of the seven Athapascow warriors. In this the red-skins only acted in accordance with the true principles of war — to respect the strong, and prey upon the weak. The White Swallow remained behind on one occasion while two scouts went out to scour the banks of the stream in search of intelligence. They soon came back with the information, that about fifteen miles distant were five tents of Esquimaux, so placed as to be completely open to a surprise. It was then decided that the attack should take place the following night. Meanwhile they waded across the river, to be on the same side as their wretched victims. Here they halted to load their guns, furbish their lances, and prepare their shields.

Every man set to work to paint his buckler — one representing the sun, the other the moon, others birds of prey and other animals, with imaginary beings, fantastic human creatures, and beasts of all kinds. They were all to serve as their protection during the combat, their shields being at once "medicine." Even the White Swallow, who was used to their Indian customs, was puzzled to know the meaning of half the rude drawings daubed with chalk and red clay, as not one had any resemblance to anything in heaven or upon earth. But, like the knights of chivalry, who scorned to write their own names, and seldom could even read a love-letter, these red-skin paladins were quite satisfied that military glory was above all artistic merit. They were but of the general opinion of mankind, who admire far more the successful slayer of thousands than the man who can achieve a splendid picture, a magnificent epic poem, or a great scientific discovery.

The shield-painting being over, the party advanced, still following the banks of the river — strictly avoiding all eminences, for fear of being seen, and all speech, for fear of being heard. The way was arduous and painful in the extreme. They fell upon swampy marshes and muddy sloughs, in which they sunk above their knees. But not a word was spoken, not a murmur or complaint given vent to. A tall youth had been selected as leader of the band, and no orchestra ever kept better time. They trod in each other's footsteps with the most praiseworthy unanimity; and might, from their silence, their gravity, their stiff, erect manner, have not inaptly been compared to moving mummies. The White Swallow carried in a bundle the whole of their provisions — no inconsiderable weight, as they desired not to halt an hour when their horrid surprise was effected.

About a hundred yards from where they first caught sight of the Esquimaux village they halted in council behind some rocks. It was now late at night, and yet these savage warriors, not satisfied with their martial air, now began to paint themselves anew. They daubed their faces with a horrid mixture of red and black — on one side with one color, the other with the other; some tied their hair in knots, others cut it entirely off. They then lightened themselves of every possible article of clothing, which they made up in another bundle, and gave to the unfortunate girl to carry.

The moon now rose: it was midnight. The five tents of the Esquimaux were situated close to the water's edge, within a halfmoon formed by some rocks that projected from a small eminence. Before the tents lay the placid waters of the river, in the midst of which was an island, or rather sandbank, and in the distance another Esquimaux village, of larger dimensions than the present. The Indians gave an "Ugh" of delight, for here was a second massacre in view, and to these savage men nothing could afford a more charming prospect.

They advanced slowly along the banks of the river, and when within about twenty yards of the tents, halted; and having tied the feet of the White Swallow in such a way as she could by no possibility untie herself, they rushed to their bloody work. To modern readers, even of the details of recent wars, the unpardonable and horrid details of the sack of a city must be familiar: man, woman, and child, have all shuddered, we doubt not, over scenes almost too fearful for belief — scenes remaining forever as blots upon a civilized and so-called Christian age. But for the benefit of those who have adopted the notions of certain modern philosophers touching the superior amiability and simplicity of the "man of nature," we think it well to give some account of the historical scene that was once acted on the banks of the Coppermine.

The Esquimaux, on hearing the wild outcry of the red-skins, started from their sleep, and rushed forth, men women, and children, to escape; but their ruthless foes were at every issue, and spears and tomahawks did their bloody work. The groans of the wounded, the howls of the dying, the shrieks of the children, the shrill yells of the women, were answered by the Athapascow war-cry. As the herd of antelopes loses all instinct of self-preservation before the awful roar of the African lion, and stands a while motionless, so these poor creatures no longer sought to fly or defend themselves. Not one raised his arm. Some wretched mothers covered their offspring with their bodies only to die first. One young girl, of singular beauty for an Esquimaux, caught the chief round the legs: had he been alone, he would have probably saved her, to take her to his wigwam. But the emulation of war was on him; there were his companions to see him hesitate; and, quick as lightning, he ran his spear through her. But enough: I spare details more fearful still — details which haunted the first historian and eye-witness of this scene all his after life.

The White Swallow no sooner found herself alone, than, drawing the knife she had formerly secreted from her bosom, she cut her bonds, resolved as she was to lose no more time. This done, she acted with all the coolness and reflection which became the affianced bride of an Indian warrior. She watched the red-skins enter the camp, and even let them commence their massacre. A dozen and more dogs darted by, flying from the strangers. One of them passed close to the White Swallow, and smelt her packet of meat. She seized upon a leathern thong fastened round his neck, and threw him food. The dog devoured it eagerly. The girl at once resolved to appropriate the animal, for she knew his nature, having herself been born on the confines of the Esquimaux territory. She fastened on his back the bundle belonging to the Indians, and then gliding gently and noiselessly into the water, began to swim. The dog quietly followed her, attracted by her store of provisions. The girl was a good and powerful swimmer; but she proceeded slowly, though the noise of the sack of the village might have excused even want of caution. But Thee-kis-ho was too much of an Indian to neglect any precautions. Once landed on the opposite bank, she lay down to watch the end of the scene; at some distance, however, from the shore, and well screened from view.

As soon as the Esquimaux village lay in the stillness of death, and not even an infant remained, the Athapascows ran down to the bank to fire at the men of the other village, who stood stupidly gazing from across the water at the massacre of their brethren. They did not even stir when the leaden bullets fell among them, until one of their party received a flesh wound, when all crowded round him, examined the place in amazement, and then leaping into their canoes, hurried to the distant island, which, being surrounded by deep water, could be easily defended against swimmers with hatchets and bows and arrows.

The White Swallow waited to see no more. The dawn was now breaking in the eastern sky, and her position would speedily become dangerous. Casting her eyes about her to select the best road, she distinguished, a little way up the river, some one seated within a little cove fishing. She hesitated, for time was precious; but her goodness of heart prevailed. Giving the dog another piece of meat, she left him in guard of her packets, and tripped rapidly down to the water's edge. She had her knife, and feared no Esquimaux. As she approached, she discovered that it was an old woman, deaf, and nearly blind, who had been fishing for salmon by moonlight. The fish were seven or eight pounds in weight, and strewed the bank. The old Esquimaux had a line with several hooks to it, and caught fish almost as fast as she could throw, they being almost as plentiful as in Kamtchatka. The White Swallow laid her hand on her arm. The old woman started. The young girl, who knew one or two words of her language, just said, "Indians — kill all — that side — seven tents on island." The unfortunate old creature just caught the word "Indians;" that was enough for her. She cast line and fish at the girl's feet, and, mumbling her thanks, fled.

The White Swallow took as much of the fish as she could carry, and the line and hooks, almost believing that the Manitou had thrown them expressly in her way. This done, she rejoined her dog, and, taking him by the thong, led him away as fast as she could walk in the direction she presumed to be the right one. She never paused or halted until the mid-day sun warmed her almost more than was pleasant. Then she ate, and gave food also to her dog. He greedily devoured a fish weighing eight pounds, and appeared most affectionately disposed to his new mistress. The girl made much of him, far more than he had been used to; and the poor animal, better fed and better lodged than usual, fawned at her feet like an old and faithful servant.

That fear renders man, and woman too, fleet in their motions, is a received and proverbial tenet; nor did the White Swallow differ in this from the rest of the human race. She shuddered at the prospect of falling again into the hands of the Athapascow Indians. She had seen the massacre of the Esquimaux, and knew well what would be her own fate if caught. No torture that fiendish revenge could devise would be considered enough to punish her for her escape. On she went again, therefore, despite that she was weary and sore-footed, until she hit about dark on a small river, falling, she supposed, into the Coppermine.

Here, under a bush, she resolved to pass the night. She fed the dog plentifully, cast her line into the river, and then, without making any fire, nestled near the huge animal, and went to sleep. Despite her dangers and her fears, Thee-kis-ho slept soundly, even until after the sun had long risen. When she awoke, she found Esquimaux, as she called him, looking good-naturedly at her, in expectation partly no doubt of his morning meal. She at once satisfied him, and found three fish on the hooks. But she herself ate only the dried venison of her packet, which was still heavy, for she had never yet eaten raw fish, and dared not make fire.

Wanderings and Sufferings.

Cast upon her own resources, without a man to advise or command her, the Indian girl had to perform the rather unusual task of holding council with herself. She at once made up her mind to intense sufferings and complicated dangers, though she had still doubts of ultimate success. She was a vast distance from home — she could only guess the direction; the season was getting advanced; and if surprised by the winter, her absence, if she perished not, would be of more than a year's duration. She had, it is true, a dog, a knife, and a fishing-line. This was much. On the other hand, she had to cross the Rocky Mountains, and not by the same path she had come, for doubtless the Athapascows would lie in wait for her some time in the only usual path. Without arms, without weapons, she must provide for herself and dog. And yet she despaired not. She was an Indian girl, and her prairie education was of a finished character.

Her first thought was to hurry towards the mountains. The stream, near which she passed the night, seemed to trend in that direction. The White Swallow was not without fear of being followed; she accordingly swam across, and left obvious tracks on the bank, as if she had forded the river. Then loading herself and dog, she walked in the water on a rocky shelf, that gradually brought her back to the other side. She then stepped out, without fear of leaving a trail upon the hard bank. For two days did she advance, and then her provisions began to run short; her dog and herself consumed a great deal during a daily walk of twelve hours. Thee-kis-ko ordered a halt; and while trying her fortune with her line in a small lake, sat down beside the water, and while watching the fishing-tackle, began to construct with deer's sinews, which formed a part of her dress, and some hairs from the dog's tail, those simple snares and nets that produce such wonderful results in a country abounding in game.

They were set at some distance as soon as ready; and the next morning two wild partridges and a rabbit rewarded the girl's ingenuity. These, with some fish, gave Thee-kis-ho the hope of being able to provide for herself and canine attendant. The Indian traps and snares are very simple. To catch some animals, a trunk of a tree is so arranged, that at the least touch it falls, and kills or secures the animal by its weight. The partridge-traps are, however, very ingenious. A small piece of ground is partitioned off with little palisades and switches near a willow-tree, the favorite resort of the bird. Some openings are left between the diminutive stockades, and in these openings are little nets; when the partridges come leaping about in search of food, they fail not to be taken in dozens.

Three partridges and some other birds rewarded the second day's efforts of the White Swallow, and as her line also brought her fish, she once more felt hope. On the following morning she again started with renewed vigor, keeping her eyes fixed on the hills she had to cross. She soon found herself ascending; and, according to the habits of her education in the wilderness, followed the course of a small torrent in search of an opening in the hills. Her provisions were not abundant, and both herself and dog were placed upon rigid allowance. The third day after her halt she reached the mountains, and began their ascent. Without path, along rough and rugged rocks, her advance at times completely barred, forced to descend and reascend, resting in hollows of the hills, eating small and scanty portions of food, still the heart of the Indian girl never failed her. She was young, full of hope and love; and on she went, though her moccasins were worn and torn, and her feet bled upon the rocks.

Winding, turning, twisting, retreating, it took her more than three days to reach the summit of the hills, and her poor pittance of food was now nearly gone. She sat down on the arid crest of a hill, and gazed upon the plains below — upon those plains which contained her country and her home. She saw for fifty miles the great prairie wilderness lying like a map before her, with its rivers and its lakes, its eminences and its levels; and her heart sunk within her as she felt the chill blast of autumn in that lofty region. Starting to her feet, she descended, and after a day's severe fatigue, sometimes walking, sometimes sliding, sometimes actually rolling down a slope of the mountain, she reached the bottom, and camped in a little clump of pines.

A pool rather than a lake was at hand; and at one end of it she fixed her line and nets, and at the other she and Esquimaux bathed with delight after their rude and continued fatigues. The dog was as pleased as herself to find himself out of the hills, and testified his pleasure by rolling like a mad thing on the bank, after he had for some time splashed in the water. Suddenly Thee-kis-ho seemed to listen attentively: a crackling noise was heard in the bushes. She crouched almost under water, amid some tall reeds agitated by the evening breeze, dragging the dog with her. At the same instant a tall horned deer leaped madly into the water, as if jaded by the chase which had been given him by a pack of hungry wolves. The White Swallow hesitated not an instant. She knew that in the water a wearied deer was a sure prey. Plunging toward him, just as the dog was at his throat, the bold girl, before the noble beast was aware of his new danger, had mortally wounded him with her knife, which she always carried by her side.

The unfortunate animal made scarcely any defence, and was drawn to the shore to die without a struggle. Thee-kis-ho now bethought herself of her danger. Death was certain if the wolves surprised her in any force. She knew of but one remedy, and that was a huge fire. Two flints formed part of the Indian baggage which she had been given to carry. These she drew from her bundle, and taking a portion of dry Spanish moss from a tree, with some fungi lying about, she began striking the flints together. Few were the sparks that followed, but presently the moss, which is very inflammable — and which I have often used to light a fire by discharging a loose wadding from a gun — took fire, and, by waving it gently backwards and forwards, a flame ensued. Plenty of branches, and even trunks of trees, lay about; and the girl soon found herself with a blazing heap. The fire was made in a cleared nook sheltered by trees, and, the night being dark, there was no danger of the smoke being seen. But the wolves came not; some other prey must have attracted them, or they must have lost the scent.

Convinced by this, Thee-kis-ho let her fire fall low, and proceeded to skin and cut up the deer, which, perhaps the only animal of the kind she had any chance of mastering, was a perfect treasure. Flesh, skin, sinews, intestines, bones, all were valuable, furnishing food, clothing, thread, materials for snares and nets. The animal was quite dead; and the Indian girl, who had in the last two months learned much, proceeded to her task quietly. Some portions were prepared for immediate use, the rest laid aside for the future.

Though she had seldom, in her home on the Mabasha Water, assisted in domestic duties, she had observed, and knew everything that could be made of the animal. Tired as she was, she scraped and cleaned the skin, and rubbed it well with grease to soften it. She then cooked her first hot meal since her flight, examined her nets and line, and, after amply feeding the dog, lay down to rest. She slept more than twelve hours, and rose much refreshed. She had now a large bundle to carry, and far to go with it; but she abandoned nothing. She loaded herself and her dog with the whole of the precious property, and then once more she started on her way.

But now she found herself in a maze of woods, and lakes, and rivers, but could not tell her road. She was alarmed, for the season was far advanced, and in that high latitude winter was near. Still she advanced with courage and energy, though not recognizing one of the places she had seen on coming away from home.

One day she found herself in a thick and gloomy wood. She walked with her dog disconsolately along a track evidently left by the buffalo, ignorant of the direction she was taking, and lost in gloomy reflections The darkness of the trees, the heavy atmosphere, the weariness of her feet and frame, her failing hope, had much changed the poor girl; and she felt by the wind and the air, and she saw by the sky, that winter was rapidly approaching.

Suddenly she gave a shriek as she emerged from the wood upon a small, green, and grassy plot. Before her, as far as the eye could reach, to the right, to the left, in front, lay the waters of a vast inland sea, dotted here and there by small islands. Thee-kis-ho looked anxiously around; for she knew herself to be on the great

Lake of the Woods, where dwelt, said tradition, a warlike and mighty race. But all was still save the waving of the pine, the poplar, and the larch, and the beating of the waves of the sea upon the pebbly shore. The Indian girl stood still, musing. Was she still in the land of reality, or was this the promised place to which all the brave and good went after death? Her hesitation was momentary; and then other thoughts came upon her.

It was now impossible to reach home that year, and the heart of the White Swallow beat confusedly and almost despairingly within her. Should she live throughout the severe season, alone, without hunting implements, without a hut, without needful clothing? But even if she did get through the winter, would she, when the birds came again, and nature was green and gay, and the trees put on their bridal clothing, and the earth sent forth perfume, and the dew hung like crystal on the trees, and the sun danced merrily on the waters, and the flowers awoke from their sleep — should she still find her affianced husband without a bride? The Indian girl was alone, none could see her shame, and she bowed her head and wept.

But better thoughts soon prevailed, and Thee-kis-ho began to prepare for her long, and cold, and dreary winter on the shores of the great Lake of the Woods.

WINTER.

The Indian girl stood like our first parents when chased from Paradise — homeless, houseless, almost without raiment, food, or tools, and with everything to be provided by the labor of her own hands. She began by walking along the borders of the lake, until she came to where a small rivulet fell into the great inland sea, and here she cast her fishing-lines, reinforced by many a new hook made from the bones of the deer. Then she set at some distance, and in various places, all her traps. This done, she thought of her hut. A large tree, the boughs of which began to project at some distance from the ground, was selected as the main-stay. Against this the tallest and stoutest branches she could find, with some drift-wood, were leant, so as to form a kind of tent. Other boughs were laid on so thick, one upon the other, that the whole took the aspect of a mere accidental wood-heap. It was rude and shapeless, but it was weatherproof, and that was enough for the wants of a homeless Indian. Thee-kis-ho's deer-skin was as yet her only bedding, but now that she had fixed her abode, she hoped to succeed better as a trapper, and so add to the wealth of her wardrobe.

It was late at night when this her first and almost her most important task was completed. But she stopped not until it was concluded. Then she lay down to rest beside her dog, and took the first sleep she had had under cover for nearly three months. At dawn she rose to recommence her arduous labors. Food must be found, prepared, and preserved for nearly the whole winter, now approaching with terrible strides. She found the lake full of fish, and every moment she could spare from setting and resetting her traps was devoted to fishing. While waiting for the arrival of a hard frost, which she knew would set in in the course of a few days, she looked about her. A portion of the lake formed a small pond off the rivulet, with an entrance not five feet across, and about two feet deep. As soon as she caught her fish, which she did as fast as she could throw her lines, she cast them into this pond, having first made a dam by throwing branches and stones into the narrow channel, which left ample passage for water, but none for the escape of the trout, pike, and other large fish of the lake, which, like that of Athapascow, is renowned for the abundance and size of its finny inhabitants.

Wading in the water, provided with a stick, a rude bark-net, and her dog, she could always re-catch them at will. Every day, too, she added to the numbers of rabbits, partridges, and squirrels which she caught in her traps; and, while roaming about the woods with Esquimaux, she, on one occasion, by his aid, caught a porcupine. One day, too, she hit upon a small beaver dam, and captured several of these sagacious animals. Presently, however, the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and Thee-kis-ho found herself in winter. All her fish were at once taken out of the water, and placed in a position where they were freely exposed to the cold. The next day the whole country was covered with a thick coat of snow, and the fish were frozen hard.

The change in the weather by no means changed the industrious habits of the young White Swallow. A part of the day was spent in making herself warm clothes with her rabbit, beaver, and squirrel skins; and, though alone, they were made with all the elegance of which she was capable, for she was still a woman. Then she cast her lines, taking care, now the cold was come, to drop them in deep places, while she found employment every day for hours in mending old and making new traps. Then to make a fire in the morning, when she had not kept the embers alive all night, was a waste of time and labor, for the moss was damp, and would not burn; but Thee-kis-ho soon took care to have a supply of tinder in the shape of fungi, which she dried by a warm fire, and hung up in her hut.

She had, at first at all events, plenty of food. The little animals she caught, famished and hungry, snapped greedily at the baits offered them, and rarely did a day pass without its due proportion of prey. Furs became plentiful; and as the cold became more severe, the Indian girl not only clothed herself with them, but made bed-coverings, and lined the inside of the tent. Her fire, despite the smoke, was made, according to the fashion of her tribe, in her tent; the acrid vapor escaping by a little opening in the summit, and by the narrow door. A small fire was quite sufficient both for cooking and warmth.

The next labor undertaken by the White Swallow was making herself a pair of snow-shoes with which to take exercise. Without them walking became painful. At one time she thought of constructing a sledge, and on setting out towards the Mabasha, with her dog dragging a load of provisions; but the doubtful nature of the enterprise made her at once give it up, and resolve on waiting the return of the warm summer season. From tradition and report, she believed she knew pretty well her whereabouts, and regarded the journey before her next year as of little consequence.

Still the young girl felt some desponding emotions. Continued solitude may have its charms for the melancholy and misanthropical, but the young and hopeful long for the society of their fellows, and for communion with the world. It is true that Thee-kis-ho had both ample occupation and dumb society; but I believe few young ladies will deny, that however constantly their fingers might be employed, and however faithful a companion their dog might be, they would pretty nearly always like the addition of some conversational associate; and not the less if this associate were an agreeable man. The loving and faithful Indian girl never had Matonaza out of her thoughts — she dreamed of him at night, she thought of him by day, and during every occupation found him present to her imagination.

At break of day she would rise and light or trim her fire, before which some meat or fish was then set to cook. Then she went down to the lake to look at her lines, until such time as the edge of the water froze hard, when fishing ceased, for she had no nets with which to try her fortune under the ice. Her land-nets were, however, always a source of employment, and generally of profit, for the winter game was abundant round the lake. Then she returned to the hut to cook her breakfast, and feed her dog, an animal now more useful as a companion than as a servant. This done, she sat within her tent by a fire of hot embers, and near a narrow loophole admitting light, adding daily to her wardrobe, until the dead of winter arrived, when she had no choice but to take exercise on her snow-shoes, or to lie in darkness in her hut, hermetically closed against the air.

Still she repined not, for time passed rapidly with her; the middle of winter was now come, and every hour brought her nearer the period when, on the wings of affection and hope, she would hasten towards the village of her youth, her affections, and her future joys. The innocent and warm-hearted girl never doubted her affianced husband's truth and affection; and if a suspicion came across her that he might have found one to take her place, and cause her to be forgotten, she speedily drove such gloomy images away.

The worst of the winter was now past, but not the difficulties and sufferings of our heroine. During the bitter cold of December and January she scarcely made any captures, while the appetites of herself and her dog remained always the same. She therefore saw her store of fish and frozen game almost completely consumed, while in three days one solitary bird would alone reward her efforts. The cold, too, was intense; and one day, more damp and disagreeable than usual, her hot embers went out during the night, and the tinder she had preserved would not light.

The poor girl was driven to eat raw and frozen fish, and to take violent exercise on her snow-shoes. That night, but for her dog and her furs, she would have been frozen to death. Next day her efforts were not more fortunate; and, seriously alarmed at this accident, Thee-kis-ho was almost inclined to give way to despair.

Five days passed without fire, and the Indian girl began to fear to go to sleep lest a severer cold than usual might chill her limbs. One morning, after eating her miserable, cold, and wretched pittance, and endeavoring to get fire from her broken flints, the White Swallow went out to walk, when two startling sights arrested her attention. It was blowing a smart breeze on the lake, and yet, in the distance, three canoes full of Indians were paddling smartly, as if making their way from some of the islands of the centre towards a prominent point of land to the left. On this point there was a fire, giving more smoke than was usually the case under the circumstances in the woods. The White Swallow at once conjectured that her own obscure position in the depth of a bay, and the fact that her fire was always made amid very tall trees, and of a moderate size, had alone — together with the intervention of an island pretty thickly wooded, at the mouth of the bay — protected her from disagreeable visits.

There was danger in the journey, but Thee-kis-ho at once determined on venturing across to the fire, to pick there some hot brands with which to relight her own, but in a very small and cautious way. She surmised that if the fire was made by persons hostile to the party in the canoe, a fight and a chase would ensue, when her efforts would be practicable enough. Then the fear came on her of leaving a trail, which some of them might hit upon, and trace her to her hut. This made her use extreme caution. She eagerly retreated within the shelter of the new clad trees, and thence watched.

The smoke of the fire became now very thick, and the canoes reached the land. There were some dozen warriors or more, and after one or two had plunged into the thicket, to examine, as she supposed, what the foe was, the rest stood still. In a few minutes they were called to join their companions, in a way which showed that the fire was abandoned, or that those around it were found. Then two men burst from the thicket, leaped into the first canoe, cast the others adrift, and paddled away.

A yell, distinctly heard by the Indian girl, then arose, and the warriors came rushing back. One of them easily caught a canoe, which had been checked by some ice, and the whole party again betook themselves to the water in chase of the fugitives. These made for the island nearest to the White Swallow's lonely hut, and were speedily lost behind it. In ten minutes more the others were equally so; and Thee-kis-ho saw no more.

The young girl was now seriously alarmed. She was in the very centre, it appeared, of some battle-ground of those who could not but be enemies to her, and it would be a strange chance if they did not hit upon her humble dwelling, in which case all her efforts and heroic fortitude would have availed her nothing: so she returned not to the Mabasha, it little mattered what Indian called her his squaw. Filled with alarm, and allowing all kinds of gloomy ideas to prey upon her, the White Swallow returned to her hut, now so buried in the snow as to resemble, rather, a snow-heap than a wigwam, and, hiding herself under her fur coverlids, sought to collect her thoughts. All her reflections, however, produced no very satisfactory result, and she soon fell fast asleep. Suddenly an angry growl from her dog alarmed her: she awoke with a violent start; the door of the hut was opened, and the face of an Indian warrior peered in upon the darkness.

The White Swallow lay motionless. She discovered that it was night, and that the moon had risen, and that she could see and not be seen. Then she started up.

"Matonaza!" she cried.

"Thee-kis-ho!" replied the Indian.

The young warrior looked behind him: no one was near: and, giving way to the native impulses of his heart, he passionately embraced his affianced wife. The dog at once ceased growling, and the lovers were soon sheltered from the piercing cold under cover of the hut.

The Lover's Search.

Matonaza, Mark Dalton, and the Roaming Panther, continued on their way without stopping until they reached the scene of the already narrated Esquimaux massacre. No one had approached its precincts since the departure of the Athapascows, and tents and dead bodies all lay in horrid confusion. The corpses were eagerly examined, but the White Swallow was not among them. At all events, then, she had not been killed in the fray. This was a source of prodigious relief to the whole party. A council was held, Mark Dalton inclining to the opinion that the girl had been captured by some of the other Esquimaux, while the chief believed her to be returning on her way alone. But should the idea of his pale-faced friend be correct, it was necessary to examine into the circumstance at once, as it was easier to make these inquiries now, than after a long and arduous search.

They accordingly ascended the rocky eminence above the huts, and gazed around. The seven tents were before them, and some smoke seemed to evince that they were inhabited. It was necessary to cross the river to hold communion with them, but it was dangerous to show themselves in a way which might terrify those who had witnessed so dreadful a massacre. It was agreed that the Roaming Panther, who was a splendid swimmer, and knew a little of the Esquimaux dialect, should venture across alone, and under cover of the unerring rifles of the two friends. He accordingly plunged into the water, and in a very short time stood upon the opposite bank unarmed, and shouting a welcome to the copper-colored race.

The inhabitants of the huts rushed out in great alarm, which subsided when they saw one unarmed man before them. The Roaming Panther walked into the middle of the group, speaking with extreme volubility, and pointing, with signs of horror, to the scene of the late terrible catastrophe. The Esquimaux stood round him in timid wonder; but, after about ten minutes, his eloquence seemed to prevail, and one of the men, entering a canoe, moved towards the two friends. The savage, it was quite clear, was very uneasy at first, but he appeared more tranquil as he came near and distinguished the friendly gestures of the strangers.

In ten minutes more the three wanderers were the guests of the poor northern aborigines, who received them with extreme hospitality. There could be little conversation when the chief and the runner only knew a few sentences; but, such as it was, it was wholly about the event of the hour — the slaughter of the neighboring family. Matonaza easily discovered that the Esquimaux knew their enemies to be seven in number, and immediately made signs that they had killed three of them. The Esquimaux looked uneasy at this for a moment; but reflecting, no doubt, that if killing was the trade of these, also, they would have commenced shooting fire at them from the other side, they became gradually calmer. Then the Little Snake drew the conversation to a young girl of his tribe, whom the Athapascows had stolen away, and who was yet not with them.

One of the men nodded his head, and pointed to a half-deaf, half-blind old woman, who sat in a corner. Matonaza looked puzzled, but waited. The Esquimaux bawled in her ear, and the hag began to mumble something, which the other spoke over again more clearly. It was to the effect that a young girl, sweet in speech, and beautiful as an angel, had warned her, whilst fishing, of the presence of the Indians, but had been no more seen. This was enough for Matonaza, who, after some further cross-questioning, and a careful examination of the neighborhood, discovered that, six days before, the White Swallow had got the start of him on her way home.

But for ten days previously they had pushed on with such haste, as to be worn, with fatigue, almost to death, being likewise half-starved, and without moccasins. A good day's rest, and food, and new shoes, were indispensable. They therefore accepted, from the good-natured Esquimaux, a supply of fish, and a tent, and disposed themselves to eat, rest, and make shoes, having saved some deer-skin pieces for the purpose. It was only after a day and two nights' rest that they felt themselves able to renew their journey; but then they started with energy, strength, and hope. Their new friends parted from them with good wishes, and an expression of regret that all red-skins were not so pacific.

It was now necessary to follow the trail of the young girl with extreme caution. Fortunately, it was clear and obvious enough at first, though all were puzzled about the animal which accompanied the White Swallow. It was clearly a large dog; but how she came by so unexpected a friend was somewhat difficult to conjecture. All parties, however, were soon at fault. The river was reached where Thee-kis-ho had hidden her trail, and it now became requisite to be, according to the words of the chief, "all eye." The Roaming Panther followed one bank of the stream, while Mark and Matonaza followed the other, for a long time in vain. The bank was hard and rocky, or pebbly, and not a trace of the Indian girl was to be found.

"Ugh!" said the young chief, suddenly.

They were standing near a stunted bush, and there, on the ground, were some faint traces of a camp, with some fish-bones, abandoned by the dog. The party halted, and, after a few words of congratulation, supped on a couple of wild rabbits and a partridge, all the results of the day's chase, cooked by means of the stunted branches and trunk of the bush. It began now to be very cold; and when the trio in their turn commenced ascending the gully by which Thee-kis-ho crossed the Rocky Mountains, the blast blew chill and keen. Here, too, in these stony hills, they lost all trace of the girl.

From that hour, indeed, the trail was wholly lost to them. So much time was consumed in hunting for it, in looking for provisions, and in roaming hither and thither, that the snow overtook them before they had passed the lake where the young girl had killed the deer. It became almost useless to proceed, and yet the chief resolved on continuing the search. A hut was erected, a fire made, and then the three men parted in search of game — one remaining near the camp on the look-out for small birds, the others going hither and thither, in the hope of falling on more noble prey. This was done for a week, during which, right and left, every place where a hut could be hid was examined: then the camp was moved a few miles further south, and the same plan resumed.

This was continued with various fortune for some time, until one day they found themselves camped near a large wood without provisions, weary, hungry, and cold. A council was held, and it was agreed that Mark and the Roaming Panther on the one hand, and Matonaza on the other, should start once more in chase of elk and buffalo, and that the first that met with good fortune should give the other notice.

Matonaza moved about in various directions in moody silence. The young chief had, in his own mind, given up all hope of finding the beloved White Swallow, whom he imagined the prey of some savage wild beast, or of Indians as ruthless. He moved along, brooding on revenge, on some terrible and sudden foray into the land of the Athapascows, and yet his eye was cast about in search of game. Presently the forest grew less dense, and the young chief soon found himself in the open air beside the vast lake already alluded to. The warrior paused, for never had he seen waters so vast. He gazed curiously around, and then followed the banks for some time: but all in vain; not a trace of game did he find. Weary and hungry, he turned his steps back towards the camp, and reached the spot where he had first come out upon the lake. He passed it, and pursued his way still further along the shore, which was frozen hard as far out as the water was shallow.

The Indian now came in sight of the fire seen by Thee-kis-ho in the morning, hitherto masked from his view by the island already alluded to. He knew this to be the signal given by his friends that they had found game, and hurried his steps. Suddenly he halted. A rabbit in its milk-white winter coat lay struggling at his feet, and yet not running away. The animal was caught in a snare made by human hands. The chief bounded like a stricken deer; his eyes flashed; and then, after killing the animal, and casting it over his shoulder, he began moving along the bank. Another and another snare fell under his notice, and then steps in the snow — those of a woman and a dog — steps of that day, of that hour!

Matonaza stood for an instant leaning on his rifle; for, though an Indian and a warrior, he was a man, and young. He was not insensible to gentle emotions, and he loved the girl with all the warmth of a generous and unsophisticated heart that had never loved before. Then he looked around, his eyes glaring like those of the tiger about to spring; and he caught sight of the hut, or rather of the snow-pile which hid it. The door was clearly defined. He stood by it, he raised it: the rest has been already told.

STRANGE EVENTS.

For some quarter of an hour they gave themselves up to the joy of this unexpected and happy meeting. The warrior then listened with charmed ears to the recital of the events which had preceded the arrival of the White Swallow at her winter camp. Surprise, pride, and satisfaction, filled the young man's heart, as each day's adventure showed how admirably the girl had conducted herself, and how fit she was to be the bride of a chief. She spoke briefly, but clearly, and the event of the day soon formed the topic of discourse.

When Thee-kis-ho spoke of the flight of two men from the fire, Matonaza became much moved.

"My friends are prisoners," he said gravely, and then bade her go on.

But the White Swallow ceased speaking, and waited to hear the narrative of her future lord and master.

The young chief reflected a moment, and asked for something to eat. But the girl had nothing but raw fish and the rabbit, and no fire.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Matonaza, as he heard that she had had no fire for five or six days; "let us go."

The White Swallow rose, took a good supply of fish, with the rabbit, and followed the Little Snake, who led the way through the wood towards the camp where he had left his companions. All was calm and still. The lake, which had been agitated, was quiescent, and the wind had fallen. A quarter of an hour's quick walking through the forest brought them in sight of the fire. It remained untouched, as also the hut of boughs and fallen trunks that had been erected on the previous night. They at once drew the half-scattered embers together, and a few upright and transversed sticks served as a gridiron for the fish. The rabbit was also put to roast. No alarm was expected but from the lake; and an occasional glance at the water, by a walk of a dozen yards with the dog, rendered a surprise unlikely. An elk, and the guns of both Mark and the Roaming Panther, were found in the hut. The enemy had followed them so rapidly, they had no time to inquire into the spoil which might be found in the camp.

Matonaza gazed with speaking eye and affectionate mien at the young girl as she moved about preparing their meal. He smiled grimly as she offered him the meat when ready, without offering to take any herself. But he drew her on to the log beside him, and bade her eat. The White Swallow laughingly obeyed, and they ate together. It was the sweetest repast either had tasted for many a long day. When they had done, it was pitchy dark, and the young warrior at once went down to the shore, and in the cold, and ice, and snow, began to make a raft. Plenty of logs, and boughs, and withes were to be found; and in an hour Indian ingenuity had succeeded in manufacturing a very solid construction. Then both stepped into it, with the three guns, leaving the dog behind.

The chief turned the somewhat awkward vessel towards the island pointed out by his dusky bride, and both propelled it, as best they could, with sticks as much like paddles as they could find. They made for the side towards the hut of the young girl, which was rocky and precipitous, and therefore safest. Their progress was extremely slow. No light of any kind was there to guide them. The island loomed up in the distance against the sky, and not a sign of life could be seen upon it.

At last it was reached, and the slender bark grated on the shore. The pair leaped on the ice, and drew the raft so far after them as at least to prevent its floating off. They then took the rifles, and gained the land. They found themselves at the foot of lofty rocks, from which hung thick and large trees that half-concealed their height. The ascent was rugged, but not impossible; and, by feeling their way with extreme caution, they at last reached the summit. The wood was here dense in the extreme, and so mixed up with brushwood, as to oblige them to take great care as they advanced with the rifles. They pushed their way through, however, a little further, and then suddenly halted.

They were within a few yards of an extensive Indian camp.

The centre of the island was a large and deep hollow, used from time immemorial as the winter residence of the tribe which now occupied it. About a hundred and fifty yards long, by sixty broad, it contained thirty large huts, or wigwams, so arranged as to leave a considerable space in the centre. It was, perhaps, a dozen yards deep, and so overhung by trees, that whatever fire was made — and the Indians rarely make more than is necessary — never could be discovered by the smoke, which, rising in small columns, was swept by the currents of air among the dense foliage, to escape in such light vapors as were imperceptible. A large fire was now made, however, beside a rock, close below where the astonished pair stood. Round this were, perhaps, forty dark and fierce-looking warriors. The women stood in groups near the huts whispering.

But the captives were what they chiefly sought; and these were soon distinguished in the very centre of the council of the tribe.

A debate was going on, to which neither Mark Dalton nor the Roaming Panther seemed to pay any attention. They were on a log by themselves, and spoke in whispers.

"Listen!" said Matonaza, crouching down beside his bride in such a position as to see and hear all that passed, while he was at the summit of a path which led down to the fire.

Various opinions had apparently been uttered before their arrival. The last speaker, a fat, luxurious, greasy-looking warrior, with a nose and eye that spoke of the rum of the Yengeese, was, when they first listened, doing battle for the protection of the white man's scalp. He urged the fact, that if he were taken to the nearest fort in the spring, they would be amply repaid for their trouble, and receive both powder, ball, and shot, in abundance, with plenty of fire-water, that made a poor Indian's heart glad. As for the red-skin, his tribe could spare him; besides, he was of no value. Let them take his scalp. A few applauded, but the rest murmured loudly, for the speaker was a notorious drunkard; and the red-skins, even those who occasionally give way to the suicidal madness of drink — the worst suicide, because of mind and body — despise an habitual sot.

Then up rose a warrior in the very prime of his days. He was about five-and-forty, handsome, well-made, tall, and of grave and rather melancholy mien. It was the Lightning-Arm, the renowned warrior, who, taken prisoner by the English, had resisted all the temptations which ruined his fellows. He was the bravest, the wisest, the ablest chief of that day; and his renown was universal. So was his terrible cruelty, in putting to death all the white men, Dog-ribbed, and other north-western Indians, who fell in his way. This was his oration: —

"It is fifteen summers ago. The Lightning-Arm lived with his people on the borders of the Little Bear River. There was plenty of deer in the woods, and fish in the river, and the beavers were kind; they knew that their Indian brothers were poor, and plenty were found. The Lightning-Arm was happy. He stood like a tall pine in the midst of a wood, and every warrior called him chief. Yes; the Lightning-Arm was very happy. A little bird sang in the woods, the loveliest girl of the Great Athapascow tribe, and the little bird sang beside the tall pine. Lightning-Arm called the Wild Rose his squaw. One pappoose was in his wigwam, and it laughed in its father's face, and Lightning-Arm was very happy. He was a great warrior; his wife was pretty and good; he had a child lovely as the flowers of the prairie in spring. Lightning-Arm was very happy. Then came the Pale Face traders, and bought all the red-skins' furs, and gave the foolish Indians fire-water. The traders went away, and the Indians were beasts: the fire-water was in their eyes, they could not see; the fire-water was in their ears, and they could not hear; the fire-water was in their heads, they could not watch. But wolves were in the woods, who knew that the Great Athapascows were as hogs, and they came down upon the camp. The Lightning-Arm had gone to show the traders how to hunt. The wolves slew all the warriors, who woke no more; they killed the Wild Rose, and they stole her child. Lightning-Arm came bounding home: he listened for two laughs — one very loud and clear, and one very little, but very sweet. The Lightning-Arm was alone, the tall pine stood naked on a stony plain. Let them die — the white man for his fire-water, the red-skin for his blood! He is a Dog-ribbed cur. I have spoken!"

And the warrior drew his tomahawk, and awaited the words of his companions, eager to give the signal for the torments which were once more to glut his revenge. His hate for the Pale Faces, whose drink had caused the camp to be surprised, and for the member of a tribe suspected of the foray, might be seen in every lineament. The whole circle of warriors applauded, and were about to rise, when the Little Snake and the White Swallow stood in their midst.

"My father is very sorry for the death of his squaw," said Matonaza with profound respect for the other's grief, "and his eyes are dim. But his eyes are open now; does he know again a little face he saw fifteen summers ago? His ears are very sharp, the girl will laugh, and her father will know her again!"

The Indians moved not, though their favorite "ugh" escaped every throat, while the Lightning-Arm listened with undisguised astonishment.

"My brother is young," he said, quickly recovering himself, "and would save his friends; he gives an old warrior a young squaw for a little pappoose."

"Matonaza is no liar," replied the other, solemnly. "His father led the foray against the Great Athapascows; he took away a little pappoose for a squaw for his boy. There she stands — see!"

And the young chief held out his hand, and took from the breast of the White Swallow one of those charmed bags given by the medicine men to preserve children against evil spirits, and which, found on the neck of the girl, had been left there, all fearing to touch an amulet which, in their eyes, had secret powers. The older chief took a pine-knot, and held it towards the face of the young girl, examining at the same time, by an imperceptible glance, the little bag. Matonaza saw the Lightning-Arm start, and then discovered, by the working of his face and clenched hands, how intense was the struggle between his Indian stoicism, and the pent-up feelings of fifteen years.

"My old eyes were dim, and I could not see my friends," said the father, in tones which no art, not even that of man's iron resolution, could make firm. "You are welcome — ye have brought back my child!"

The three companions became at once the centre of a friendly and delighted group, who crowded round the men, with exquisite delicacy contriving to let the father slip away with his child, without attracting attention to this act, rather too full of nature and feeling to suit Indian customs. But, once out of sight, the chief raised the girl in his arms, and, running under the trees, reached an empty wigwam at the end of the village. A pine-knot, full of rosin, illuminated the place. He set the White Swallow down upon a mat, and looked at her. Every feature, every expression — mouth, nose, eyes, hair — all were those of the mother, not older than she was when killed. The warrior shook like a palsied man with emotion, and then clasped the girl wildly to him. She laughed faintly, bewildered as she was, and the man almost shrieked. His ears had not heard that laugh for fifteen years, and yet, it had thrilled in his heart every hour; for the chief had idolized his beautiful wife, and she came to him nightly from the Happy Hunting-ground in the visions of his sleep. It was an hour before the Lightning-Arm was sufficiently composed to rejoin his fellows and the astounded women. He found a feast prepared to celebrate the happy occasion. All joined heartily in it. Mark and the Roaming Panther, who had been expecting death for hours, ate none the less heartily; while the old chief, throwing aside all his rigidity on this festive occasion, made the women join the feast, and placed the White Swallow by his side. Even the roughest warriors smiled grimly as they saw him watching every mouthful she ate, giving her the choicest morsels, and touching nothing himself.

Matonaza looked gravely, sadly on. He had saved his friends, he had found the girl a father, he had gladdened the heart of a widowed, childless chief, but he had lost a wife. It was, therefore, with unusual gravity that he rose to narrate the circumstances under which the parties had met. His narrative, the history of a year, was the work of two hours' speaking, during which the young chief showed all that consummate oratorical art which belongs to some of the Indians — art that, if aided by the advantages of education, would astound some civilized audiences. He spoke little of himself, much of the White Swallow, and told his story in all its details. The Great Athapascows — a distinct tribe from the Little Athapascows, the ravishers of the girl — listened with unfeigned astonishment and breathless interest. The whole story delighted all, and none more than the father. A loud murmur of applause and a huge cloud of tobacco-smoke greeted its conclusion.

"My brother is very wise — a young arm, an old head! The Lightning-Arm sees a long way. The Little Snake has said nothing, but his eyes are not silent. He would like to hear the White Swallow laugh in his wigwam!"

The young man at once warmly stated his case, his affection, his abandonment of all to seek her.

"And the White Swallow?" asked the father, quite tenderly for an Indian.

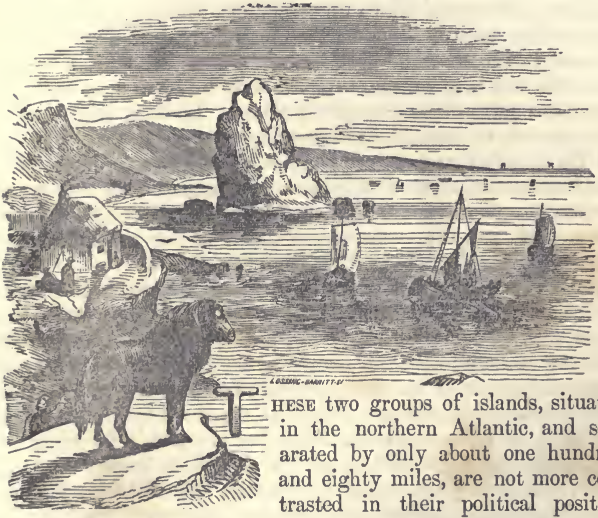
"Matonaza is a great chief, and the White Swallow will be his squaw!"

The thing was at once settled. It was agreed that in the spring the whole party should move towards the Mabasha, to wait during the summer, when it was proposed the two tribes should unite. Matonaza answered for his people, who were too weak to stand alone, and the Great Athapascows willingly agreed to accept them. The party then retired to rest. Early on the following morning the White Swallow fetched her dog, while the whole village visited her solitary hut, which had escaped their notice only because they seldom hunted or fished in the winter months, passing them in their wigwams. Two days later, the wedding-feast took place amid universal rejoicings. Never was a happier party. The father was a changed man. He mourned the early dead; but he rejoiced over the recovered child, and was doubly pleased at seeing her doubly happy — finding a lost husband and an unknown father on the same day. The Roaming Panther carried the news to the small camp on the Mabasha; and in May the junction took place. Mark Dalton hunted with them all the summer; and when he left them in the autumn, it was with regret

Neither the Lightning-Arm nor Matonaza ever joined in or encouraged any of the wars and forays of their race. They had suffered too much from them. The old chief ruled the counsels of his people for years, and led them to victory every time they were attacked. He lived to see children again, and to watch them grow up to manhood. He became their instructor and teacher. A devoted and earnest friendship took place between the father and the son-in-law; and, in memory of the past, the White Swallow enjoyed a much happier fate than most Indian women. The chief never took another squaw: she was his first and his last; and ten years after they parted, when travelling on a mission, Mark Dalton, now governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, found his friends as happy as when he left them so long a time before.

They talked over their adventures once again, and forgot not one detail; and in after-life, when speaking of his Indian experiences, and admitting all the terror and rudeness of savage life, Mark Dalton had always, by way of contrast, his story to tell of the White Swallow of Mabasha Lake.

FOWLING IN FAROE AND SHETLAND.



These two groups of islands, situated in the northern Atlantic, and separated by only about one hundred and eighty miles, are not more contrasted in their political position and internal economy, than in their geological structure, and consequent dissimilarity of scenery; though, from having been originally peopled by the same Scandinavian race, and long under one government, there are still to be discovered numerous traces of similar language, manners, and even personal appearance.

While Shetland is an integral portion of the home British empire, participating in her enlightened laws and policy, her freedom and progress in improvement, together with the good, and also, alas! evil, more or less attendant on our peculiar institutions, Faroe, as respects manners and state of society, is in much the same condition as it has been for a century past at least, or as Shetland was at that distance of time.

Faroe belongs to the Danish crown, is governed by its absolute, though mild and paternal rule, and is subject to a royal monopoly of all commerce and other resources. From analogy and observation, however, we are disposed to the opinion, that, for a half-instructed, isolated, and pastoral people, the Faroese appear to be, at present, in precisely the circumstances most conducive to their morality, independence, and happiness.

The geological formation of the Faroe Isles is of volcanic origin; hence their splendid basaltic columns and conical hills, deep valleys and mural precipices, narrow fiords and rushing tides. The shores are so steep, that, in many of the islands, there is no convenient landing-place. Boats are drawn up precipitous banks by ropes and pulleys; and a ship of large burthen may lie close to a wall of rock, from one to two thousand feet in height on either side, where the strait between is so narrow, that she can only be towed or warped onwards or outwards as alongside a wharf. In some situations the cliffs present stupendous basaltic pillars, to which those of Staffa and the Giant's Causeway are pigmies. More commonly the precipices are broken into narrow terraces, overhanging crags, and gloomy recesses, tenanted by myriads of sea-fowl of every name, whose incessant motions, and shrill echoing cries, give variety and animation to scenes otherwise desolate in their sublimity.

Among these dizzy and almost confounding scenes, the fowler pursues his hazardous, but familiar avocation; for the eggs and flesh of the sea-fowl are an important part of the food of the Faroese, and the feathers a profitable article of exportation. Little thinks many a discontented town-bred workman, or surly field laborer, and still less many a fashionable *ennuyée*, with what cheeriness and courage numbers of their fellow-creatures encounter, not merely fatiguing toil, but frightful danger, while in quest of their daily bread!

The manner of performing the perilous task of taking the birds from the precipices is thus described: "The fowler (fuglemand) is let down from the top of the cliff by a rope, about three inches thick, which is fastened to the waist and thighs by a broad woollen band, on which he sits. The adventurer soon loses sight of his companions, and can only communicate with them by a small line attached to his body. When he reaches the terraces, often not more than a foot broad, he frees himself from the rope, attaches it to a stone, and commences his pursuit of the feathery natives. Where the nests are in a hollow of the rock, the bird-catcher gives himself a swinging motion, by means of his pole, till the vibration carries him so close, that he can get footing on the rock. He can communicate to himself a swing of thirty to forty feet; but when the shelf lies deeper back, another rope is let down to his associates in a boat, who can thus give him a swing of one hundred, or one hundred and twenty feet." The Faroese talk with rapture of their sensations while thus suspended between sea and sky, swinging to and fro by what would seem a frail link when the value of a human life is concerned. Nay, so fascinating is this uncouth occupation, that there are individuals, who, provided with a small supply of food, cause themselves to be lowered to some recess, where the overhanging cliff gives shelter from above, and a platform of a few square feet scarce affords sufficient resting-place; and here, sometimes for a fortnight, and even three weeks together, will the adventurer remain alone, scrambling from crag to crag, collecting birds from the nests, or catching them as they fly past him with his fowling-pole and net, till he has filled his bags with their slaughtered bodies or their feathers. We cannot imagine a more wildly-sublime locality for the restless energy of man to choose as a temporary sojourning place. The ceaseless, discordant scream of the birds, no doubt amazed at the dauntless intruder on their haunts, the roar of the surf, and the wailing of the wind among the rocks and crevices, might combine well-nigh to deafen any unaccustomed ears. Moreover, there is the danger, the awe-inspiring scenery, the solitude; yet several persons have averred to our informant that in such a unique position they have spent absolutely their happiest days!

In Faroe the story is related, which is also said to have occurred at St. Kilda, Foula, and Skye, of a father and son having been lowered at once, the one above the other, on a fowling expedition, by the usual rope; that, on beginning to ascend, they perceived two of the three cords of which it was composed had been cut by the abrasion of the rocks, and could not sustain the weight of more than one of them; and how, after a short, but anguished contention, the father prevailed on the son to cut him off, and thus sacrifice his parent's life as the only chance of saving his own.

A far more instructive and thrilling anecdote, which, so far as we know, has not appeared in print, was told our informant in Faroe by a member of the young man's family to whom it occurred.

We have said that the fowlers are lowered from above, and manage to get stationed on some shelf, or ledge of rock, frequently beneath an overhanging crag, where they disengage themselves from the rope, and proceed to their employment. Now it unfortunately happened, that the young man we have alluded to, having secured his footing on the flat rock, by some accident lost his hold of the rope, to which was also attached his single-line, which he had the agony to see, after a few pendulous swings, settle, perpendicularly, utterly beyond his reach. When the first moments of surprise and nearly mortal anguish had elapsed, he sat down to consider, as calmly as might be, what he should do, what effort make to save himself from the appalling fate of perishing by inches on that miserable spot. His friends above, he knew, after waiting the usual time, would draw up the rope, and finding him not there, would conclude he had perished; or should they by the same method descend to seek him, how, among the thousand nooks of that bewildering depth of rock upon rock, find the secret recess he had chosen, where he had so often congratulated himself on his favorable position, but which seemed now destined for his grave?

More than once the almost invincible temptation rushed on his mind of ending his distraction and suspense by leaping into the abyss. One short moment, and his fears and sufferings, with his "life's fitful fever," would be over. But the temporary panic passed away; he raised his thoughts to the guardian care of Omnipotence; and calmed, and reässured, he trusted some mode of deliverance would present itself. To this end he more particularly scanned his limited resting-place. It was a rocky shelf, about eight feet wide, and gradually narrowing till it met the extended precipice, where not the foot of a gull could rest; at the other extremity it terminated in an abrupt descent of hundreds of feet; at the back was a mural rock, smooth, and slippery as ice; and above was a beetling crag, overarching the place where he stood, outside of which depended his only safety — his unfortunate rope. Every way he moved, carefully examining and attempting each possible mode of egress from his singular prison-house. He found none. There remained, so far as his own efforts were concerned, one desperate chance to endeavor to reach the rope. By means of his long pole he attempted to bring it to his hand. Long he tried; but he tried in vain: he could hardly touch it with the end of the stick and other appliances; but no ingenuity could serve to hook it fast. Should he, then, leap from the rock, and endeavor to catch it as he sprung? Was there any hope he could succeed, or, catching, could he sustain his hold till drawn to the top? This, indeed, seemed his only forlorn hope. One fervent prayer, therefore, for agility, courage, and strength, and with a bold heart, a steady eye, and outstretched hand, he made the fearful spring! We dare not and could not say exactly the distance — it was many feet — but he caught the rope, first with one hand, and in the next moment with the other. It slipped through, peeling the skin from his palms; but the knot towards the loops at the end stopped his impetus, and he felt he could hold fast for a time. He made the usual signal urgently, and was drawn upwards as rapidly as possible. Yet the swinging motion, the imminent danger, and his own precarious strength considered, we may well believe the shortest interval would seem long, and that no ordinary courage and energy were still necessary for his safety. He reached the top, and instantly prostrated himself on the turf, returning aloud to the Almighty his fervent thanksgivings, a few words of which had hardly escaped his lips, when he sunk into utter insensibility.

Great was the amazement of his associates to find him hanging on by his hands — greater far their astonishment at his singular adventure: but once having told his tale, which every circumstance clearly corroborated, his pole and net being found on the rock as described, he never would again be prevailed on to recur to the subject; nor did he ever approach in the direction of the cliff from which he had descended, without turning shudderingly away from a spot associated with a trial so severe.

Quite contrasted to all these scenes, as we observed at the outset, are the aspect of nature and the manner of taking the sea-fowl and their eggs in Shetland. The hills are low, none of the seaward precipices are above six or seven hundred feet high; and so far from fowling being pursued as a regular branch of employment, under proper regulations, as in Faroe, the Shetland landlords and other superiors by all means discourage their dependants from spending their time and energies in what is at best to them a desultory and most dangerous occupation, which, moreover, robs the rocks, otherwise so bare and rugged, of those feathered denizens, their appropriate ornament. Still, so fascinating and exciting is this method of idling away time, that might be much more profitably or improvingly employed, at least, in these islands, that many of the fishermen frequent the cliffs and peril their lives in the forbidden pursuit. Serious accidents occasionally occur. Some time ago a poor man met a very dreadful fate. He had been creeping into a crevice where were several nests with eggs; having inserted half of his body, he had dislodged a stone, which held him fast. His decaying corpse was found some time afterwards; the head, shoulders, and outstretched hands jammed in the crevice, and the feet and legs hanging out.

More lately, a man noted for his fowling depredations went out one fine morning to gather shell-fish bait for the next day's fishing. It happened to be the day after communion Sabbath, when there is sermon at noon. The fisherman's Sunday clothes were laid ready, his family went to church and returned, but he appeared not: night came, and he was yet absent. Still his family were under no particular anxiety, imagining he had gone to a friend's at some little distance. In the morning, however, when he did not join his boat's crew to go to the usual fishing, the alarm was raised, and inquiry and search immediately made. It was without success for a considerable time; but, finally, near the brink of a precipice, where an opening rent in the rocks made an accessible way for a short distance downwards, the poor man's shoes and basket of bait were found. Following up this indication, his fishing associates proceeded in their boat to the base of the cliff, from whence they saw something like a human being. With renewed hope they climbed up, and found their unfortunate comrade, caught between two rocks, where he reclined as if asleep; but he had fallen from a great height, and was quite dead; and by this act, as of a truant schoolboy, for a few wild-fowl eggs, was a wife and large family left destitute and mourning!

There is in the island of Unst, the most northerly of the Shetlands, one man, who, by his bravery, expertness, and, we may perhaps add, his incorrigible perseverance, has gained a sort of tacit immunity from the general restriction, or, at least, his poaching misdemeanors are winked at. His father was a noted fowler before him; and since his own earliest boyhood, he has been accustomed to make it his pastime to scramble among the steepest crags and cliffs, making many a hair-breadth escape, many an unheard-of prize. He has robbed the most inaccessible nooks of their inhabitants, and even surprised the sea eagle in her nest. He climbs barefooted, and his toes clasp the slippery rock as talons would. Fear or dizziness he knows not of; and for a few shillings, or, for an afternoon's recreation, he will scale many a ladder of rock, and penetrate many a time-worn crevice, where human foot but his own will probably never tread. Every cranny, every stepping-place of the precipitous headlands of his native island are intimately known to him; and at how much expense of unconquerable perseverance, zigzag explorings, and undaunted courage this has been accomplished, we may not stop too particularly to relate.

On one occasion, led on by his indomitable love of exploring, he had passed to a point of a cliff to which even he had never before been. His object was to discover the spot where he believed a pair of eagles had long built unmolested. Overjoyed, he reached the place; triumphantly he possessed himself of the eggs (for which, by the by, a commercial collector afterwards paid him five shillings); and then he for the first time became aware of his whereabouts. How he got there he could not even imagine. He paused a few moments; it was not fear, but unfeigned surprise and awe that entranced him; and then the consideration naturally forced itself on his attention—"How shall I return?" It ought to be mentioned, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that it is much more difficult to get down than to ascend. The whole tortuosities and difficulties of the path are more clearly in view, and the head is not apt to be so steady. In the present case, moreover, the excitement was past — the object was attained, and it is wonderful how the blood cools, and courage becomes calculating, in these latter circumstances. Well, beside the plundered eyrie our gallant adventurer sat cogitating. "I'll never return, that's certain, to begin with," he said to himself. "After all my escapes and exploits, my time is come at last. Well, if it is, it is: let me meet it like a man! If it is not come, I shall get down in safety, as I have done ere now, though never from such an awful place before." So he precipitately began the descent — plunging on without an idea except his early-imbibed belief in predestination, and an occasional aspiration to the Almighty for protection. He never knew, he says, how or by what paths he reached a place of comparative safety; but he would not attempt to go again to that spot for twenty guineas.

It is not, however, only in those localities with which from childhood he has been familiar that our courageous fowler is dexterous and adventurous in his undertakings. Tempted by an offer of adequate remuneration from an amateur, he engaged to procure an eagle's egg from a distant quarter, where they were known to have a nest. The gentleman, in the interval of his absence, sorely repented that he had proffered the bribe, though he by no means urged the step. But in due time the brave cragsman returned successful, having twice scaled the precipice to the eyrie. The first time, when he reached the place, from whence he scared the parent birds, he found the nest so situated, that, though he saw the eggs, he could not by any possibility reach them. Nothing daunted, he returned and made his preparations. To the end of a long fishing-rod he attached a bladder, the mouth of which he kept distended by a wire. Reaching this simple but ingenious apparatus to the nest, from the perching-place where he leaned, he gradually worked the eggs into the bladder-bag with the point of the rod, and bore them off in triumph. It was the most lucrative, though the most dangerous adventure he had ever accomplished; for the locality was strange, the weather was gloomy, and the birds were fierce, and, at one time, in startling proximity to the spoiler.

This man, who in every respect is the beau ideal of a successful fowler, is now in the prime of life, about medium height, active and agile of course, and slender and lithe as an eel. During the late trying season of destitution from the failure of crops and fishing, he has mainly supported his family by the produce of such exploits as we have been detailing. And he has a little son, the tiny counterpart of himself, whom, almost ever since he could walk, he has taught to climb the rocks along with him, and who, therefore, bids fair, should he escape casualties, to be as bold and expert in fowling as is his parent.

THE FUQUEER'S CURSE.

Among the many strange objects which an Englishman meets with in India, there are few which tend so much to upset his equanimity as a visit from a wandering Fuqueer.

The advent of one of these gentry in an English settlement is regarded with much the same sort of feeling as a vagrant cockroach, when he makes his appearance, unannounced, in a modern drawing-room. If we could imagine the aforesaid cockroach brandishing his horns in the face of the horrified inmates, exulting in the disgust which his presence creates, and intimating, with a conceited swagger, that, in virtue of his ugliness, he considered himself entitled to some cake and wine, perhaps the analogy would be more complete.

The fuqueer is the mendicant friar of India. He owns no superior; wears no clothing; performs no work; despises everybody and everything; sometimes pretends to perpetual fasting, and lives on the fat of the land.

There is this much, however, to be said for him, that when he does mortify himself for the good of the community, he does it to some purpose. A lenten fast, or a penance of parched pease in his shoes, would be a mere bagatelle to him. We have seen a fuqueer who was never "known" to eat at all. He carried a small black stone about with him, which had been presented to his mother by a holy man. He pretended that by sucking this stone, and without the aid of any sort of nutriment, he had arrived at the mature age of forty; yet he had a nest of supplementary chins, and a protuberant paunch, which certainly did great credit to the fattening powers of the black stone. Oddly enough, his business was to collect eatables and drinkables; but, like the Scottish gentleman who was continually begging brimstone, they were "no for hissel, but for a neebour." When I saw him he was soliciting offerings of rice, milk, fish, and ghee, for the benefit of his patron

Devi. These offerings were nightly laid upon the altar before the Devi, who was supposed to *absorb* them during the night, considerately leaving the fragments to be distributed among the poor of the parish. His godship was very discriminating in the goodness and freshness of these offerings; for he rejected such as were stale, to be returned next morning, with his maledictions, to the fraudulent donors.

Sometimes a fuqueer will take it into his head that the community will be benefited by his trundling himself along, like a cart-wheel, for a couple of hundred miles or so. He ties his wrists to his ankles, gets a *tire*, composed of chopped straw, mud, and cow-dung, laid along the ridge of his backbone; a bamboo staff passed through the angle formed by his knees and his elbows, by way of an axle, and off he goes; a brazen cup, with a bag, and a *hubble-bubble*, hang like tassels at the two extremities of the axle. Thus accoutred, he often starts on a journey which will occupy him for several years, like Milton's fiend, —

> "O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, feet or wings, pursues his way."

On arriving in the vicinity of a village, the whole population turn out to meet and escort him with due honors to the public well or tank; the men beating drums, and the women singing through their noses. Here his holiness unbends, washes off the dust and dirt acquired by perambulating several miles of dusty road; and, after partaking of a slight refreshment, enters into conversation with the assembled villagers just as if he were an ordinary mortal; making very particular inquiries concerning the state of their larders, and slight investigations as to their morals. Of course every one is anxious to have the honor of entertaining a man so holy as to roll to their presence doubled up into a hoop; and disputes get warm as to who is to have the preference. Whereupon the fuqueer makes a speech, in which he returns thanks for the attentions shown him, and intimates that he intends taking up his quarters with the man who is most capable of testifying his appreciation of the honor. After some higgling, he knocks himself down, a decided bargain, to be the guest of the highest bidder, in whose house he remains, giving good advice to the community, and diffusing an odor of sanctity throughout the whole village. When the supplies begin to fail, he ties his hands to his heels again, gets a fresh tire put on, and is escorted out of the village with the same formalities as accompanied his entrance.

Like other vermin of his class, he is most apt to attach himself to the "weaker vessels" of humanity, with whom he is generally a prodigious favorite. He is not, certainly, indebted to his personal advantages for this favor, for a more hideously ugly race of men is seldom met with. As if nature had not made him sufficiently repulsive, he heightens his hideousness by encircling his eyes with bands of white paint; daubing his cheeks a rich mustard yellow; a white streak runs along the ridge of his nose, and another forms a circle round his mouth; his ribs are indicated by corresponding bars of white paint, which give a highly venerable cross-bones effect to his breast. When I add, that he wears no clothes, and that the use of soap is no part of his religion, some idea may be gained of the effect the first view of him occasions in the mind of a European.

On the afternoon of a very sultry day in June, I had got a table out in the verandah of my bungalow, and was amusing myself with a galvanic apparatus, giving such of my servants as had the courage a taste of what they called *Wulatee boinjee* (English lightning), when a long, gaunt figure, with his hair hanging in disordered masses over his face, was observed to cross the lawn. On arriving within a few paces of where I stood, he drew himself up in an imposing attitude — one of his arms akimbo, while the other held out towards me what appeared to be a pair of tongs, with a brass dish at the extremity of it.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"Fuqueer," was the guttural response.

"What do you want?"

"Bheek," (alms).

"Bheek!" I exclaimed, "surely you are joking, — a great stout fellow like you can't be wanting bheek!"

The fuqueer paid not the slightest attention, but continued holding out his tongs with the dish at the end of it.

"You had better be off," I said; "I never give bheek to people who are able to work."

"We do Khooda's work," replied the fuqueer, with a swagger.

"Oh! you do — then," I answered, "you had better ask Khooda for bheek." So saying, I turned to the table, and began arranging the apparatus for making some experiments. Happening to look up about five minutes after, I observed that the fuqueer was standing upon one leg, and struggling to assume as much majesty as was consistent with his equilibrium. The tongs and dish were still extended, while his left hand sustained his right foot across his abdomen. I turned to the table, and tried to go on with my work; but I blundered awfully, broke a glass jar, cut my fingers, and made a mess on the table. I had a consciousness of the fuqueer's staring at me with his extended dish, and could not get the fellow out of my head. I looked up at him again. There he was as grand as ever, on his one leg, and with his eyes riveted on mine. He continued this performance for nearly an hour, yet there did not seem to be the faintest indication of his unfolding himself; — rather a picturesque ornament to the lawn, if he should take it into his head, as these fellows sometimes do, to remain in the same position for a twelvemonth "If," I said, "you stand there much longer, I'll give you such a taste of boinjee (lightning) as will soon make you glad to go."

The only answer to this threat was a smile of derision that sent his mustache bristling up against his nose.

"Lightning!" he sneered — "your lightning can't touch a fuqueer — the gods take care of him."

Without more ado, I charged the battery and connected it with a coil machine, which, as those who have tried it are aware, is capable of racking the nerves in such a way as few people care to try and which none are capable of voluntarily enduring beyond a few seconds.

The fuqueer seemed rather amused at the queer-looking implements on the table, but otherwise maintained a look of lofty stoicism; nor did he seem in any way alarmed when I approached with the conductors.

Some of my servants who had already experienced the process, now came clustering about, with looks of ill-suppressed merriment, to witness the fuqueer's ordeal. I fastened one wire to his still extended tongs, and the other to the foot on the ground.

As the coil machine was not yet in action, beyond disconcerting him a little, the attachment of the wires did not otherwise affect him. But when I pushed the magnet into the coil, and gave him the full strength of the battery, he howled like a demon; the tongs, to which his hands were now fastened by a force beyond his will, quivered in his unwilling grasp as if it were burning the flesh from his bones. He threw himself on the ground, yelling and gnashing his teeth, the tongs clanging an irregular accompaniment. Never was human pride so abruptly cast down. He was rolling about in such a frantic way, that I began to fear he would do himself mischief; and, thinking he had now had as much as was good for him, I stopped the machine and released him.

For some minutes he lay quivering on the ground, as if not quite sure that the horrible spell was broken; then gathering himself up, he flung the tongs from him, bounded across the lawn, and over the fence like an antelope. When he had got to what he reckoned cursing distance, he turned round, shook his fists at me, and fell to work — pouring out a torrent of imprecations — shouting. screeching and tossing his arms about in a manner fearful to behold.

There is a peculiarity in the abuse of an Oriental, that, beyond wishing the object of it a liberal endowment of blisters, boils and ulcers, (no inefficient curses in a hot country,) he does not otherwise allude to him personally; but directs the main burden of his wrath against his female relatives — from his grandmother to his granddaughter, wives, daughters, sisters, aunts, and grand aunts inclusive. These he imprecates individually and collectively through every clause of a prescribed formulary, which has been handed down by his ancestors, and which, in searchingness of detail and comprehensiveness of malediction, leaves small scope for additions or improvements.

Leaving me then to rot and wither from the face of the earth, and consigning all my female kindred to utter and inevitable death and destruction, he walked off to a neighboring village to give vent to his feelings, and compose his ruffled dignity.

It so happened, that a short time after the fuqueer had gone, I incautiously held my head, while watching the result of some experiments, over a dish of fuming acid, and consequently became so ill as to be obliged to retire to my bedroom and lie down. In about an hour, I called to my bearer to fetch me a glass of water; but, although I heard him and some of the other servants whispering together behind the purda, or door curtain, no attention was paid to my summons. After repeating the call two or three times with the same result, I got up to see what was the matter. On drawing aside the purda, I beheld the whole establishment seated in full conclave on their haunches round the door. On seeing me, they all got up and took to their heels, like a covey of frightened partridges. The old Kidmudgar was too fat to run far; so I seized him, just as he was making his exit by a gap in the garden fence. He was, at first, quite incapable of giving any account of himself; so I made him sit a minute among the long grass to recover his wind, when he broke out with "Oh! *re-bab-re-bab!*" and began to blubber, as only a fat Kidmudgar can, imploring me to send instantly for the fuqueer, and make him a present; if I did not, I would certainly be a dead man before to-morrow's sun; "For," said he, "a fuqueer's curse is good as *kismut-ke-bat*" (a matter of fate). Some of his fellows now seeing that the murder was out, ventured to come back, and joined in requesting me to save my life while there was yet time.

A laugh was the only answer I could make. This somewhat reässured them, but it was easy to see that I was regarded by all as a doomed man. It was to no purpose that I told them I was now quite well, and endeavored to explain the cause of my sickness. They would have it that I was in a dying state, and that my only salvation lay in sending off a messenger with a kid and a bag of rupees to the fuqueer. The durdzee (tailor), who had just come from the village where the fuqueer had taken refuge, told me, that, as soon as the fuqueer heard that I was ill, he performed a *pas seul* of a most impressive character, shouting and threatening to curse everybody in the village as he had me and mine. The consequence was that pice, cowries, rice and ghee were showered upon him with overwhelming liberality.

Without saying a word, I armed myself with a horsewhip, set out for the village, and found the fuqueer surrounded by a dense crowd of men and women, to whom he was jabbering with tremendous volubility; telling them how he had withered me up root and branch, and expressing a hope that I would serve as a lesson to the other children of Sheitan who ventured to take liberties with a fuqueer. The crowd hid me from him till I broke in upon his dreams with a slight taste of my whip across his shoulders. His eyes nearly leaped out of their sockets when he turned round and saw me. Another intimation from my thong sent him off with a yell, leaving the rich spoil he had collected from the simple villagers behind. What became of him I cannot tell. I heard no more of him.

A few such adventures as these would tend to lessen the gross, and, to them, expensive superstitions under which the natives of India at present labor.

THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

Geography of the Deserts — Physical Structure and Leading Features — Vegetable and Animal Productions — Conjectures as to the Origin of the Deserts.

The northern coast of Africa has long been known to the civilized world, and once formed no unimportant part of its political and social system. But though Egypt took the lead in science, and Carthage in commercial enterprise, yet the progress of civilization does not appear to have extended at any time beyond the tracts of land immediately bordering on the Nile and the Mediterranean. A few days' journey into the interior placed the traveller on apparently endless plains of shifting sand; a boundary which arrested the victorious career of Cambyses and Alexander, and which has, in all subsequent ages, baffled every attempt at colonization and improvement. Till within the last few years, the immense region which extends from the fertile shores of the Mediterranean to the country called Soudan, or Nigritia, has been left a blank or dotted space on our maps, marked in large letters "Sahara, or the Great Desert;" as though nature, departing from her usual diversity of operations, had here adopted the rule of monotony and uniformity, and had spread in every direction a sheet of burning sand. The imagination of poets has availed itself of the silence of geographers, and represented this as a region without a blade of grass, and traversed by no living thing, except wild beasts of prey, and here and there a tribe of savages, ignorant of the primary wants of individual life which attach man to the soil, as well as of the first elements of social existence which unite him to his fellow-men.

Travellers have from time to time ventured into the mysterious abyss; and the few who have returned to tell what they saw, have furnished some interesting particulars concerning the route they pursued, and the people they encountered. Their aim, however was rather to get through the Desert than to become acquainted with it, the great object of curiosity being the Negro country which lies beyond. But since the French assumed the sovereignty of Algeria in 1830, they have felt, like all preceding conquerors of this territory, the impossibility of colonizing and civilizing it, without exercising a corresponding influence on the adjoining desert; and thus the Sahara itself has become an object of deep attention. They have labored assiduously to understand its resources, the social condition of its tribes, and the relation which subsists between them and the inhabitants of the surrounding countries. It must be added, that they have made attempts as futile as unwarrantable, to compel the Saharians to receive law and civilization at their hands. Their utmost success in this respect has been, to obtain a scanty tribute from some of the Oases; to plunder and devastate others whose inhabitants fled before them; and to drive the streams of commerce from their own province to the neighboring states of Morocco and Tripoli. Meanwhile, a vast body of information had been collected, chiefly with reference to the northern and western parts of Sahara; while Mr. Richardson, who penetrated the Desert further towards the east in the year 1846, has made us acquainted with a portion which the French could know only by hearsay. Recent discoveries in Central Africa have thrown new interest around the deserts which form its northern boundary; and the more so, as it is the present opinion that the most eligible route to Nigritia is across the wastes of Sahara from the Mediterranean shores, rather than through the pestilential forests and savage populations which are found between the Senegal and the Niger.

The desert region which we propose now to describe, is bounded on the north by the states of Barbary, on the west by the Atlantic Ocean, on the south by Soudan, or Nigritia, and the river Senegal, and on the east by Egypt and Nubia. Adopting the ancient classical figure, we should call this vast expanse an ocean, dividing the continent of the black race from the abodes of white men: as such it is traversed by powerful fleets, infested with daring freebooters, and studded here and there with single islands, or numerous archipelagoes. It is difficult to assign its precise limits to the north, on account of the interruptions to which it is subject in that direction. It has been usual to consider the Great Sahara as reaching from about the 16th to the 29th parallels, and to call by various names — as the Little Desert, the Desert of Anghad, the Desert of Shott, &c. — those gulfs of the sandy ocean which project further north; while the region of numerous *oases*, which form the northern skirting of the Sahara, have been denominated Beled-el-Jerid, or the Date-Country.

The term is in many respects ineligible, as it conveys the idea of great fertility; and by no means suggests the fact, that it is, as a whole, a desert region, absolutely barren and uninhabitable in many places, though abounding towards the east in the fertile spots called *oases*, which are generally, but not universally, congenial to the date. The fact is, that this fruit attains its greatest perfection in some of those verdant spots which are found in the very heart of the Central Desert; and were it only on this ground, the appellation Date-Country is unsuitable for distinguishing the region of numerous oases in the north from the more thinly-sown portion in the centre. We may, therefore, so far adopt the French nomenclature, as to call this interesting, and now pretty well-known country, "the Northern Sahara," in contradistinction to the Central, which it might confuse the English reader to denominate the Falat, as the term Sahara is retained in our best maps.

The inhabitants of the Desert know no other division of their country than that of tribes and oases — the very names of which were long unknown in Europe, but are now to some extent ascertained and defined. Instead, however, of burdening the reader's memory with a large number of names which he might find in no map within his reach, and, perhaps, might never again meet in the course of his reading, we shall merely point out the oases which are most important from their external relations, and which we may have occasion afterwards to mention.

Beginning from the west, and proceeding along the northern border, the first fertile spots to be noted are El-Harib, important as a resting-place on the direct route from the city of Morocco to Timbuctoo; and Tafilet, the capital of the Shereef tribe, and the centre of an extensive commerce with the negro country, the interior of Morocco, and the East. Tafilet is not a single oasis, but a cluster; for fertile spots are both few and small west of the second degree of east longitude, owing, it is believed, to the circumstance that the wind blows from the east nine months in the year, rushing into a hurricane at certain seasons, and that, in the course of time, it has accumulated the sand towards the west. In the Algerian Sahara, the most southern oases are El-Abied-Sidi-Sheik, Wad-Miab, Wad-Reklah, Wad-Reer, and Wad-Soof, better known by their towns, Metili, Gardeai, Tuggurt, and Temacin, forming a chain of fertile spots, south of which all is sterility, and not even a village is to be seen during several days' journey. The fertile belt which stretches along the shores of the Mediterranean, and by the natives called the Tell, is from fifty to one hundred and twenty miles broad in the province of Algiers, but it becomes a very narrow strip in the regency of Tripoli; and an English traveller remarks here, that the distinction between Great and Little Deserts is quite fictitious: it is all Sahara, and the sands reach the very walls of Tripoli. The two great oases, or, rather, archipelagoes, facilitate the intercourse between the above-named points and the interior of Africa: they are Fezzan, of which the capital is Mourzouk, and Twât, whose chief towns are Ain-salah, Agabli, and Timimoom. The space, however, between these and the nearest of the northern oases is very formidable, and would be almost impassable if nature had not placed two resting-places on the two principal routes. El-Golea lies between Algeria and Twât; Ghadamis between Tunis and Fezzan. Timbuctoo and Kashna are the great marts in the negro country with which commercial relations are maintained in a manner we shall hereafter describe.

The eastern part of the Desert, sometimes distinguished as the Libyan, offers no points of similar interest, except Bilna, the chief town, famous for its immense salt beds, whence large quantities are annually exported to Nigritia. But we must not overlook the line of oases which is found running north and south near the extreme eastern limit of these dreary wastes. Here are Darfoor, Selimeh, the Great and Little Oases of Thebes, the natron lakes, and the Baha-bela-ma, or dry river. The Great Oasis is one hundred and twenty miles long, and four or five broad; the lesser, separated from it by forty miles of desert, is similar in form. In the valley of Nitrium is another beautiful spot, which was a favorite retreat of Christian monks in the second century. Here remain four out of three hundred and sixty convents, and from them some valuable manuscripts of ancient date have recently been obtained. Another oasis in this direction contains splendid ruins, supposed to be those of the famous temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Returning from the ancient to the modern, from the poetical to the useful, we remark that the route almost directly south from Ghadamis to Kashna has, since the adventures of Lyon, Richardson, and others, become pretty well known, and it is ascertained to be a line of great commercial activity, and abounding with towns and villages. Of the former, Ghat* is celebrated as a market or fair, and Agades as the capital of the Targhee tribes in this district. Aheer is another important town, as it is on the way from Morocco (by Twât) to Kashna; and also as it maintains commerce with

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* Or Rât.

Bilna, Ghat, and Mourzouk. We know little of the tracts which lie west of Aheer, but on the line from Twât to Timbuctoo we find Mabrook, thrice welcome to the traveller, who has met with no water for ten days before reaching it. Tishet, Toudeni, and Wadan* are generally marked on modern maps on account of their salt beds, which form a valuable article of commerce.

The knowledge which we possess of the physical structure of the Desert is still very incomplete. We may, however, add some general views of the nature and aspect of its surface, and notice some of its most remarkable features. If we begin our examination with the western portion, a journey along the coast offers nothing but low sandy tracts, broken here and there by rocky headlands, neither bold nor lofty; the land is not perceived at sea beyond a very short distance, which is doubtless the principal reason of the numerous shipwrecks that have occurred on this inhospitable shore. Leaving the coast, the shifting sand extends but a few days' journey at the most, and we arrive at a somewhat elevated plain, which appears very extensive. It is close, uniform, stony, and arid in the extreme, but here and there interrupted by a hollow, or large ravine, one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet deep, whose steeps afford occasional springs of water. That part of the desert which lies between El-Harib and Timbuctoo is extremely arid, and destitute of wells, indicating that in this space there must be some point of culmination, or a line of rising-ground to separate the waters, for we find much sand on the route of Caillié; and it is well known that sand and springs abound chiefly in low grounds, and that it is especially near the lines that divide the waters that there appear few inducements to bore. A similar swelling has been remarked between Twât and Timbuctoo. On leaving Agabli, the most southern point of the former, the route lies over sand for a few days, and then occurs a tract of stiff red earth, and the utter absence of water for eight or ten days. This does not extend far to the west, for in that direction it is bounded by a sandy waste.

The central part of the Desert seems to be considerably more mountainous than the eastern or western portions of it. Between Algiers and Twât is an uninhabitable desert of sand without water, separated by a hilly district from another similarly dreary waste between Algeria and Ghadamis. The country which lies between Twât and Ghat is all hilly, but its particular topography is quite unknown, on account of the deadly enmity which we shall afterwards have occasion to notice as existing between the populations whose territories it separates, and which renders its exploration perilous in the extreme. The Targhee country abounds in hills and stony plains. Mr. Richardson describes himself as travelling six days southward from Ghadamis without meeting fifty yards of sand; the route lay over hard baked earth, and huge blocks of stone, but chiefly beds of very small pebbles. Afterwards he met sand in abundance — masses of it quite loose, and four hundred feet high. Towards Ghat it was heap upon heap, pile upon pile, every succeeding feature of the landscape appearing more hideous than the former, and the whole presenting "a mass of blank existence, having no apparent object but to terrify the hapless traveller, who, with his faithful camel, pursues his weary way through the waste." The country about Ghat is intersected in every direction with dark gloomy mountains. Here, it is said, that spirits of the air live in harmonious alliance with the tribes of the Desert, in consequence of a kind of Magna Charta, a treaty offensive and defensive, made between them ages ago. The jenoum, (demons, or genii,) who had chosen to build their palaces in these mountains, offered their friendship and protection to the sons of men, on condition of being allowed to remain unmolested, promising especially to endue their human allies with vision and tact, during the hours of darkness, to surprise and overcome their enemies. And the Targhee fathers alone of mortals vowed them eternal and inviolable friendship on these conditions, swearing that they never would employ Maraboot, holy Koran, or any other means, to dislodge them from the black turret-shaped hills. The treaty has never been violated; the demons dwell unmolested in their lofty castles; and many an unfortunate traveller, or hapless negro family, witnesses the fearful efficacy of the powers which they have conferred upon the Touarik. Standing out conspicuously among the private dwellings of the demons is an immense rock: this is their council-hall; and here, from thousands of miles round, do the spirits of the air meet to deliberate on the affairs of their social polity. Here, too, are their public treasuries — caverns full of gold, silver, and diamonds — all, we presume, of a spiritual nature, like their possessors, or we doubt if they would remain inviolable. Nor must we omit to mention a rocking or logging-stone, about fifty feet high. It was the spot on which a wealthy Maraboot of great sanctity met a violent death. The murderer, seized with remorse for his deed of blood, entreated the genii to cover up the body from sight, as he had not courage himself to bury it. They listened to his prayer, and detached this piece of rock from their great palace to form a sepulchral stone; and here it has rested, occasionally rocking, say the people, to this day. The murderer then begged that the genii would accept some of the spoil in token of his gratitude; but they refused to touch the bloodstained gold, and pelted the wretch to death.

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* Or Hoden.

The topography of Fezzan presents a mixture of mountains and plains; and the soil is sterile enough except in the oases, which are said to be about one hundred in number. The most remarkable feature of this part of Sahara is the chain which separates it from Tripoli, and which runs from east-south-east to west-north-west, like the coast from Benghazi to Khabs. The whole country south of Fezzan consists likewise of hills and stony plains, sandy tracts being met with only here and there. A long range of black basaltic mountains forms the western boundary of the Tiboo country or Libyan Desert, where the continent shelves down towards the Mediterranean in a series of sandy or gravelly terraces, divided by low rocky ridges. This shelving country is cut transversely by the deep furrow in which is the long line of oases to which we have adverted as of ancient classic celebrity. A hideous flinty plain, several days' journey across, lies between it and the parallel valley of the Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of the great Deserts of Africa.

It appears thus, that insulated hills, or groups of them, generally of naked sandstone or granite, are by no means uncommon throughout the Sahara, where they appear like islands in the vast expanse. The stony plains also are somewhat elevated, as are those of stiff clay; the sandy tracts lie lower; and deeper still are the ravines and basins which constitute the most peculiar and interesting features of the Saharian landscape. The Desert boasts of no permanent river; but the winter rains give rise to temporary streams, which fill these hollows, and then sink to some unknown depth in the sand, or evaporate in the scorching heat of the summer sun. Ouad or Wady is the term used to designate the channels of these temporary streams, which sometimes acquire, on account of the rapidity of their fall, a velocity which uproots trees and spreads desolation everywhere in its course. This is especially the case in the northern oases. At that of Mzab, for instance, when the sky darkens towards the north, a number of horsemen set out in that direction, and station themselves at regular distances on the highest points of the land. If the torrent appears, the farthest of them fires a gun; the telegraphic signal is repeated from post to post, and reaches the town in a few minutes. The inhabitants run immediately to the gardens, to awake the men who may be sleeping there, and in haste they carry away every object of value that might become the prey of the devastating flood. Presently a dreadful noise announces the irruption of the torrent; the soil of the gardens disappears beneath the water; and the Saharian city seems transported, as if by magic, to the banks of a broad and rapid river, whence arise, like little isles of verdure, innumerable heads of palm-trees — an ephemeral ornament which disappears in a few days.

Some of the basins are very extensive, and contain beds of salt considerable enough to be worked: such are the famous Traza, Toudeni, and Tishet. In latitude about thirty-four degrees north, and nearly on the meridian of London, are two large basins, called Shott, situated in a frightful desert, and divided from each other by an isthmus from twenty-five to thirty miles broad. They present a very singular formation, which would open an interesting field of geological inquiry. The eastern basin is about one hundred and twenty miles long, and the western about eighty-five, the mean breadth of each being about six miles. These basins exhibit a fall of the earth from thirty-five to sixty feet deep, nearly vertical, and so perfectly clean and smooth that they appear as if wrought out with a chisel. Dr. Jacquot, who examined them minutely in 1847, asserts that they could not have been produced by any gradual action of water; that they are evidently *cratères de soulèvement*, and bear the appearance of having been torn open by the convulsion which upheaved the Atlas, their greater axis being parallel to that chain, like most of the accidents of the Northern Sahara. Several pluvial streams flow into these basins, and various small plants are found in them; but they become perfectly dry in summer. The local tradition of the origin of the Shott is, that at a remote period of antiquity, the Saharians, jealous of the fine sheet of water which forms the boundary of the Tell, resolved to have a sea of their own. With immense labor they excavated the two basins, and then the question was how to get them filled. A numerous caravan was equipped for the shores of the Mediterranean, with skins to bring water for their artificial sea. Allah, incensed at their presumptuous enterprise, destroyed them all by the way, and let loose a fearful tempest on the splendid city which they had built for a port on the sea which they contemplated. The ravages of time have effaced the last vestiges of the unfortunate city; but the basins of the Shott, long, dreary, sterile craters, remain a witness of the power of God, and the vanity of man. If this explanation of the origin of the Shott affords little satisfaction to the geologist, it is fraught with interest to the lover of Scripture truth, who finds here, as in almost every country under heaven, a traditionary record, however imperfect, of the events which took place at Babel.

Many of the depressions of the Sahara, whether in the form of wads or basins, enjoy a constant supply of water by means of natural or artificial wells, and have consequently been planted and inhabited: these are the oases of the Desert; not to the eye of the geologist like islands which rise above the surrounding expanse, but hollows affording to animal and vegetable life not only the vivifying moisture, but the no less needful shelter from the storms of the Desert. These verdant spots, which are often hundreds of miles apart, present considerable encouragement to the labors of the husbandman, and are in general most favorable to the cultivation of the date-palm and other fruit trees. Onions, with various herbs and vegetables, also find a congenial soil; but grain does not appear to yield abundant crops. The wide wastes abroad furnish for the most part a scanty supply of coarse grass and small shrubs, serving as pasturage for the cattle of many a nomade tribe; but there are also extensive tracts where not a morsel of verdure is to be seen. Nothing can exceed the desolation of these regions: where there is no vegetable there can, of course, be no animal life; day after day the traveller wends his way without seeing bird, beast, or insect; no sound, no stir, breaks the dreadful silence; the dry heated air is like the breath of a furnace, and the setting sun like a volcanic fire. The desert plains that are much exposed to storms present an equally terrific scene, but somewhat different: the sand is blown into clouds that fill the atmosphere, darken the sun at noonday, and almost suffocate the traveller. Now the whirlwinds form it into columns; and one of the most magnificent and appalling sights in nature is presented. "In the vast expanse of desert," says Bruce, "we saw towards the north a number of prodigious pillars of sand at various distances, sometimes moving with great velocity, sometimes stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals we thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually reach us more than once: again they would retreat so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds; then the summits often separated from the bodies, and these, once disjoined, dispersed in air, and did not appear more; sometimes they were broken in the middle, as if struck with large cannon-shot. At noon they began to advance with considerable swiftness upon us, the wind being very strong at north. Eleven ranged alongside of us about the distance of three miles; the greatest diameter of the largest appeared to me as if it would measure ten feet. They retired from us with a wind at south-east, leaving an impression on my mind to which I can give no name, though surely one ingredient in it was fear, with a considerable deal of wonder and astonishment. It was in vain to think of fleeing; the swiftest horse could be of no use to carry us out of the danger and the full conviction of this riveted me to the spot." Another traveller had an opportunity of seeing one of these pillars crossing the River Gambia from the Great Desert. "It passed," he says, "within eighteen or twenty fathoms of the stern of the vessel, and seemed to be about 250 feet in height; its heat was sensibly felt at the distance of 100 feet, and it left a strong smell, more like that of saltpetre than sulphur, which remained a long time."

Downs or sandhills form a prominent and remarkable feature of the Saharian landscape. They are rounded elevations, smooth as the cupola of polished marble, sterile as the rock of naked granite, and of so uniform a color that they never appear to blend or confuse with surrounding objects. During the day they wear the sombre hue of a landscape at sunset; but by moonlight one would think them phosphorescent, from the brightness of the light sparkling in the bosom of the shadows. In some situations the sand-hills seem to be at the mercy of the wind, travelling at its bidding, and settling here or there to rise and wander forth again. Others seem to have found a permanent resting-place; and this is generally, if not always, in the shelter of a mountain-chain. Yet, strange to say, the sands are not, in such a case, heaped against the mountain sides, nor yet gathered into the hollows; they form a distinct, secondary chain of themselves, corresponding in form and direction with the primary, and separated from it by a broad valley, which is covered here with pebbles, there with sand; now with herbage, and again with barrenness itself.

The camel, the sheep, and the goat, are the domestic animals of the Sahara; few wild ones of any kind are to be found in the open desert. When the natives are asked about the lions which the learned of Europe have given them for companions, they answer with imperturbable gravity, that "perhaps in Christian countries there are lions which browse on herbage and drink the air, but in Africa they require running water and living flesh; consequently they never appear in the Sahara." The wooded mountains are infested with them, but they have no inducement to descend into the sandy plains. The only formidable creatures are of the viper and scorpion kinds. Few else except timid and inoffensive species are natural guests here: the principal are the gazelle, the ostrich, the antelope, and the wild ass; but even these seem to venture little beyond the skirts of the desert, except in the neighborhood of mountains. The chameleon is common in the gardens of the central oases, where it is allowed to roam unmolested, being rather a favorite than otherwise. It is described as a most unsightly creature, changing its color continually, but never exhibiting a handsome one. Its hues are dunnish red or yellow, and sometimes a blackish brown; it is often varied with spots or stripes, but frequently without either. The construction of the eyes is remarkable; they seem to turn on a swivel, and are directed every way in a moment. The Saharian traveller has frequent occasion to admire the facility with which the camel turns its head and neck completely round, and looks north, south, east, and west, without pausing, or even slackening its pace for an instant; but he ceases to wonder if he has ever observed the rapidity of the chameleon's eye.

Another singular creature is the thob, (perhaps *Monitor pulchra*,) a large species of lizard not unlike a miniature alligator. It is sometimes twenty inches long, and ten round the thickest part of the body. It is covered with scaly mail, shining, and of a dark-gray color, and has a tail four inches long, composed of a series of broad, thick, and sharp bones. The head is large and tortoise-shaped, the mouth small. It has four feet, or rather hands, on which it runs awkwardly enough, owing apparently to its bulky tail. It hides in the dry sandy holes of the Desert, and the Arabs say that a single drop of water kills it. The traveller is glad to make a meal of the thob; and, prejudice apart, it is palatable food, not unlike the kid of the goat.

Nor must we omit to mention the ouadad, or waden, an animal described as between the goat and bullock in appearance. It is hunted in the sands of the Central Desert, and its flavor is said to resemble that of coarse venison. Three or four of these animals were sent to the Royal Zoological Gardens of London a few years ago.

The geology of the Desert is still involved in much obscurity. Humboldt proposes the question: "Has this once been a region of arable land, whose soil and plants have been swept away by some extraordinary revolution? Or is the reason of its nakedness that the germs of vegetable life have not yet been fully and generally developed?" The most recent opinion seems to be, that the latter is the true state of the case; that this expanse of desert has risen from the ocean at a very recent period, subsequent even to the throes which gave birth to the regions of the Atlas and Soudan. The present aspect of its surface is exactly that which it must have had while as yet submarine. The rocks hid beneath the ocean, and continually swept by its waters, must tend to become even; the loose materials of the mountains being detached and precipitated into the hollows till the culminating points present only so many masses of smooth and solid rock. Travellers have marked this feature of the desert mountains as contrasted with those of Morocco: the latter exhibits wooded craggy heights, bared by winds, bitten by frosts, and hoary with age, though they are considered to have appeared after the formation of the tertiary strata — that is, while the crust of the earth was in its present state of development; but the hills of the Sahara are quite naked, dull and dead, smooth as velvet, and exhibiting a black or purple hue of painful uniformity. This is Mr. Richardson's report of those he met in his route south from Tripoli; and he mentions, what is yet more important, their disposition north and south, which, if a general rule of disposition, would go far to decide that they were not coëval with the Atlas range. The immense quantities of sea-shells found, not only in the limestone rocks, but in the sandy and pebbly plains, and the salt which prevails everywhere, seem to favor the view that the sea has, till very lately, covered the whole of the space now under consideration. Diodorus Siculus mentions a lake of Hesperides in the interior of Africa, which, according to ancient tradition, was suddenly dried up by a fearful convulsion of the earth; and Malte Brun conjectures that this lake could be no other than that which once covered the Sahara. If we were to accept this hypothesis, we could at once find the long-lost isle of Atlantides, without supposing the submergence of a country whose summits only remain in the Canaries and Azores. The region of the Atlas Mountains, including the fertile shores of the Mediterranean, still wears the appearance of a great island, washed on the south by the Sahara-belama, (sea without water,) whose sands reach from the ocean to the Gulf of Syrtis. If, however, the Atlantides of Plato must be placed in the Atlantic, and beyond the pillars of Hercules, might not such a convulsion as submerged this country have been sufficient to upheave the Sahara?

Inhabitants of the Desert — Berbers and Arabs — their Habits, Occupations, and Migrations — The Targhee and his Meharee — The Tibboos — The Maraboot Tribes.

Many portions of this singular region are, as we have seen, uninhabited and uninhabitable; but by far the greater part is scantily peopled by various tribes of two distinct nations. The aboriginal race is that which has been denominated the Atlas Family, said to have arisen from the mixture of the two primitive nations which occupied Northern Africa in the earliest ages — that is to say, the Libyans in the East, and the Getulians in the West. The Romans, and after them the Vandals, mingled themselves with this race; and in the Berber branch it now presents various elements which the succession of generations and multiplicity of crosses have combined into a homogeneous people. The other nation is the Arabs, who are obviously invaders. Negroes are seldom to be met with in the Desert except as slaves or occasional immigrants; they are not found as a population attached to the soil; and Jews have crept all round its borders, but seem never to have ventured into its mysterious depths.

The Arab invasion of the Sahara seems to have commenced in the west by Morocco, or the shores of the Atlantic, and to have advanced eastward to the interior. All along the coast from Senegal to the frontiers of Morocco, and thence to the neighborhood of the Joliba, or Niger, they seem to have utterly expelled the ancient possessors of the soil. Proceeding eastward, we find them mingled with Berbers, but occupying a distinct social position, in the tract which lies between the route from Harib to Timbuctoo, and that from Agabli to the same place. Still further in the same direction, some are found in the country about Mabrook; but beyond this the nomades of the Arab race disappear, and are not met with again till we reach Darfoor. In all the towns, however — such as Agades, Kashna, &c. — there are resident Arabs. A very powerful tribe of them, called Shanbah, are the principal possessors of some of the oases of Twât, and traverse the desert wastes north and west of these.

Of the above-mentioned tribes, those about the north and east banks of the Senegal occupy certain limited districts, having no occasion to change their locality; the most numerous of them is the Ouled-Amer, whose territory is very considerable. It is otherwise with those who live further north; they are subject to annual migrations, from the failure of pasture and water during the summer months. The great tribe of the Ouled-Deleim, who in winter occupy the country round Hoden, migrate in summer to the neighborhood of Noon, where they possess wells and oases. A great number both of Arab and Berber tribes of this part of the Sahara, pass the summer in the empire of Morocco: such are the Harib, who inhabit the town so called, and at the approach of winter disperse southward to a distance of a hundred miles or more. So far are these nomades from wandering at hap-hazard, as many suppose, with their flocks and herds, and sojourning for a time wherever they chance to meet with herbage and water, each tribe has its own region of pasturage when the rains of winter have spread a scanty verdure on the Desert, and its retreat in some well-watered spot during the parching heat of the summer months.

Such are the pastoral tribes of the West, and the same character seems to apply throughout the Desert to those who follow similar avocations. But the Shanbah above mentioned, and several other tribes having their location about the commercial routes which connect Morocco with Twât, and Twât with Tunis and Timbuctoo, seem to combine the mercantile and piratical character in the highest perfection, conducting and defending the caravans that engage their protection by paying a sufficiently heavy tribute for passing through their territories, while they plunder all others without mercy. Their great rivals in both these branches of industry are the Touarik, whose singular character and habits will merit a more particular description when we come to notice the more central tribes.

Throughout the whole extent of the Northern Sahara, where the oases are numerous, we find the Berber and Arab races united by ties of mutual dependence; yet not more distinct in feature and language than in their social position and employment. The Arabs, true to their vagabond instincts, traverse the open country with flocks and herds; undertake the transport of merchandise; engage in the convoy or pillage of caravans; and carry on, in short, all that may be termed the external relations of the community. They are the more numerous and wealthy, of course also the dominant people. In the palmy days of the Hamian-garabas, a single individual has been known to possess 2000 camels, and four times as many sheep. The Berbers, on the other hand, are the sedentary population: they inhabit the oases, where the men employ themselves in cultivating the gardens, and the women conduct the manufactures. In their continual wanderings, the nomades cannot carry all their property with them, and the ksour* become the depositories of their goods. Many of them, besides, have purchased land in the oases, and are obliged to employ the sedentary inhabitants to cultivate it. On the other hand, as soon as the modest accumulations of the ksourian permit, he buys a sheep, which he confides to the pastoral care of the nomade tribe. Thus the two nations, who seem to have nothing in common but their religion, and between whom there is anything but cordiality of feeling, are closely bound together by a reciprocity of interest, and peace is the necessary result.

The French, who have been laboring these twenty years to subjugate these people, say that the Arab submits, revolts, and submits again, again to commence the same alternation of rebellion and obedience, according to the impulse he receives from his own interest or caprice, or from the instigation of the Maraboots; the Berber loves his independence, but when once he has been made to feel a mightier power, he respects the oath that he has sworn. The Arab escapes the punishment of his perfidy by plunging with his tents and flocks into deserts where no army can follow; but the Berber is confined to his ksar and his gardens.

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* Ksar is the village of an oasis; Ksour is the plural; and Ksourian the inhabitant.

Dr. Jacquot describes the first oasis he saw in Sahara as "a little green corner, fresh and shady, cheered with the song of birds, and enlivened by the murmur of waters. The dates waved their elegant plumes high in the air; the pomegranates and fig-trees crowded between the columns of the palms; the wheat and barley clothed the soil with verdure; the water flowed in every direction, and the humid vapors vivified the foliage. One could not help trembling for the little spot, it seemed such a feeble thing in the immensity of the Desert, surrounded by desolate plains, and menaced by moving sandhills."

This little oasis is about five eighths of a mile in length, and a little less in breadth. It occupies the bottom of a narrow ravine, which shelters it in almost every direction. It is enclosed by a mud wall from seven to ten feet high, and from eight to twelve inches thick, flanked with about five-and-twenty round towers, generally built of stone. These are the sentry-boxes, on the flat roofs of which are stationed nightly guards to protect the gardens from pillage. The gardens of the oasis lie against the general wall, and are divided into a number of small enclosures, each of which is a separate property. Next to the gardens, towards the centre, are the fields of corn, barley, and onions, likewise divided into small squares, which are watered and tended like our favorite flower-beds, and through the midst runs the Wady, which flows from four springs a little above the ksar.

Such an oasis does not at all correspond with our preconceived notions of these islands of the sandy ocean. It is not the immense wild garden, which supplies in a day what will support its inhabitants for a year; it is not a spot where numerous species of fruits and flowers crowd and mingle in luxuriant confusion; it is not, in short, the wild primitive oasis. It is niggardly nature, cultivated even to torture by human industry; it is wise, modest, economical husbandry, which rejects the ostentation of useless foliage, and the empty show of unproductive blossoms; which refuses space for a single tree or flower that is merely ornamental, and makes room for those only which yield food for the sustenance of human life. The ksar is built of stone, and presents the appearance of a single building, or rather a mass of heavy masonry perforated here and there with a small window, and diversified with jutting and retiring angles. The flat roofs rise above each other in irregular terraces, and none of the streets are open to the exterior; they are closed up with masonry, affording no entrance but by four narrow doors. In fact, there is no such thing as we should call a street, none being open to the heavens above; they are narrow, dark, often uneven passages winding under the buildings. The main object in the construction seems to have been to pile the houses compactly together, avoiding exterior openings, which might serve for the admission of an enemy, and crowding as many human beings as possible into a given space. About three hundred men, women, and children, a lymphatic, sickly, scrofulous generation, are huddled together in this ksar.

Some oases are considerably larger than the one we have described, and some of the buildings are much more extensive; but this general plan, both as to the gardens and the dwellings, seems to obtain throughout the northern and western portions of Sahara, where the Berber race are in general the architects and husbandmen.

The most interesting structures, however, are not the ksour, but the marabets, or sepulchral chapels, which stand outside the walls. These are generally square, and surmounted by a cupola, the whole being of stone or brickwork, executed by artisans brought from Morocco for the express purpose. Sometimes the principal cupola is flanked by four secondary ones, the interior presenting a court, surrounded by a gallery, supported by Moorish arcades. The ostrich egg, instead of a stone or metal ball, crowns the summit of these pyramids. The ksourians choose to reserve all the luxury and magnificence of their architecture to adorn the little temples around which they excavate their last resting-places. These are not, like the habitations of the living, subject to the ravages of invading foes, for they are universally held sacred; and the conqueror, covered with blood, approaches here with reverence, and prostrates himself in lowly worship. Life is so ephemeral when the elements of nature and the arms of the enemy continually threaten its existence, that the ksourian cares not to lavish his wealth on the dwelling in which he may remain but for a day: he reserves all his solicitude for that which will shelter him forever from the storms of life.

The camel and the date are to the inhabitants of the African deserts what the reindeer and the lichen are to those of the polar regions; and while many of the less enterprising nomades live at least two thirds of the year on camels' milk, so in the oases dates are the staple article of food, and aged ksourians may be found who have never tasted bread.

The tree which produces this valuable fruit is the palm, which gives so peculiar and imposing an aspect to the verdant spots of the Desert. Its straight and lofty trunk, fifty, sixty, or even one hundred feet high, is crowned by a tuft of large radiating leaves or fronds. The calyx has six divisions, and the fruit is a drupe, considerably larger than an acorn; of a full red color when ripe, and enclosing a hard kernel, from which it is easily separated. It is pulpy, firm, esculent, and sweet, with slight astringency. The trees are raised from shoots, which arrive at maturity in thirty years, and continue in full bearing for seventy longer, producing yearly fifteen or twenty clusters, which may weigh from fifteen to twenty pounds each.

When any one wishes to make a date plantation, or to form a garden, as the natives say, he summons the neighboring proprietors to his assistance, and thus accomplishes his work with economy as well as despatch; for their services cost him nothing but the obligation to return the like when demanded: the only auxiliaries who receive wages are those who are not proprietors. The whole of the sand requires to be removed to the depth of several feet, in order that the roots may reach the water; besides, a trench is dug round every stem at a proper distance, and into this, when necessary, water is poured, in order that, sinking through the soil, it may effectually reach those fibres that chiefly require it. This irrigation is generally committed to the women and children by those who have no slaves; and the precious fluid is carried in skins of animals, or baskets of halfa, plaited so closely as to be water-tight. In most cases canals are cut in every direction, communicating with the springs which supply the oasis; and where restriction is necessary, each proprietor pays so much an hour for the flow of a stream into his garden. In some of the oases, each has the respective right of an hour or two, according to the title-deeds of his estate. The time is measured by a rude chronometer held by the officer who opens and shuts the conduit.

The mode of preserving dates is very simple. They are merely pressed closely together in large woollen bags, and thus form compact masses, which keep for several years. Sometimes a large white worm is engendered in these, but it seems to occasion no disgust. Every species of domestic animal in the Desert, even dogs and horses, can make a meal of dates. But this fruit, however valuable, is, as an aliment, very inferior to the cereals; it is capable of less variety of culinary preparation, and through time it produces painful satiety and fatigue of the digestive organs. Where little else is to be had, the ksourian employs various devices to alleviate the monotony of his fare: he cooks his dates with oil or butter, or mingles them with onions and other vegetables, which are usually cultivated in the date gardens. But the favorite ragout, especially in the north, consists of locusts boiled in salt and water. At certain seasons these creatures traverse the air in dense clouds, and fall in numbers to the earth; they are collected with care, and those which are not used immediately, are dried and reduced to powder, which is kept for times of scarcity.

The sap of the date-palm furnishes a highly-esteemed beverage, called *lagmi*. To obtain this, it is necessary to cut off the higher branches, and bore a lateral hole in the stem thus tonsured; into this the end of a reed is introduced, and the liquor flows through it rapidly, especially in the morning and evening. It is said that a single tree will yield fourteen or fifteen quarts daily for two successive years, but it would perish in the third if the bleeding were continued. The taste of the lagmi is not unlike sweet barley-water, and by fermentation it may be transformed into an excellent drink resembling cider.

The wood of the palm-tree is used for building: the trunk, sawn in two along the grain, furnishes the joists and rafters; the palm or jerid is placed on these to form the lathing, and sometimes above all is placed a layer of sāāf or palm-leaf. All articles of carpentry are made of this wood, and where it is very abundant it is even used for fuel; but more generally the latter consists of the withered bushes which cover the sandy plains, where they are gathered by the nomade tribes of the locality, and carried to the oases.

Every part of this valuable tree is turned to account. The fibrous net-work which surrounds the branches where they attach themselves to the stem is twisted into strong tough ropes, with which the camels are tethered: the branches, besides the use we have mentioned, are made into baskets of various kinds, and the stones are pounded, and used to fatten sheep and camels. Thus the date-palm appears to be in Africa what the cocoa-nut is in the islands of the Pacific: the native derives from it food, drink, habitation, and almost every utensil he employs. In those places where money is scarce a certain measure of dates, called a *hatia*, serves as a kind of currency; it is at least a usual term of comparison by which the value of various articles of merchandise is estimated, even though the measure varies in different places, and the price of dates rises and falls with the seasons.

The woollen fabrics, which, with the cultivation of dates, form the principal object of Saharian industry, are chiefly burnooses, haïks, and gandouras. The burnoose is the Arab cloak, which is furnished with a hood; the haïk is a long rectangular piece of cloth, which the men wrap round their heads, allowing the ends to fall down over the body, while the women use it as a shawl, covering the head and face with it, especially in cold weather. The gandoura is a kind of blouse, which reaches down to the feet. Throughout the Desert the manufacture of these fabrics is devolved entirely on the females, the men considering it enough if they attend, and that but partially, to the husbandry; the produce of the two occupations proves in the market of about equal value; and it is certain that the merit of a wife in the Sahara is estimated by her dexterity in weaving rather than by her personal charms. The northern oases produce the finest goods; but in every part of the Desert the women make some attempt at manufacturing; even those of the nomade tribes weave the coarse stuff which forms their tents and the sacks for loading their camels. The material used is a mixture, variously proportioned, of the hair of camels and goats; the former raises the price, as it is considered more impervious to rain. The color of the tents is that by which the great nomade tribes, when encamped, distinguish each other from afar, the darkest being the most aristocratic.

The Arab dress is used both by nomades and ksourians. They shave the head, preserving only the lock of which the Angel of Death is to lay hold and carry them up to paradise. This religious belief has set a peculiar stamp on all the nations of Islamism; and if the disciple of Mohammed makes a point of decapitating his already lifeless foe, it is not for the sake of committing a wanton outrage on the corpse, but in order to make him feel, even in another world, the weight of his vengeance; for a headless body is doomed to rot on the ground, and the soul that animated it to wander forever far from the happy gardens promised in the Koran as the eternal residence of the faithful.

A white woollen haïk, a kind of frock without sleeves, Morocco slippers, and a silk girdle, compose the dress of the wealthier female Saharians. Necklaces, bracelets, and rings, complete the toilet of a woman of quality, who besides stains her eyelashes black, and gives a yellow color to her nails, the palms of her hands, and the instep of her foot, with a decoction of *lausonia inermis*. Tattooing, the indelible and economical adornment both of rich and poor, consists only of small and scattered designs—the Saharian population being in this respect far behind the great artists of New Zealand. They go unveiled, and seem under less restriction than is usual in most other communities of Islamism. Polygamy is freely indulged within the limits prescribed by the Koran.

Indolence seems to be the besetting sin of all the tribes of the Sahara: when not travelling, they will sleep in the open air twenty hours out of the twenty-four; yet, when excited by any serious occurrence or important interest, they are capable of acting with considerable energy, and sustaining great fatigue. On the whole, however, they seem better adapted for patient toil and endurance than for vigorous and enterprising activity. Pride and ostentation are distinguishing features of their character; and on the other hand are the patriarchal virtues of reverence for parents, obedience to all constituted authority, and cordial hospitality towards strangers. That, however, which strikes a stranger perhaps most of all, is their unparalleled resignation to what they believe to be the divine will; that "it is decreed," seems to reconcile them to the severest sufferings, and not a murmur escapes from their lips. Nor must we omit to mention the fertile imagination, of which the Arab has lost nothing by being translated from the deserts of Asia to those of Africa: every spot has its legend, every rock its marvellous tale; a good story-teller is welcomed and feasted under every tent, where the family, squatting in a circle, listen with avidity to tales, in which the Deity is continually represented as revealing himself to man by miraculous interferences.

Within the last few years considerable light has been thrown on the social condition of the northern tribes, and interesting particulars have been collected respecting their periodical migrations. The nomades pass the winter and spring in the open Desert, where, during this part of the year, they find both water and vegetation; but they sojourn only three or four days in one spot, and strike their tents as soon as the pasture is consumed. Towards the end of spring they visit the oases where their goods are deposited, load their camels with dates and woollen cloth, and proceed northward, taking with them the whole nomade city, including women, children, dogs, flocks, and tents. Now, the waters of Sahara are drying up, and the plants are withering, while in the Tell the grain is ripening. They arrive in the season of harvest, when the price of corn is low, and the juncture is doubly favorable for abandoning the now sterile Sahara, and finding the markets of the Tell overflowing with cereals Here, then, they spend the summer months in the activities of commerce, exchanging their dates and woollen goods for barley, raw wool, sheep, and butter. Now, also, the lands of the Tell are vacant, the harvest having been gathered in; and the soil is improved rather than injured by their cattle, which are permitted freely to browse upon it. The close of summer is the signal for departure—a summons hailed with joy, as announcing the time for returning to their native country. Again loading their camels and striking their tents, the moving cities turn towards the south, and make their way into the Desert by short journeys as they came. They arrive at the oases just when the dates are ripe—that is, toward the end of October; a month is required, even with their assistance, to gather and house them; another is spent in exchanging their corn, barley, raw wool, &c., for the dates which have been gathered, and the woollen fabrics which have been produced during the year by female industry. These are now carefully deposited in the magazines, and the nomade tribes retire from the oases, conducting their flocks from pasture to pasture in the open country, till the return of summer demands a repetition of the same journeyings and the same labors. During the date harvest, a load of corn in the Desert is worth two of dates; while in the Tell, at the corn harvest, a load of dates is worth two of grain. This general rule is subject to little variation; so that if a grower conducts his traffic without any intermediate agent, he realizes a profit of three hundred per cent.

The extensive tract of country which lies between the line from Agabli to Timbuctoo, and that from Gadamis to Kashna, is the principal though not the only range of the Touarik.* They constitute not a tribe merely, but a great nation, divided into several sections, of which each has its sultan and subordinate chiefs. It is impossible to form any correct estimate of their numbers. A large proportion are pastoral tribes, feeding their flocks in the desert wastes; the rest are engaged in commerce and piracy. Several large towns and numerous villages along the frontiers of Soudan and in the Hogger Mountains serve them as depôts. The Touarik are a white-skinned race, and supposed to be a branch of the Atlas family, older and purer than the Berber: their language is a dialect of that spoken by the Berbers of the Tell and the northern oases, but characterized by a roughness which has led to its being called by Europeans the "German of the Desert:" it seems to approximate most to the language of the Gouanches, the aborigines of the Canary Islands.

Placed between the white race and the black, the Touarik are the terror of both, and appear now with savage ferocity to avenge themselves on the descendants of those who drove their fathers into the Deserts. That section of them which is found along the borders of

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* The singular is Targhee.

Soudan is said to be in the highest degree sanguinary and faithless. To ambush in the neighborhood of the little towns inhabited by negroes—to rush upon them at dead of night—to seize them, throw them on their meharees, and fly with the swiftness of the wind—such is the principal branch of industry pursued by these formidable robbers. When they have formed a sufficient collection of hapless victims, they repair to the market of Ghat or Ghadamis, and sell them to the merchants of the north who frequent those towns. Sometimes, after having delivered to the purchasers all that they obtained in the "razia," as negro-hunting or stealing is called, they set out again, waylay the caravan of their customers, and bear away the slaves whom they have so recently sold. The merchants may, if they please, return to the market, purchase them a second time, and take care to hire a strong enough escort before undertaking the journey again.

Along the route from Demergon and Kashna to Ghadamis, the various Touarik act as convoys to merchant-caravans; but in every other direction, and especially on the frequented lines between Timbuctoo and the oases of Twât, they plunder without mercy. Though they wander through every part of Central Africa and the Desert, none of them can be prevailed on to visit the coast; and the inhabitants of Morocco, Algeria, and Tripoli, know them only by the report of the Arab tribes who traverse the northern portions of Sahara.

It is worth while here to remark the errors that attach to hearing only one side of a story, especially with reference to regions so imperfectly known. The more recent English travellers, as Andney, Clapperton, and Richardson, having entered the Desert by Tripoli, and pursued the route which the Touarik keep under their exclusive control, found them much less formidable than they anticipated; but they speak of the Shanbah as banditti of the most ruthless and reckless character, who, having no stake like the Touarag in the commerce of the Desert, have been celebrated from time immemorial as the robbers and assassins of Sahara. "To be a brigand," says Mr. Richardson, "is with them a hereditary honor; and they are the dread of the people of Wad-reklah, as well as of foreign merchants and caravans. They have a well scooped out in the sandy regions where their tents are pitched; and here they live in horrid security, defying all law and authority, human and divine. Around them is an immensity of sandy wastes, and none dare pursue them into their dens. Horses would be useless, and it would require, says the Ghadamsee Rais, two hundred men, with four hundred camels, eight hundred water skins, and provisions for two months, to make the least impression on them. Their numbers are recruited from various other Arab tribes, whose outlaws join their ranks."

The French writers, on the other hand, represent the Shanbah, or Cha'ambi, whom it is their interest to conciliate, from their proximity to Algeria, as the most industrious and enterprising merchants of the Desert, and the Touarag as the parasites, the corsairs—in fact, the only redoubtable enemies to be feared in the sandy ocean. The truth is, that the Touarag and the Shanbah are neighbors, and at the same time deadly, irreconcilable, and national foes; the latter being pure Arabs, and the former the aboriginal race of the country. Generally, there remains a considerable space between them; but if the nomade tribes reach at the same time the furthest limits of their respective territories, a collision is inevitable. Plunder is the main object of the Shanbah, and their preparations include means of transport as well as weapons of war. The principal objects of their desire are meharees and slaves, or, if they can get nothing better, camels and sheep. Sometimes, however, they carry off nothing but the killed and wounded: such are the chances of war. Vengeance for these assaults, and a deep-settled abhorrence of the Shanbah tribe, seem to be the great excitements to warfare on the part of the chivalrous Touarag; and the recital of their adventures is carried by each party to their homes — the French nation receiving the Arab story with embellishments, through their tributaries, while those who pass by Ghat and Ghadamis hear the other side.

In the Deserts of Africa, as well as in those of Asia, the hand of the Arab is against every man, and every man's hand against him; and it is to be feared that throughout the Sahara a stranger and an enemy, a merchant and a robber, are terms nearly synonymous; that hostile tribes seldom meet without collision; and that pillage is the unquestioned right of the victor. Yet in the Targhee towns theft is said to be quite unknown, except as occasionally practised by the tributaries or slaves. Fidelity and hospitality seem also to distinguish these rovers: those who commit themselves to their protection will be defended with the last drop of their blood, and nothing is so offensive to the high-minded Targhee as to be distrusted. The reader smiles, perhaps, at the very mention of chivalry, high-mindedness, and the demand of confidence in connection with the freebooters of the Sahara; but let him know that throughout the length and breadth of the Desert they carry the letters of the merchants unsealed, yet sacredly inviolable. If an inquisitive European asks to see them, he is peremptorily informed that it is *haram* (prohibited) to read these documents.

Besides their revengeful and piratical habits, which are indeed legitimate causes of dread, the singularity of their appearance and manner combine to render the Touarag objects of terror throughout the Desert. They are tall, some of them even gigantic, and generally slender and nimble; hence the Arabs give them the appellation of *lath* or *beam* — beams which become transformed into living catapults when they are animated by the desire either of pillage or vengeance. While the Arab dress is used by all the other inhabitants of the Desert, the Touarag maintains a peculiar costume. It consists of wide pantaloons, and a variable number of vestments, in the form of loose gowns or blouses, with wide sleeves. These are made of a cotton cloth called saie, which is brought from the negro country; it is only a few inches broad, generally of different shades of blue, and variously striped. Whether in the town or tent, they generally wear at least three of these garments, the outermost of which is ornamented with rich embroidery in gold, forming irregular designs, and particularly heavy on the left breast and right shoulder-blade. When they betake themselves to the open country, they add other two blouses of a dark blue color, and the haïk or barracan, which is a long woollen scarf, worn over the shoulders. But the great distinguishing feature of the male Targhee dress is the litham; a thin piece of cloth wound round the head, and then covering the forehead, the eyes partially, and the mouth and chin. The stuff of which this is composed is varnished with gum, to prevent the adhesion of the sand: thus are the mouth and eyes defended from cutting winds and drifting sands, and the wearer can travel several days longer without feeling parched in the absence of water. The Touarag pluck out the beard, contrary to the usage of the Berbers and Arabs, among whom it is a sacred ornament. A huge spear is carried in the right hand, the dagger is fastened under the left arm, and the sword swings behind. We must not omit to mention, also, that a profusion of talismans are strung round the neck; and so great is the confidence attached to them, that similar charms are hung round their meharees, to preserve them from the mange, and even on the date trees, to save them from blight.

"Though professing the Moslem faith," say our French informants, "the Touarag are not considered by any means very scrupulous in the performance of its duties." It seems that those who live in or near the negro country mingle the idolatrous rites of Fetichism with the observances of the Koran; but the Arabs look upon the whole race as heretics, from the singularity of their language and costume, and especially from the fact that in the shape of their weapons and the designs of their ornaments they manifest a decided predilection for the form of the cross, so abhorrent to those Mussulmans that recognize in it the emblem of the Christian faith. The handle of the Targhee sabre and the front of the saddle take this shape, and the cross is the favorite pattern of the embroidery on his dress. It is doubtless with indignant reference to these departures from orthodoxy that the Arabs of Sahara denominate the Touarag the "Christian of the Desert." Yet our English travellers describe them as spiteful in their religious bigotry, if not scrupulous in their practice. Children scarcely two years old would run out of their dwelling, spitting and crying, "Kafer! Kafer!"—(infidel!) The wonderful descriptions which these gentlemen gave of European arts, for the entertainment of the natives, were constantly answered by the remark — "Christians know everything but God." As Mr. Richardson sat one day in the open court of his house, about an hour and a half before sunset, during the great feast called Ramadan, a Targhee entered, and standing before him in an erect posture, with his long spear in the right hand, he stretched the left towards heaven, looked upwards, and addressed him in a solemn, measured tone: "And — thou — Christian! thou — fastest — thus! Thy father — knoweth — not — God! Thou art a Kafer — he is a Kafer — and the fire will devour you both at last!"

The female Touarag are said to be "fair as Christian women," pretty, coquettish, and saucy. Their dress is very simple, consisting merely of a chemise and short-sleeved frock, with a haïk. They wear bracelets, anklets, &c., of painted wood, if they cannot afford the precious metals; and round their necks are hung talismans, pieces of coral, and occasionally small mirrors. They go unveiled, and seem at perfect liberty; for here, again, the Targhee character differs from the Arab in the absence of that conjugal jealousy which marks the Mussulman of the East. The perfection of Targhee beauty is not *embonpoint*, like the Mooresses and Negresses; but, as the Arabs say or sing, "Slender as the bending rush, or taper lance of Yemen."

Another point of civilization in which this race are in advance of both the Moors and Arabs is, that spoons are in very general use among them. These are made of wood, and exceedingly neat — a negro manufacture, as we remarked of the cotton cloth.

Of all the tribes of Africa, the Touarag alone have an indigenous alphabet, and most of them read and write their own characters — not indeed on paper or parchment, but on the sand and the dark rocks with which their country abounds.

Their principal market is Ghat, and their capital Agades. The latter is a fine town, built like Tunis: it is the residence of the sultan of one section of the Touarag. The subordinate chiefs exercise much authority; and, on the whole, the government seems to be a kind of irregular oligarchy. That which renders travelling so dangerous here, as in every part of the Desert, is, that the stranger may place himself under the protection of a convoy at Agades, for example, but his way may be through the territory of a different or even a hostile tribe of the same nation; and he has no security in case of meeting with a stronger party belonging to it. Timbuctoo is the goal which the European adventurer generally wishes to attain; but the Touarag who command the route south from Ghadamis will not undertake to protect him westward, because those who surround, and indeed blockade, Timbuctoo, are not amenable to the government at Agades.

Aheer is another important oasis of the Touarag. Its houses, unlike those of the Berbers, are circular, and stand far asunder, so that they spread over a considerable space. They are built of small stones mixed with red earth; a dome of thatch forms the roofing; and, as a security against the wind, each dwelling has four doors, one looking to each point of the compass. The wells are constantly supplied with water, and there are cisterns to receive that which falls from the clouds. This neighborhood is the favorite soil of the senna plant. Its flowers are yellow, the leaves very large, and, except at the edges, of a dark purple color. Large quantities of it are sent northward, packed in sacks of palm leaves, which require to be renewed at Ghat. The natives wonder what we do with so much medicine: they have no idea of the millions of European population; still less of the quantity and variety of eatables and drinkables with which we overload and disorder the digestive system. The people of the Sahara use very little physic; their principal demands on the healing art are occasioned by external injuries, for which burning, bleeding, and charms are their favorite remedies. To these some add manipulation, and after a severe fall every muscle is stretched, rubbed, and coaxed with the utmost assiduity.

In all his expeditions, whether honest or dishonest, the meharee is the inseparable companion of the Targhee. It seems to bear the same relation to the common camel that the racer does to the draught horse; but of all animals it is perhaps that which, from the nature of the country it inhabits, and of the service it is doomed to perform, has been the least made an object of observation and study. The only country that agrees with it is the Central Desert: it cannot live either in the northern part of Africa or in the mountainous country of Nigritia. Even every part of the Desert does not seem to agree equally well with it; for the Shanbah and the Ommadi, though very covetous of these animals, rear few if any for themselves. Nature seems to have appropriated them to the special service of the Targhee. They are the affectionate companions of his roving life, the docile, intelligent, and disinterested instrument of his piracies. The servant and the master seem to have been cast in the same mould. The meharee is very tall, and, from being of light and slender make, appears to stand considerably higher than the camel. His neck is remarkably long, his legs thin and delicate, and his bunch projects but little. His countenance, like that of the camel, is careless and imperturbable; but, under this sorry aspect and seeming indolence, he conceals qualities which might almost make him the king of beasts — a fidelity and gentleness which are proof against every trial, a sagacity resembling that of the dog, and a swiftness far superior to that of the horse. Like his master, he has a physical organization adapted to the region in which his lot is cast — in the midst of immense plains, between an arid soil and a burning sun, compelled to travel great distances in search of food, and continually exposed to the sultry breath of the south wind, he is endowed with singular powers of resistance to all these elements of destruction. Accustomed to the scanty herbage afforded by his native sands, the meharee does not seem to feel it any luxury to browse on the richer pastures of the coast; he is made for the Desert, sterile and ungracious as it is, and can live nowhere else. The Arabs attribute the danger of his expatriation to a poisonous little plant called drias, which does not grow in the Targhee country, but is so like a wholesome one on which the animal is accustomed to feed, that he crops it without perceiving the difference, and perishes the victim of his mistake. However this may be, meharees seldom appear even in the northern oases, except at Metili and Wad-reklah, whither they are occasionally brought by the Shanbah, who have purchased or stolen them from their natural masters.

As the transport of goods rarely demands great speed, the common camel is almost exclusively used for this purpose, the maharee being reserved for services requiring expedition. He renders valuable assistance to caravans which, when preparing to set out, generally despatch avant-couriers, mounted on swift coursers, to reconnoitre the route, and ascertain whether it is supplied with water, and whether beset with any danger. But it appears that the meharee cannot and does not make any companionship with the coast camel. If the two incidentally meet, both show agitation and alarm; but the camel confesses its inferiority by scampering off as fast as possible The natives divide their meharee, or meharees, into ten classes, according to their swiftness; the lowest comprehends those which can make about twenty-five of our miles in a day, and the highest those which clear eight or nine times that space. It is confidently asserted that a good meharee can travel seventy or eighty miles, day after day continuously; and that, in an extreme case, one of them made the journey from Ghadamis to Tripoli, a distance of about 200 of our miles, in one day, but the rider expired from exhaustion immediately on his arrival.

The mode of rearing this favorite animal is curious. As soon as he is born he is plunged to the neck in fine shifting sand, lest his soft and slender limbs should be bent by supporting the weight of his body; and for fourteen days he is fed on a diet chiefly of butter and milk, the composition and quantity of which vary every day, according to established and well-known rules. At the end of a month he is allowed to run; an iron ring is then passed through his nose, and his education commences. When well trained, the meharee displays remarkable sagacity. If his rider chooses to plant his spear in the ground, in the midst of a rapid course, the animal, attentive to the slightest intimation of his wishes, turns round the weapon, to enable him to regain it, and resumes the course without slackening his pace for a moment. When the warrior falls in battle, the faithful charger stretches himself on the ground, as if inviting him again to mount his back. If he is able to do so, he bears him gently but swiftly from the scene of carnage; but if the Targhee remains silent and motionless, the meharee hastens to the town or douar* of his habitation, exhibiting the empty saddle to the bereaved family. The women now commence the death-dirge — the children set up piercing cries — the whole community is thrown into excitement and alarm, and the horizon is watched with anxious solicitude. Some spots appear — they increase — they approach; they are other meharees without their riders — mute but truthful messengers of sorrow, confirming the intelligence that the troop has been defeated, and the loved ones are no more. The animals seldom all return, however — the victors generally succeed in capturing some of them; and they bring a high price when exposed for sale. A good meharee cannot be had for less than 720 boujous (about £30 sterling); whereas a common camel costs about 50 (£3 15s). It is, therefore, among all the tribes except the Touarik, an unusual and aristocratic means of locomotion.

Eastward of the route between Fezzan and Bornoo commences a black population denominated Tibboos, and supposed to number 150,000. This is a native race, probably of great antiquity, and enumerated by geographers as one of the branches of the Atlas family. Though black, the style of their features is strikingly dissimilar to the negro. They are described as a gay, lively, thoughtless race, with all the African passion for the song and the dance, which last they practise with considerable grace. Their occupations are chiefly pastoral, and their principal subsistence is derived from the milk of their camels. Besides, they carry on a small traffic with the north in slaves, which they kidnap in the negro country; and with the south in the natron and salt, which their country produces in abundance. Bilma is their capital — a mean collection of mud hovels, but surrounded by lakes containing the purest salt. A predatory warfare is kept up between the Tibboos and their powerful neighbors the Touarik. In open fight the Tibboos have no chance; when invaded, they climb the rocks in the shelter of which their villages are always built, carrying with them whatever they can remove. The Touarik sweep away all that is left, and load their camels with the salt which is so valuable as an article of trade. In return, the Tibboos give considerable annoyance by frequent and stealthy incursions into the Targhee country.

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* A village of tents.

A singular feature in the social character of the Tibboos is said to be the dominance of the female sex in the hut and the tent. The man may be the lord of creation in the open country, where, indeed, he passes two thirds of his time, but at home he is knocked about at the pleasure of his managing spouse. When a caravan for salt is coming from Aheer, the men turn out and betake themselves to the mountains, with provision for a month, leaving the women to transact the business.

Throughout the Saharian Desert, an aristocracy seems to attach to the blood of the saints, and some of the Maraboot tribes are among the most wealthy and powerful to be met with. Such are the Shereefs, who, in 1516, overthrew the dynasty of Morocco, and placed on the throne one of their own sheiks, by whose family it is still occupied. By this tribe is conducted most of the commerce of Morocco eastward through the northern states, which they supply with their own and European manufactures; and also to Twât, where they command several oases. The Oulad-sidi-Sheiks are another venerable tribe, who claim descent from a favorite caliph of the Prophet; and who, by their numbers, nobility, wealth, and sanctity, exercise a powerful influence throughout the date country. In token of their aristocracy, they dwell under tents of black woollen fabric, surmounted with ostrich plumes, of which the size varies according to the rank and fortune of each family. By this token they are distinguished from the vulgar population of the Algerine Sahara, which is the land of their habitation.

Still more remarkable for this incongruous union of the sacerdotal and mercantile professions are the inhabitants of Ghadamis. To a religious scrupulosity that would tremble at a drop of prohibited medicine falling on their garments, they add a spirit of commerce which is arrested by no difficulty, and daunted by no peril. They plunge into the Desert, eager in pursuit of gain, even when it is known to be infested with cut-throats; "it is decreed," the moment of their death is registered in the book of fate, and no recklessness on their part can antedate the record. With scrupulous exactitude, and with apparent earnestness, too, they pray five times daily while *en route*, the laws of the Koran allowing them to choose their own time under these circumstances; yet they make no scruple about buying and selling the unfortunate negro, and this traffic in human flesh is the most lucrative branch of their commerce. The elder men, who have retired from the activities of life, and indeed all the resident inhabitants of Ghadamis, seem to pass their whole time in formal devotional exercises. Even the women here are admitted to have souls, and are carefully instructed in the Koran, besides being taught to repeat the usual prayers and traditionary legends.

Unhappily the Turks, having incurred considerable expense in establishing their sovereignty at Tripoli, cast their eyes on this spot as an El Dorado for the replenishment of their exhausted coffers. A pretext was found for levying a heavy tribute; and, though the holy Maraboot city of the Desert had taken no part in the turmoils of the coast, and though the pacific character of its inhabitants might well have exempted them from interference, yet a Turkish garrison was placed within their walls, the women and children were stripped of their gold and silver ornaments, private dwellings were ransacked to meet the exorbitant demands of the Ottoman Porte, and the city, which had flourished for ages in the pursuit of its peaceful commerce, is now groaning under oppression, and threatened with utter ruin. The Turkish rule has fallen like the lightning's blast, to wither one of the fairest palms of the African Desert.

The Commerce of the Desert — Various Modes of Travelling — Best Modes of Exploring these Regions.

BESIDES the traffic which we have had occasion to mention as carried on by some of the nomade tribes for the supply of their immediate wants, there is a regular and extensive system of commerce across the Sahara, by which the civilized States of Europe are brought into communication with the Negroland of Interior Africa. This commercial system is sufficiently complicated on account of the difficulties attending the transit, and the various and even hostile interests that are engaged in it. The productions of Europe cannot be transmitted, as is commonly imagined, into the populous regions of Central Africa by caravans equipped in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis, or Tripoli. The commerce of Sahara is by no means so simple a matter. For instance, a bale of goods from Tunis, destined for the south, is carried by native merchants to Khabs, the most southern oasis of the Tunisian Sahara. Here it is purchased by merchants from Ghadamis, who convey it to their own city, where it becomes associated with commodities from Tripoli, Algiers, and Egypt. It proceeds, generally after changing hands at Ghadamis, by the great annual caravan to Ghat, and is there exchanged for the productions of Soudan. Now, under the care of the Touarik, it finds its way to the country of the blacks; but we have no certain details of their mode of doing business. This is the eastern route. Towards the west, the progress is somewhat similar. Goods from the various towns of Morocco and Algeria are carried by native tribes to Tafilet, Metili, &c. They are poured into the market of El-Golea by the redoubtable Shanha, or the sacerdotal Shereefs. Thence, by the same tribes and the Ommadi, they are conveyed to their respective markets in the oases of Twât; but from Twât to Timbuctoo they must be in charge of the Khensafa, or the all-powerful Touarik. There are some few individuals who accompany their goods through all their wanderings; these are generally the merchants of Ghadamis, who can travel the whole of the eastern route under Targhee protection; or the Shanbah, who may succeed in fighting their way on the western. The commerce presents different characters in these two directions. Tunis and Tripoli export chiefly objects of luxury from Europe — as silk, and other articles of mercery; pearls, cloves, cinnamon, perfumery, paper, cloth, &c. Morocco, on the other hand, furnishes objects of more immediate necessity — such as grain, sheep, and wool. Placed between the two, Algiers might partake of both, but the ravages of war have turned aside the caravans from her oases. The staple commodities brought back from Soudan are negro slaves, gold-dust, elephants' teeth, senna, ostrich-feathers, buffalo-hides, the blue cotton made in the negro country, gour-nuts for staining the teeth, &c. The two last articles do not reach the northern states, but are disposed of among the inhabitants of the Desert; and it is to be noted that the oases are places of consumption and production, as well as of exchange. They absorb a large portion of the merchandise, both of the north and south, on its way; while to the former they add salt and natrona, to the latter, dates and fine woollen cloth.

Each considerable town of the Desert becomes periodically a sook or fair. An English traveller, who witnessed that of Ghat, four or five years ago, states the number of merchants who arrived from various parts to have been about 500; the camels 1050; the slaves 1000. The value of the slaves, elephants' teeth, and senna, which were the staple commodities from the south, was estimated at about £60,000, which would be doubled on their arrival at European markets. Besides these, there were ostrich-feathers, hides, utensils of Soudan manufacture used in the Sahara, and the dark blue calico which clothes half the inhabitants of the Desert. From Europe there were bracelets, beads, looking-glasses, razors, sword-blades, needles, papers, silks and cottons of gay colors; but everything of the poorest quality. During the sook the place was supplied with provisions by frequent caravans from the oases of Fezzan. Very little gold was to be seen. What does come this way is chiefly in the form of female ornaments, rudely fashioned, but of the purest material. These are tied up in filthy pieces of rag, and deposited, during their journeyings, in the bosom or turban of the merchant. But most of the gold which is found in the interior of Africa is carried either to Morocco, or to the European factories on the west coast.

Most of the traffic of the Desert is effected by barter, and very little specie is used. That which is most circulated in the north is the money of Tunis, which is current as far as the oases of Twât and Fezzan. Further south there is some Spanish money transmitted through Morocco, and a few Turkish coins, which naturally find their way from Tripoli; but the latter are generally disliked. The reason alleged is, that God taught Christians to make money, because it is a thing accursed, though necessary in the present world; therefore Mussulmans ought not to engage in this work. In the future state, they say the faithful will have all good things to enjoy without money; whereas Christians will have melted coin poured down their throats as their torment forever. Among the negro tribes a shell currency is used, known to us under the vulgar name of *cowries*. Every year the English pour into this country, by Guinea, nearly a hundred tons of cowries from Bengal, where they bear about one tenth part of the value that they do in Soudan.

The means of travelling in this part of the world are utterly different from those which nature and civilization have bestowed on Europe. The largest rivers are unnavigable at a few miles from their mouths; the highway and the canal, to say nothing of the railway, are things unknown, as are the vehicles of which they imply the use. The Arab roads in the north are mere tracks marked on the sod by the naked foot of man, and the tread of horse or mule. They are so narrow that two persons cannot walk on them abreast; consequently, if travellers or caravans meet, the one takes to the right and the other to the left, so that two tracks are formed, and the more any particular route is frequented, the more paths may be found, sometimes running parallel, and sometimes crossing each other. If an Arab is turned out of his track for a time, he hastens back to it as soon as possible; hence the intersections. On the other hand, if a caravan is very large, it divides into two or three files, preserving equal distances; and hence the parallel paths. As the custom of proceeding in single file has produced these narrow tracks, so have these in turn perpetuated the custom. In the Tell, the natives may be seen travelling in single file on roads forty-eight feet broad, constructed by their European conquerors, the traces of the national locomotion being thus impressed on the highways opened by civilization.

But when we come to the sands of the open Desert even these pathways disappear; the wind soon effaces the footprints of the passenger, and we seek in vain for the long white track which guides the traveller through many parts of Northern Africa. The tuft of a pistachio, a lotus-plant, the white top of a sand-hill, the summit of a distant mountain, — these are the waymarks which guide him across the solitudes. In some of the most monotonous plains the inhabitants have taken the precaution to raise pyramids of stones, whose sharp projections contrast with the smooth and rounded features of the Saharian landscape. These waymarks are called *kerkors*, and are especially employed to indicate the position of wells. Another kind of monument also is frequently met with. "Travelling one day," says M. Carette, "in company with several Arabs, I was astonished to see them stop, one after another, while each lifted a stone, and still more surprised when they offered one to me. On asking the reason, I was informed that we were going to pass the nza of Bel-gacem! Though very little the wiser, I took the stone, and in a few minutes afterwards we came to a pile of pebbles about five feet high. Each of my companions cast his stone upon it, exclaiming, 'To the nza of Bel-gacem!' Of course I added mine when my turn came. This is the Arab mode of raising a monument on the spot where any tragic event has taken place, and it sometimes attains the height of twelve or fifteen feet." Dr. Jacquot obtained the following history of one which he had occasion to pass in the Atlas Mountains: The Ouled-Balaghr occupied the country to the west, while the Thouamas fed their flocks to the east. The latter were a pacific tribe, who desired nothing of their neighbors but to be let alone — their women to weave, their children to tend the flocks, and the men to doze all day, crouching on the threshold of the tent, or stretching themselves on a grassy mound. But, alas! the ferocious sheik of the Ouled-Balaghr continually interrupted their enjoyments, and harassed them with war. He delighted in finding the oily coucous ready-baked, and the red piquant sauce smoking in the dwellings of his neighbors; he preferred the yellow streams of honey which filled the trunks excavated by the Thouamos, to those which he might himself obtain by patient industry. Besides, he had other tastes which still more deeply aggrieved the husbands and fathers of this inoffensive tribe. Mohammed espoused their cause; and, in clear weather, the guardian fairies might be distinctly seen surrounding their *protégées* in seasons of extreme danger. One day, when the terrible sheik crossed the boundary, longing after coucous, honey, and female beauty, he was met by a holy maraboot, bent with age, and leaning on a staff. Raising his decrepit form for an instant, "There is no God but Allah," said he, "and Mohammed is his prophet. Hadst thou the wings of our mountain eagles, or the fleet limbs of the antelope of the plain, thou shouldst proceed no further. Return to thy douar, rear bees for thyself, make thy women grind corn and barley, and meditate thou in the Koran; but let the Thouamas alone, if thou wouldst not perish on this spot as the scorpion which thy beast is treading under foot." But the courser of the sheik was no such pusillanimous animal as Balaam's ass of ancient fame. Urged by his master's shabeers,* he dashed past the holy man, tossed his mane, and broke into a gallop. He had not gone many paces when he fell; both the horse and the rider dashed their heads on a jutting angle of rock. The little Attila became food for the crows and jackals, but burial was given to the less guilty horse. Every Arab that passes adds a stone to the heap, and exclaims, "It is decreed!"

Level and sandy tracts are always chosen for travelling, when this is possible, which is perhaps the reason that some travellers have supposed the whole Desert to be a sandy plain. The most dreaded part of the route from Twât to Timbuctoo is over the tanezroufle, a plain of stiff red earth, which cannot be crossed in less than ten or twelve days, and throughout which not a drop of water is to be found. In the sand there is at least always a soft dry bed, even after the heaviest rains, where the wanderer may repose his wearied limbs. Here, too, he is more likely to find springs of water than in the clayey or stony tracts. The wells in the neighborhood of oases are covered with skins, to preserve them from the intrusion of the sand, and furnished with a bucket of plaited halfa, and a cord to reach the water. If this simple apparatus gets out of order, it must be the result of long use or unforeseen accident; for it is guaranteed against wanton injury, by the respect which all native travellers entertain for these little monuments of public utility. Any misadventure that occurs to them is immediately reported to the chief of the oases, who loses no time in repairing it.

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* A kind of spur.

The European adventurer most commonly joins the gafala, or merchant caravan, as it is not only the most expeditious, but the most secure and economical, mode of performing a journey, the expense of an escort being saved. In all the northern oases of any importance, there are fourdouks or caravanserais corresponding with the principal points of commercial intercourse; and these serve not only as resting-places and hotels, but as rendezvous and starting-points for the caravans which frequent them. If the escorting towns are pretty considerable, the departures are periodical; but in all cases the day and hour of starting is intimated beforehand by the chief driver, and, in order to ascertain it, one has only to apply at the proper fourdouk, where all particulars may be obtained.

The muleteers and camel-drivers form the nucleus of the caravan, and regulate its movements. The length of a day's journey is variable, depending on the strength of the company, in connection with the nature of the route and the degree of security anticipated. The usual distance is from twenty to twenty-five miles, but it may extend to forty in regions destitute of water or infested by robbers. Travellers who join a caravan are not obliged to submit to any discipline. There is no community except that of dangers to be escaped, and an end to be attained. If they sustain an attack, each one consults his own courage, and does independently what in him lies to repel or escape the enemy. It rarely happens that any regular disposition of force is made either for the attack or the defence; and occurrences of this nature always produce considerable disorder. The gafalas are almost entirely composed of men whose principal occupation is commerce, but women are not excluded; and it is no uncommon thing to see widows, having no other means of support, carrying on the traffic of their deceased husbands.

Another species of caravan is the neja, or migration of a tribe; and this presents a much more lively scene than a gafala. The latter is a concourse of men who have little acquaintance with each other; its march is grave, and often silent and monotonous. The neja, on the contrary, is the tribe with its women, its dogs, its tents, and all the apparatus of nomade life. It is not composed of isolated individuals, but of families; or rather it is one great family on the tramp. There is, therefore, nothing more lively and pleasant than to join a neja. "The barking of the dogs, the bleating of the sheep, the shouting of the men in charge of them, the crowing of the fowls, and the squalling of the children; all this variety of noises," says M. Carette, "forms a rural harmony which is quite charming in the otherwise lonely and silent wastes, and the traveller finds a novel source of amusement in witnessing the private labors of domestic economy, simple enough, but wearing a strange character, when it is remembered that they are all conducted on the back of the camel."

Suddenly this noisy march becomes silent and pensive — the cavaliers of the advanced guard perceive in the horizon the approach of another tribe. They give notice of it to the sheik, and immediately the ranks close in. The gafala carries no standard, for it fears no enemy save the freebooter; but each neja is in alliance with one or other of the great parties that divide the Desert, and regard as enemies all the tribes that favor the opposite cause. As the two companies near each other, conjectures are forming as to whether this is to be a greeting of friends or a collision of foes. When they come within reach of the voice, the demand is made, "Who are you?" If they prove to be allies, they continue their journey apart, on exchanging a salam; but if the name uttered is that of a hostile tribe, they reply by blows, and a conflict ensues. The battle never continues beyond sunset, which is the signal for the suspension of hostilities. If one of the parties is confessedly worsted, it avails itself of the night to disappear; but if the issue is doubtful, the belligerents encamp on the field of battle, and renew the conflict in the morning. The Arabs manifest much more animosity in these collisions than in any skirmishes they have with their European invaders, as none are more exasperated than brothers, if they happen to be enemies. In war against the infidels, they make prisoners; but no such thing is known in the mutual warfare of tribes. In the latter case, if an Arab becomes master of a living foe, he slays him without mercy, and hastens to lay the gory head at the feet of his wives, who welcome it with insults and imprecations.

The only exception to these barbarous usages is in favor of three classes of people: maraboots are spared out of respect for their sacred character; Jews and blacksmiths from mere contempt. We have not been able to learn the origin of this feeling towards the trade of a blacksmith; but certain it is, that if a man be surrounded by enemies, and despairing of escape, he has only to wrap his head in the hood of his burnoose, and work with his arms, as if beating iron. They will not stain their hands with the blood of so abject a wretch.

It rarely happens that a traveller, joining a neja, has occasion to carry his own tent and provisions. If he has any acquaintance in the tribe, he receives hospitality as a guest, and shares the tent and koukous* of his host. This position secures to him all the respect and protection to which the family entertaining him are entitled. Among the strangers who join either a gafala or neja, there are generally found some destitute creatures who, on the day of departure, know not how the bread of to-morrow is to be obtained; but they are under no disquietude — they trust in Providence, and not in vain. Scarcely has the cavalcade started, but they find opportunities of making themselves useful, either in loading or guiding the camels, for which little services they receive their daily food; and it is all they desire. Thus they accomplish a long journey without either expense on the one hand or privation on the other. It is in this way that numbers of poor husbandmen and laborers, not finding their toil sufficiently remunerated in the oases, make their way to the coast, where they form the most intelligent, the most industrious, and the best conducted portion of the community.

One cannot compare the habits and the wants of one of these camel-drivers of the Desert with those of a European wagoner, without being struck with the contrast. The latter requires, as every night closes in, a roof to shelter him, should it be only that of a hovel, and a bed, though but of straw; he needs nourishing food to support his strength, and this necessity is rendered more imperious by the use of alcoholic liquors. But the Arab camel-driver asks no bed but the sand — no roof but the sky; a fountain of pure water is his most luxurious tavern; his sustenance is moistened meal; and for these he offers thanks to Heaven. Five times a day he prostrates himself on the ground, laying his forehead on the sharp stones of the Desert, if such be the paving of his route, and pours out his prayers to his heavenly Guide, Protector, and Provider. What an example for the well-fed bishops of Christendom!

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* Cakes made of meal mixed with various ingredients, according to the circumstances of the eater.

Neither merchant-caravans, nor those of migrating tribes, travel at all times or in all directions, so that isolated journeying is frequently necessary. It is generally unsafe for a stranger to attempt this without the protection of either a professional or amateur guide, belonging to a tribe whose territory is to be crossed. He is acquainted with the safe hiding-places and the good springs. He knows when it is necessary to remain concealed, and when he may proceed by daylight; and he has friends along the route from whom he obtains for his companion the same hospitality that is extended to himself.

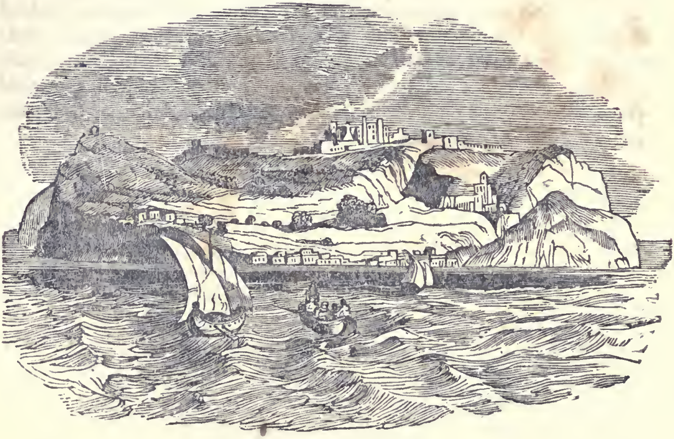
The provision for a journey consists of rouina, dates, and butter, if one is desirous of luxury; otherwise, the only article of food is rouina. This is simply grain (generally barley) roasted, ground, and pressed into a mezoued, which is a sheep's skin tanned and dyed red. Another skin called a shenna is required for water; it preserves its hair outside, and receives a coat of tar within. Water may be carried in it for ten days without becoming the least spoiled. With the mezoued slung like a wallet on one shoulder, and the shenna on the other, the Arab often travels immense plains alone and on foot, without meeting human habitation for days together, and this at the rate sometimes of forty miles a day; for he walks from the rising till the setting of the sun. When he wishes for a repast, the table is soon spread. He sits down beside a spring of water, if the place affords one, and lays on the ground a flap of his burnoose, which serves both as dish and table-cloth. He throws into it a handful of rouina, which he moistens with water, makes into a paste, and eats without further culinary process. He then puts his hands together to form a cup, drinks, and pursues his way. A mezoued full of rouina will support him twenty-four days.

It must be confessed that our knowledge of the deserts, as well as of the interior of Africa, is still very imperfect; and, while we render due homage to the courage of those martyrs to science who have from time to time ventured into the trackless wastes, and have in few instances lived to return, it must be admitted that the field is too wide and too ungenial to be explored by any such individual and partial researches as have yet taken place. It is to be apprehended that in some, perhaps in many, cases, general inferences have been drawn hastily and incorrectly from particular facts; and the sufferings which Europeans have undergone in their venturous excursions, may have led them to view things through a distorted medium, and to represent them in such a manner as rather to magnify than diminish the distance which divides us from them. It is not enough to be courageous. We should endeavor to turn our courage to good account by directing it in wisdom; and, before throwing ourselves into a region where so many lives have been sacrificed, it would be well to know so much about it as to make our progress safe, and our observations intelligent and useful. It has been suggested by some who have become personally and intimately acquainted with the Northern Sahara, or Land of Dates, that among the natives themselves might be found useful explorers to prepare the way for European adventure. In Tunis, Tripoli, and Alexandria, the points in which terminate three of the great commercial arteries of Interior Africa, there are always to be found Arabs who have traversed in every direction the whole country between Egypt and Guinea. We might send such as these into the heart of Africa, to collect all the particulars which it is desirable to obtain. They are naturally enterprising travellers and acute observers of natural phenomena; and their native instincts, properly directed, might yield us an immense fund of information at a very trifling cost. They might be commissioned to bring specimens of all the natural productions, first of the Northern Sahara, then of the Central, and, lastly, of Interior Africa; of the plants, the grain, the shells, the stones, the fruit of different kinds, and stuffs of various fabrics. They might be instructed to count the houses of a town, the tents of a tribe, the camels of a caravan; and thus should we have accurate data on the strength of the population and the progress of commerce. They might be directed to count the paces from one oasis to another, to follow the course of a stream, to measure a basin; and thus we should have geographical details.

"I was curious," says M. Carette, "to ascertain by experiment how far these rovers of the Desert might be transformed into deputy travellers, and the result even surpassed my expectations. I gave a scientific commission, for a distant part of the Date Country, to an intelligent but illiterate Arab belonging to one of those Saharian tribes which make the most extensive circuit in their annual migrations. His instructions were confined to objects of natural history, geography, commerce, and statistics. But the child of the Desert spontaneously became an archæologist. Having met with a Roman inscription, he copied it as faithfully as he could, supposing, according to the traditions of his country, that it contained some important revelation which I should be able to expound."

If it be asked whether the veracity of such agents could be depended upon, it is answered that they would at least be as worthy of credence as the generality of European travellers; that is, quite as little prone to perversion or exaggeration, and somewhat less liable to mistake or deception; but we could easily verify their testimony by despatching two successively on a similar mission. If Europeans who understood the language of the Arabs, and knew how to humor their peculiarities, would take up their position about the skirts of the desert, and employ themselves in directing native explorers, and then collecting and comparing their reports, instead of plunging themselves into the pathless wastes, where their religion is abhorred, their motives suspected, and their lives considered fair game, we might soon have such a programme as would open a well defined field for European enterprise, whether commercial, scientific, or religious.

LIFE IN AN INDIAMAN.



My first sea-voyage was made in the Weatherly, Captain Courtly; she was a remarkably fine old teak ship, of about 1500 tons burthen, built in Bombay for the East India Company, and so constructed as to be equally well adapted for trading or for war.

I joined the vessel as a midshipman (so called), on the 30th of November, 184–, while she was lying in the river off Gravesend, in the berth usually allotted to outward-bound Indiamen, just abreast of Tilbury Fort. I recollect that it was one of those dull, drizzling days so prevalent during an English November, and so peculiarly disagreeable in the neighborhood of London. I found everything on board in what I, in my ignorance, looked upon as irremediable confusion: the salt provisions and the cuddy-stores were being hoisted on board from a lighter alongside, and the deck was encumbered with casks and cases, which were deposited there previously to being lowered into the hold, and finally stowed away. A day or two prior to the date of my joining, a quantity of bar-iron, shot, and shell, had been received on board, the rust from which pervaded everything in a most extraordinary manner: this, combined with the mud brought from shore by boatmen and visitors, and the ceaseless drizzling rain, rendered the decks filthy beyond description. Everybody was bustling to and fro, apparently with some definite object in view, whilst I, lost and bewildered, although most anxious to be useful in some way, and to learn what was the nature of the duties which I should be called upon to perform in my new station, was pushed here, there, and everywhere, as if I was merely an incumbrance; for, being myself unemployed, I contrived to place myself so as to incommode everybody else. At length, one of the officers noticing, I presume, my lackadaisical appearance, sent me, more by way of joke than from any absolute necessity, with a message to an officer who was employed in another part of the ship, and it was then that my difficulties may be said to have commenced; for although, while standing upon the upper deck, I could distinguish the stem from the stern of the ship, I candidly confess that I was sorely puzzled when ordered to deliver a message in the After Orlop. However, burning with a desire to show myself smart, I dived down to the gun deck, and roamed from the stern cabins to the manger without discovering any locality bearing that name: all my inquiries as to its whereabouts were answered by a broad grin, a horse-laugh, or a careless oath; and when I meekly asked where the officer of whom I was in search was most likely to be found, I was informed, in a perfectly serious tone, that in all probability he was skulking in the cook's coppers, covered over with a ladle, or in the larboard binnacle, hidden by a spoon, or, perhaps, which was most likely, stowed away in the till of the captain's shaving-box. At length, by dint of untiring perseverance, I found the person sought, and had the satisfaction of being well laughed at, the message having been delivered by another mid' just an hour before.

My total ignorance of the manners and customs on board ship (for I was fresh from an inland country town), and of the usual daily routine, exposed me to an infinite number of practical jokes; among others, I was sometimes despatched in a great hurry to the carpenter, to ask him for the loan of his circular square, or some other unheard-of and impossible instrument; the old carpenter, who was up to the joke, always looked as grave as a judge, and sent back his compliments, and he was sorry that the tool had been unfortunately mislaid. When I was sent on similar "goose's" errands to the boatswain, I generally received a thorough quizzing, and the advice to be a little more wide-awake in future. It was some consolation to me to observe that I was not the only one who was thus made sport of, for all the first voyagers, or greenhorns, were more or less imposed upon in proportion to their good-nature and credulity: and in the end I am sure it proved to our advantage, as it made us keep a "weather-eye" open in self-defence, and might therefore be looked upon as the rudiments of our nautical education.

At one o'clock all hands went to dinner, and I groped my way to the mess-room, which had been previously pointed out to me. Here I found the fifth mate and two midshipmen (old stagers) eagerly swallowing a mixture of greasy water and cabbage leaves, called vegetable soup, of which they invited me to partake, and helped me very liberally; but, seeing that I did not make much progress with it, they recommended me to try some of their delicious "sea-cake," at the same time handing me a seaman's biscuit of the roughest description, very different from those really excellent octagons which are supplied to the royal navy. After soup, came a large dish of beef-steaks and onions — a most savory mess, and highly inviting in appearance; but, alas! it was all outward show, for the beef defied mastication,— and from that day to this I have nourished a strong aversion to beef-steaks. I found them to be the standing dish in harbor, for even in Bombay buffalo steaks, consisting of skin and gristle, appeared regularly every morning on our breakfast-table. Small-beer, called by my messmates "swipes," was to be had merely for the fetching, there being a large cask of it on deck for the indiscriminate use of all hands; and I can confidently assert that the midshipmen's mess had the lion's share, consuming, probably, as much as all the rest of the ship's company put together; fortunately, as the wine merchants say of their claret, there was not "a headache in a hogshead of it," so that there was no fear of inebriation. The meat having been removed, long clay pipes were filled and lighted, and a few whiffs taken by way of a digestive; soon after which the boatswain's call summoned all to their respective stations.

After night-fall I was sent down into the hold, where a gang of men were employed, under the third mate, in stowing away cases, &c.; my duty was to hold a candle, and show a light when required. This employment always devolves upon the midshipmen, so that those in the East India Company's service were known by the nickname of "Company's Candlesticks." By our constant attendance in the hold whilst the cargo was being stowed, we had an opportunity afforded us of gaining much practical information as to the best and safest mode of arranging cargo of various descriptions — a science of no mean importance. When the stowing was completed, the men scrambled hand-over-head up a greasy rope to the deck above, a distance of about twenty feet, — and I was expected to do the same; but gymnastics never having formed part of my education, I made many violent and unsuccessful struggles, amid the laughter of the lookers-on, before I could gain the orlop deck. After a little practice, however, I overcame this difficulty; and I think I should now stand a very fair chance of winning the leg of mutton surmounting a greased pole at a country merry-making.

Whilst I had been buried in the regions below, the live-stock had arrived, consisting of some hundreds of fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys, besides a large number of sheep, pigs, a cow and a calf. I never heard such a Babel of sounds as was produced by these unfortunate creatures: by their cries, one would have thought that they had a presentiment of the rough weather they were doomed to encounter, and their ultimate ignominious death. The pigs were especially uneasy — no doubt, with that sagacity for which they are famed, they saw the wind coming. The geese had an annoying habit of raising a simultaneous cackle every half hour: I have since noticed that these birds are capital judges of time, for, as regularly as the half-hour expires, they raise their voices in a loud chorus, even before the striking of the bell. This, methinks, is a curious fact for the naturalists; I am ready to vouch for its correctness; indeed, it is not difficult to believe, when we consider that the watchfulness of the geese saved the Roman capital. The odor arising from such a congregation of animals was worse than I had ever met with in the worst-appointed farm-yards; but on the gun-deck, where the midshipmen's hammocks were slung, the noise and smell, though of a different character, were infinitely more disgusting. The air was loaded with the perfume of bilge-water, fresh paint, gin, and beer, mingled with the fumes of tobacco, which issued from the forecastle, where our tars lived. As the ship was to sail shortly, they were allowed the privilege of having their wives, sweethearts, and female relatives, on board: both men and women were, with few exceptions, half intoxicated; and laughing, singing, swearing, and even fighting, accompanied with language of the most revolting character, were kept up throughout the greater part of the night; and all this within a yard of the midshipmen's hammocks. Under these auspices I commenced slinging my hammock, and having succeeded in so doing, I vaulted in very dexterously, considering that it was my first attempt of the kind; but no sooner did I jump in on one side than I fell out at the other, and came with a violent concussion on the muddy deck, whilst the bed and bedding were strewed over and around me. After many attempts, with the like ill success, I at length found out the way of getting in properly; but with so much smoke and noise, and sometimes jostled by drunken females, sleep was altogether out of the question. However, I thought I should at least be allowed to rest my limbs for a few hours; but I had not been in my hammock half an hour, before I was informed by a brother mid' that it was my watch on deck, and that he would advise me to relieve him quickly, as it was raining hard; so I turned out, excited and feverish, went on deck, and took my share of drenching. The oldsters were in the habit of shifting nearly all their night-watches upon the first voyagers, sometimes by bullying, and sometimes by trickery — of course without the knowledge of the officers; so that the juniors frequently spent half the night shivering on deck, not daring to leave their post until relieved. Such is a sketch of my first day and night on board, and such, I believe, is the usual state of an outward-bound Indiaman off Gravesend.

The mess-room was of very moderate dimensions; so much so, that when all our chests were stowed therein, with the mess-table in the middle, it was only by close packing that we could all find sitting room. Of the disgusting nature of the conversation which was daily carried on in this little Pandemonium, I will not say more than that it was far less refined than any that I ever heard among the seamen in the forecastle; for in our choice assembly, if one of the young gentlemen, rather more sensible or better educated than the rest, happened to make use of a word which was not often employed, or tried to give the conversation a decorous or instructive turn, he was cried down as a "walking dictionary," or somebody would exclaim, "Ah, there's Johnson again!" If a word was not understood, the speaker was interrupted with the question of "What ship's that?" So that all rational intercourse was immediately put an end to. He who volunteered an indecent or blasphemous story always found plenty to listen and applaud. In other respects our mess-berth was anything but a paradise. There was, for instance, no privacy; we all washed and dressed in the same berth, placing our basins upon our chests, — or, if there were not room for us all, some would go out on the gun-deck, and there perform the operations of the toilet — the admired of all beholders. The looking-glasses, razors, and other little knick-knacks with which the first voyagers were invariably furnished by their accommodating outfitters, were always laid claim to as a matter of right by the oldsters, who never brought anything of the kind to sea themselves, shrewdly surmising that in every midshipmen's mess it was probable there would be one or more greenhorns to prey upon. The motto with these unscrupulous gentry was this: "What's yours is mine, and what's mine is my own," — a principle they always kept in mind and acted up to, in spite of all remonstrances. Among other things which my outfitter had put in my chest, were a japanned candlestick and its appurtenances, three pounds of wax candles, and two or three codlines and hooks. Finding the candlestick take up too much room in my chest, I placed it on a shelf in the mess-room. It was soon discovered, seized, tossed from hand to hand amid many jokes, and at length, battered and bruised, was quietly passed overboard as a useless piece of furniture. I must confess that I could never assign any other reason for its being included among my necessaries of outfit than that it might appear in the bill. The wax candles were begged, borrowed, or stolen so fast, that they all vanished in about a week; and the cod-lines, being of a handy size for making lanyards for knives and clothes-bags, were wheedled from me by some, and bullied out of me by others. My looking-glass was smashed before the expiration of a month, and my pewter basin squeezed into the shape of a cocked-hat. The general habits of the "young gentlemen," to say the least of them, were disgusting. Smoking was permitted at meal-times, with its usual accompaniments. It was usual after tea (or supper, in nautical language) to pelt each other with the remaining grounds, the principal share of which always fell to the weakest.

When the oldsters were inclined for a little recreation, they fastened a rope's-end to the great toe of one of the unfortunate first voyagers, and by means of a bolt in the deck, triced his heels up, so that his head should trail on the deck. This was done with the intention of bringing him under proper discipline, as they termed it. By the by, this mode of coercion was never practised upon me, although I often saw it put in force upon poor Hodges, an incorrigible youngster, who, certainly betimes, allowed his tongue too great a license. The culprit was always kept in this unpleasant position until he asked pardon for the offence which had been alleged against him. The caterer of the mess was a very dexterous hand at throwing the carving-fork, by which means he preserved order and decorum when necessary. The punctures from this instrument were more sharp than agreeable, and few who had once been wounded were desirous of a second infliction, as I can testify from personal experience. It will be seen, from what I have here written, that our mode of proceeding was much the same as is to be met with in large schools, or in any place where boys are congregated. It is the nature of man, I fear, for the strong to take a delight in tyrannizing over the weak; yet these little roughs and rubs undoubtedly wrought considerable improvement in my character, and instead of hardening me, rendered me better able to appreciate and sympathize with the sufferings of others.

Our voyage commenced with squally weather, and my sufferings were for the first fortnight intense. During this time there were incessant rain, squalls, and that terrible rolling motion which is caused by a confused sea. For three days and nights I stowed myself ought of sight, in a dark corner near the pumps on the gun-deck, where I remained unnoticed, in a pool of rusty water, more dead than alive, receiving no nourishment, and wishing for death to come and release me. Being discovered, I was peremptorily ordered on deck, and told that nothing but active motion was required to cure me, although my messmates affirmed that nothing in the world would hasten my recovery so much as a lump of fat pork. From that time I always went on deck when the hands were turned out, was drenched with rain, pushed rudely about, and was ever and anon entangled in coils of wet ropes, or breaking my shins over some other impediment, and being thrown by the roll of the agitated ship into the lee scuppers. On one of these occasions, in the vain hope of saving myself, I tried to catch hold of one of the sailors, who was standing near me; but unfortunately I only succeeded in obtaining a firm grip of the brim of his straw hat, which giving way, I pursued my impetuous career with the fragment fluttering in my hand, until I was fairly laid sprawling upon my back to leeward. And yet, amid all this discomfort — I may say actual misery — I could not help smiling at the disconsolate appearance presented by the few passengers who, weary of the confinement of their cabins, now ventured to show themselves upon deck, and brave the fury of the elements. I have seen a group of five or six sliding from side to side in a sitting posture, utterly unable to help themselves, amid roars of laughter from those who had had the good fortune, or rather the good sense, to lay hold of a rope or belaying-pin.

When I had found my "sea legs" and sea appetite, and knew the names of the ropes and spars, I really began to feel an interest in what was passing around me: until that time all appeared to me like a very wild and oppressive nightmare. I was also changed in other respects; for before and during my sea-sickness the smell of rum was so distasteful to me as almost to produce nausea, and I was glad to give my daily dram to any of my messmates who asked for it; the smell of tobacco was also very offensive, and I often left the mess berth in order to escape from the dense fumes which frequently commenced before I had finished my dinner: but when I began to recover strength, and experience the reaction of health, I summoned courage to sip my grog, and found the stimulus thereby afforded grateful, if not beneficial; and before we had rounded the Cape, I could tip off a "raw nip" (neat spirit) with somewhat of the unflinching nonchalance of a forecastle man. By that time I had also become a smoker, having at first merely taken up a pipe in self-defence; nor can I deny that I had very cautiously commenced the practice of chewing — having been told that it was an indispensable accomplishment for a sailor — beginning with minute quids, and gradually increasing, until, at length, my cheek exhibited a goodly protuberance; so easy is it for youngsters to acquire bad habits, especially when encouraged by example, and liable to be constantly jeered at for their abstinence.

We passed the islands of Palma and Ferro at a great distance; after losing sight of them, we were blessed with a moderate trade-wind and fine clear weather, and made some very good days' runs. The ship improved much in appearance; the decks were beautifully clean; the crew were in good order and discipline; the passengers, of whom we had forty — the greater proportion of them young ladies going out on a well-known speculation — commenced promenading the quarter-deck; the weather grew perceptibly warmer, blue cloth jackets and trousers were discarded, and linen and duck worn in their stead. On Christmas-eve we were 16 degrees north of the equator.

Christmas-Day. — Divine service was performed in the cuddy by Captain Courtly, attended by many of the passengers, a portion of the crew, and all the young gentlemen. At one o'clock the mids dined in their own mess-room, and the dinner was really a capital one: the captain had made us a present of several bottles of beer and wine, and a shoulder of mutton; this, in conjunction with potted meats and bouilli from our own stores, and a plum-pudding, or "duff," as sailors call it, made a very substantial banquet. Everything was conducted with wonderful propriety and decorum, considering the wild character of the guests, and we finished by drinking to the health of all "absent friends."

On the evening of the 26th we had a variety of games, also fiddling and dancing reels, in which all the officers and midshipmen joined. This was the first day on which I had seen any flying fish, and now I saw them in hundreds; they appeared to be about the size of pilchards. When a whole flight of them drop into the water after their brief aërial tour, they produce a sound as if a shower of pebbles had been cast into the sea from a considerable height.

Dec. 29th. — Becalmed. Many stormy petrels seen. These graceful birds resemble swallows both in shape and manner of flying, but are somewhat smaller; they are better known by the name of Mother Carey's chickens. A shark was seen prowling under our stern, as is generally the case when a ship is becalmed in these latitudes.

31*st.* — Light breezes. Lat., at noon, 40° north. A few minutes after sunset we were all startled by hearing a tremendous voice hailing the ship from some unknown quarter, in the following manner: — "Ship ahoy! what ship 's that?" Captain Courtly, who was willing to amuse his passengers, and seemed to enter with zest into the fun, answered through his speaking-trumpet, in his usual clear tones, "The *Weatherly*." "Where are you from?" was the next question of the invisible voice. "From the port of London." "Where are you bound?" "To Bombay," was the reply. "Have you any of my children on board?" "Yes." "Then I shall come and claim them to-morrow," said the stranger; and having thus notified his intentions, he was a moment afterwards seen floating astern in a blazing tar-barrel. This was old Neptune himself, who seldom allows a vessel to approach his grand boundary line without a visit of this nature.

January 1*st* was an important era in my life, for on that day I first crossed the line, and was initiated into the mysteries of Neptune's court. A holiday having been previously granted to all hands, a grand procession was formed early in the forenoon, headed by the sailmaker, a humorous old man, who often made us laugh with his droll stories — a sad, drunken reprobate withal; he personated Neptune, in a fine spreading wig of tow, and, seated on a gun-carriage by way of throne, flourished a three-pronged grainse, which was supposed to be his trident. By his side was a bulky, swarthy-faced man, wearing a woman's cap and shawl, whom Neptune introduced with much gallantry as his wife; and, to complete the classical group, one of the ship's boys, decked out in cast-off female finery, was placed behind them as their hopeful daughter. The old sailmaker, whose pleasantries were never offensive, passed a number of jokes upon the assembled passengers, paid handsome compliments to the pretty faces of the smiling ladies, and then formally requested the captain's permission to perform the customary rites; a request which was courteously granted as far as shaving the midshipmen was concerned, but any interference with the passengers was strictly and positively interdicted. The ship's company soon after went to dinner: we had scarcely finished that meal, when a strong body of sailors, calling themselves Constables, came down to our berth, singled out us novices, blindfolded, and led us upon deck, where a large tub, full of water, was prepared for our reception. On the edge of this we were seated, one by one, in turn, and questions were propounded to us by Neptune's head physician respecting the state of our health, our age, and length of service. Upon our opening our mouths to answer his interrogatories he immediately thrust in a large bolus, composed of materials of a most nauseous description, collected from the cow-house, hen-coops, pigsties, &c. This having been done amid awful sputterings from the victim, the barber was ordered to step forward and commence his important operations, which he did, nothing loth; and, by way of preliminary, smeared over our smooth cheeks a lather of coal-tar, blended with other still more objectionable articles, and then roughly scraped it off again with a rusty fragment of iron hoop. The shaving being completed, we were tipped backwards into the tub of water, and allowed to struggle out as we best could under a shower of water which descended from all quarters, even from the fore and main tops. The bandage was then removed, and we were at liberty to join in the fun of drenching others as much as we pleased. The baker and two apprentices were the only persons besides the mids who were consigned to the tender mercies of Neptune's myrmidons. The boatswain's call was soon after heard, summoning all hands to "splice the main brace" — a summons which was readily and cheerfully attended to, sailors being generally ready for a glass of grog. The festivities having thus closed, my attention was forcibly directed to my head, which was beginning to smart from the effects of the new-invented pomatum with which my hair had been so liberally bedaubed. My first act was to ask the advice of an old quarter-master, whom I had engaged as my hammock-man and shoe-blacker, as to the readiest means of clearing my locks of the abominable nuisance. He smiled, and answered that he was acquainted with an excellent remedy, adding that mine was not the first case of anointing he had seen, as he had crossed the line scores of times in the course of his life. He went, therefore, to the cook's galley with a handful of oakum, which he plunged into the slush-cask (slush is the skimmings of the coppers in which the fat salt pork is boiled for the ship's company), and, returning to me, commenced rubbing the rancid, greasy mixture among my hair, and upon every part of my neck and shoulders where he perceived any blotches of coal-tar; the effect of this was to decompose the latter, so that it could be removed by the application of soap-and-water and a rough towel; and yet, in spite of all my exertions, my hair remained in a very unpleasant condition for a long time after.

Before leaving this subject, I may as well mention, as a warning to others, that myself and two other youngsters were prevailed upon, under false promises of being "let off easy" (that is to say, spared the infliction of the bolus and the coal-tar), to pay the sum of one guinea each to Neptune; and after this, by a base breach of faith, we were forced to undergo the ceremony in its most disgusting form. But I laughed, at the time, at the idea of having been so easily imposed upon, and I have laughed often since when I have thought of it. The fact was, that from the moment we first joined the ship at Gravesend, we heard nothing else talked of but crossing the line; and even the men were always joking us about the terrible ordeal we should then have to pass through: with these exaggerated accounts always dinning in our ears, can it be wondered at that we gladly jumped at the chance of escape, or at all events of amelioration, offered by the payment of a few shillings? We must all pay for our experience, and many, perhaps, have paid dearer than we did.

When to the southward of the line, we met with light, variable breezes for many days, during which time we did not average more than three miles an hour, and were constantly exposed to pitiless torrents of rain. I was placed in the same watch with the senior midshipman, a rough, bullying fellow, who had particular orders to do all in his power to make me acquainted with the different parts of the ship, names and uses of ropes, &c. When in a good humor, he would show me the different ropes, and explain everything pertaining to them in an agreeable manner; but, in return for this condescension, he always insisted upon some concession on my part, such as my day's grog, the loan of some article of outfit, or that I should keep his watch while he skulked below, and be ready to call him instantly if he was missed and inquired for by the officer of the watch. When he was in a sulky mood he would send me aloft, generally choosing a time when the wind was high and the sea rough, and tell me to go out on each yard-arm, and point out to him the topsail and top-gallant sheets, and follow them up to their junction with the sails which they assisted to spread; and if, when I came down, I did not answer him satisfactorily, he ordered me up again with such a hurricane of maledictions, that I was glad to spring into the rigging. By a repetition of these practical lessons. I rapidly gained the necessary knowledge, and became less dependent upon others; indeed, by the time the ship had reached the line, I had recovered my spirits, and enjoyed excellent health, with the exception of a tendency to skin eruptions, produced by the change of living.

I do not recollect when I first went aloft to assist in reefing the mizzen-topsail; but I well remember that it was before I had thoroughly recovered from my sea-sickness, and that I was almost bewildered by the hurry and noise attendant on the movements of a hundred and twelve sailors, all pulling, hauling and bawling; the thunder of the sails as they shook in the wind preparatory to reefing, and the fierce roar of the angry wind itself as it rushed through the rigging. However, not willing to appear backward, I scrambled up to the mizzen-topsail-yard awkwardly enough; and, although I had not strength to be of the least assistance, I hung on desperately with the reef-points whipping my ankles most cruelly, and watched the proceedings of the reefers as well as the darkness of the night would allow. My cap and shoes very soon left me, and went spinning away to leeward into the sea; and, to make matters worse, the first attempt I made to haul the wet and heavy canvas upon the yard cost me the whole of my finger-nails, which, being rather long, were torn off to the quick by a sudden jerk of the sail, causing the blood to flow freely. After this severe lesson, I never went to reef or furl with my nails projecting beyond the ends of my fingers; and I also took the precaution of securing my cap with a rope-yarn, and leaving my shoes upon deck. Before the feet become hardened, it is very painful to ascend the ratlins without shoes; but after a few months the soles assume a horny quality, and are entirely devoid of feeling, and shoes are discarded with contempt, as useless incumbrances.

4th. — We were delighted at meeting with a homeward-bound vessel, which proved to be the French bark Gaspar, from Guayaquil to Bordeaux, by which conveyance we sent a bag of letters.

10th. — Whilst divine service was being performed on the quarter-deck, and nearly the whole of the passengers were, or appeared to be, absorbed in their devotions, a sharp crack was heard, as of something giving way aloft, followed by a tremendous crash. All started to their feet — the passengers rushed into the cuddy, perhaps thinking that the ship had struck; the sailors looked up to the masts, and it was soon evident to an experienced eye that the mischief arose from the main-royal backstays having been carried away, and this had caused both the fore and main top-gallant masts to break short off. I never saw a more complete wreck; the sails were all set at the time of the accident, so that they were dangling and flapping about in a most ludicrous manner. There was very little wind at the time, so that we could only account for the mishap by laying the blame on the rottenness of the backstays. Not a moment was lost; Bibles and prayer-books were thrown aside, the boatswain piped "All hands clear wreck!" the men ran and took off their clean Sunday clothes, and in a few minutes the rigging was swarming with human beings. So actively did they work, that in a few hours the old broken stumps were down on deck, and new masts sent up in their place, the yards re-crossed, and the sails re-set.

12*th.* — Fine weather. A variety of games in the evening, of an athletic nature — "Sling the monkey," "baste the bear," and "high kokolorum," — all of the roughest, and attended with many hard blows and bruises; but they tended, as Jack says, to keep the devil out of our minds. Regularly, after work was over, in these fine-weather latitudes, the boatswain piped "All hands to skylark;" every soul on board then considered himself at liberty to amuse himself as he thought best. The men generally congregated in the waist, and played at "leap-frog," "hunt the slipper," or one of the elegant games before mentioned, or would gather aft and look on at the feats of the quarter-deck heroes. The officers and midshipmen made a tolerably large party by themselves, and often danced reels to the sound of the fiddle, until compelled to desist by sheer exhaustion, and this with the thermometer at 70 degrees. The passengers would occasionally have a quadrille, and the ladies were nothing loth to have a smart young officer as a partner. There was a great deal of promenading after sunset, and tittle-tattle, and flirtation, when the young cadets were uncommonly killing, in their own estimation.

14*th.* — A most delightful day. Passed the group of islands called La Trinidada, scarcely visible from the deck.

16*th.* — Suspecting, from the quantity of nearly fresh water brought up by the pumps, that there must be considerable leakage from the water-butts, examined those stowed in the forehold, and made the unpleasant, though timely discovery, that no less than seven thousand and forty gallons had leaked out from the second tier, which was wholly owing to the weakness and inferiority of the butts supplied by some rascally contractor. In consequence of this discovery, the allowance of water, which had been scanty enough before, was further reduced, so that we had only one quart per man daily. This was to serve for washing and drinking, for soup, tea, and coffee. We suffered intensely from this deprivation; so much so, that we took every opportunity of stealing water from the steward's cask when he incautiously left it unlocked. In our night-watches we often contrived to open a cistern in which rain-water was collected for the use of the live-stock; and, although the beverage was far from being clean or palatable, we took such ample draughts that the roguery was detected, and the lid of the cistern fitted with a stout padlock. Having lost this invaluable resource, we hailed with delight a heavy shower of rain, which, being caught in the hollow of a tarpaulin, was greedily sucked up in spite of its tarry flavor. An old soldier, who, with his wife and family, were quartered in the berth adjoining our mess-room, sometimes took pity on us, and gave us a portion of his own small allowance, in return for which we supplied his family with the refuse from our table. I often used to think of the wasteful manner in which I had seen the servant-maids in England rinsing down the door-steps and pavement with nice sparkling spring water on Saturday nights, and the thought of it only made my thirst the more unbearable. We could have obtained water by putting into the Cape, but the captain did not think the emergency sufficiently great to warrant his thus delaying the voyage.

27th. — A dead calm. The surface of the sea moving in long undulations, but undisturbed save by a wandering zephyr or occasional cat's-paw. A boat was lowered, and a party sallied forth to shoot whatever might come in their way. They were successful in bringing down a fine albatross, which they brought on board, together with some masses of broad, ribbon-like sea-weed, which they had found floating on the surface, covered with venerable barnacles.

28th. — Quite an event. After long dallying with the bait, a shark swallowed the hook, and was triumphantly dragged on board amid the cheers of the sailors, both white and colored. The watery savage struggled tremendously, and lashed his tail about with such force, that we were glad to give him a wide berth, for the blow of a shark's tail is sufficiently heavy to break a man's leg. When he was at length dead, the backbone was saved for a walking-stick, and the jaws and head were cleaned by the fifth mate, to take home as a chimney ornament. I tasted some of the flesh when cooked, and thought it hard in texture, and rancid in flavor; and yet it might be considered delicate, after the golden-hued pork to which we had been so long accustomed. An albatross was caught on the same day by means of a hook baited with a morsel of fresh meat. These birds are frequently captured in this manner.

31st. — One of our steerage passengers struck a porpoise with the grainse, an instrument which bears a considerable resemblance to the trident of Neptune, consisting of three barbed prongs fixed at one end of a staff, the other end of which is loaded with lead, not sufficiently heavy to sink the staff entirely, but enough to immerse it a few feet below the surface, thus flinging the barbed extremity into the air. We made a bargain for this fish, and had some steaks of it broiled for our supper. The flesh was of as dark a red as beef, and resembled that meat in coarseness of texture, but was very deficient in flavor and juiciness.

February 2. — The weather being very fine, and the wind nearly at rest, Mr. Smart, the chief officer, thought it would be a good opportunity to give the young gentlemen a little lesson in practical seamanship. So, at nine o'clock, the midshipmen, boys, and idlers, were all ordered aloft to practise reefing and furling the mizzen-topsail. This was very hot and fatiguing work, but of course it was calculated to do us great service. We had to go through the whole of the operations several times before the task was executed with sufficient smartness to give satisfaction. The only thing complained of was the excessive thirst produced by working so many hours under a tropical sun, for we well knew that the water-bucket in our berth was as dry as a bone, and that the fowl-cistern was under key and padlock.

4th, 5th, 6th. — Calm, sails flapping heavily against the masts, in consequence of a long continuous swell, which caused the vessel to roll lazily from side to side, a movement by which the rigging was much strained, and the masts and yards kept constantly working, producing far more wear and tear than a gale of wind. A long-continued calm tries the patience of all on board, but more especially the captain, for, whether there be wind or not, at four o'clock every day there are forty passengers clamorous for their dinner, eating and drinking being the grand business of the day with them; and the ingenuity of the steward is put to a great test in providing a sufficient number of dishes. Nay, dishes there are, in plenty, but, generally speaking, their contents are most ridiculously scanty. The poultry had died off by scores, the sheep were running short, pigs, too, were scarce; so that, in spite of the ingenuity of M. Antoine, the French cook, salt beef, from the harness-cast, in all its native ugliness, was a standing dish, — a veritable *piece du resistance.*

The passengers, too, were getting weary of the ship and of each other; a newspaper was set on foot, but speedily given up by common consent, on account of the personalities which crept in, and the scandal which was circulated through the medium of its columns.

Stories were circulated of ships which had been detained in the same spot for upwards of six weeks, neither moving backward nor forward one inch; and we all confessed, with lengthened faces, that, from the general appearance of the weather, such was very likely to be our own case. At length a cat's-paw was seen — the yards were trimmed; from the cat's-paw sprang up a steady breeze, and one that seemed likely to increase. Towards evening it had drawn aft, and surely, though gradually, freshened to a gale.

I shall never forget my first night off the Cape, in a north-wester. Our cargo was principally bar-iron and shot; and a few dozen of the latter, from some little oversight in the stowage, got adrift about midnight, and were bounding and dancing over the bars, and rushing from side to side, at each roll of the ship, with a roar like thunder. It would have been almost certain death to venture into the hold, in order to check these missiles in their mad career, so the more prudent course was adopted of throwing down a number of bales of hay, which checked them, and deadened their velocity sufficiently to enable us to secure them one by one, and stow them in places from whence they could not escape. It was my first watch, that is, from eight p. m. to midnight; when it was over, I gladly turned into my hammock, and, in spite of the roaring of the wind, the creaking of the bulk-heads, and the smell of rotten cheese, (arising from a private speculation of the carpenter's, whose storeroom was abreast of my hammock,) I fell asleep. At about three o'clock in the morning, the head lanyard of my hammock either broke, or was cut by some malicious person, and I found myself, quite unexpectedly, sprawling upon my back, upon the chain cable, which was ranged on the deck, immediately under my hammock. The back part of my head had come in contact with the iron-bound corners of a sailor's chest, and was bleeding profusely from a deep triangular wound. When I had somewhat collected my scattered senses, and comprehended my situation, I jumped up, ran into our berth, bound a handkerchief tightly round my head, and then commenced re-slinging my hammock, standing meanwhile barefooted in the rusty water which flooded the deck, and groping in darkness for the blankets and pillow, which, when found, were dripping wet. While thus occupied, I heard the boatswain's shrill call, followed by his hoarse voice, rolling along the gun-deck, — "All hands reef topsails. Bear a hand here, young gentlemen. No time for tying up your garters when the ship 's overboard!" Half-stunned as I was by my late blow, I went up with the rest, and the first thing that met my eye to windward was a large water-spout, apparently bearing rapidly down towards the ship. One of the quarter-deck guns was loaded, and pointed in the direction of the advancing column; but just as the order was about to be given to fire, it dispersed, being at that time about a quarter of a mile distant. Scarcely an hour had elapsed, during which we were employed in shortening sail, when a whirlwind was seen smoking along, which appeared to be large enough in circumference to swallow us up with ease. Every eye gazed on it with some anxiety, as it came swiftly onward, the waters whirling and boiling with inconceivable velocity, and all felt greatly relieved when it passed ahead of us, although not more than twenty yards from our jib-boom end.

The topsails having been reefed, I went below again, and requested the doctor to examine my cranium. Having cut away some of the clotted hair, and probed the wound, he declared that the skull was intact, (although I imagine, judging from the scar which remains to this day, that the bone was considerably indented,) and dismissed me with a strip of adhesive plaster, not even offering to apply it for me; so I went to the galley, and, with the assistance of the captain's cook, the ingenious Antoine, mended up the gap in a very secure, if not in a very scientific, manner. The cutting down of hammocks is a common practical joke, but then it is usually done upon the humane system of cutting the foot lanyard, which is not dangerous. In the midst of this rolling, confusion and bloodshed, we rounded the Cape of Good Hope. When dinner-time arrived, as the rolling was still incessant, we found that nothing could be persuaded to remain in a state of quiescence for a single moment upon the mess-table, notwithstanding forks were stuck into it in every available position; so, acting upon the ingenious suggestion of our caterer, we turned our table legs upward, placed the soup tureen and plates inside, and then squatting down upon the deck, took a mouthful whenever a convenient opportunity offered, each man of course helping himself, and looking out to keep his own plate on a proper balance. The soup having been disposed of, some on the deck, and some down our throats, the pork was brought in; and as no dish could be expected to live through such a gale, it was placed for safety in the tureen, and then, holding biscuits in our hands, by way of platters, we each cut off a portion with our pocket-knives; the mess knives and forks had mostly rolled underneath the chests, and were consequently smothered in tobacco-ashes, &c. This was all done amid much laughter and merriment; many ludicrous upsets took place, generally ending in the smash of some article of glass or crockery which we could but ill spare. It would be difficult to form an idea of the fun which a scene of this kind creates; whilst one is laughing at his neighbor's disaster, he gets his own lapful of pease-soup, and another finds himself rolling amid a shower of plates, tin pannikins, pork bones, and other débris upon the sloppy deck.

Just opposite to the door of our berth, (we had been removed further aft during the passage,) which now looked out on the square of the main hatchway, the third mate slung his cot; and, sitting astride on this, with their dinner between them, he and the fourth mate were congratulating themselves upon the cleverness of their manœuvre. Just at this moment, the ship's bell, weighing about one hundred weight and a half, which was hung on a hook, as is usual, at the fore part of the mainmast, having been unhooked by a loose rope, descended the hatchway like a meteor, chipped the steps of the ladder, grazed the cot upon which our worthies were discussing their viands, passed within an inch of both of them, and then alighted on the deck, making a very deep indent in the teak, to mark the spot where it fell. As nobody was injured, we all laughed heartily at the adventure, but it was really a narrow escape for the officers.

8th. — More rolling and reefing. Immense destruction of crockery in the mess-room.

27th. — Poor old Daniels, A. B., departed this life. The doctor pronounced the cause of his death to be old age and diseased lungs. He was a quiet, inoffensive old man, and had latterly been so imbecile and helpless that he was not much missed. We buried him next day with the usual ceremonies. The body was stitched up in a hammock, with two or three cannon shot at the foot to sink it; it was then laid at the gangway upon a grating, the whole decently covered with a Union-Jack. All hands were called to "bury the dead;" the crew were ranged in order along the deck, the officers grouped around the captain, who, when all were bareheaded and attentive, read the service in a distinct voice; the grating was sloped, and the lump of canvas, still retaining a ghastly resemblance to a pallid, swollen corpse, slipped off, and, plumping into the sea, was immediately out of sight. That dull, heavy plunge haunted me for many hours afterwards, I know not why, save that it was a sound which had never before struck my ear. Since then, I have seen so many poor fellows, soldiers and sailors, passed over the gangway, that the sound leaves now but a momentary impression.

From this time forward until Good-Friday (April 9), which embraces a period of about five weeks, we had a wearisome succession of calms and light winds; the latter being fortunately in general from a favorable quarter. We still continued upon the short allowance of water before mentioned — namely, one quart per diem for all purposes; and had it not been for the assistance of these fair breezes and smooth sea, which enabled us to slip along at an average rate of three miles an hour, we should inevitably have been placed in the disagreeable dilemma of having only a pint. As it was, we were beginning to think such a catastrophe far from improbable, and it was with great joy, therefore, that on Good-Friday we saw two native vessels, which, from the course they were steering, we judged had lately sailed from Bombay. We hailed these vessels, and upon their heaving to, sent a boat on board with an officer to ask them if they had any water to spare. The poor fellows, although their stock was but small, and they had a long voyage before them, willingly gave us a portion. Their joint contributions, however, did not amount to more than eighty gallons; but as we might now hope, with a moderate breeze, to reach Bombay in a few days, and we yet had a little of our old stock remaining, this small addition removed all anxiety upon the subject.

On nearing Bombay, it was pleasing to mark the joy which animated the countenances of the Lascar portion of our crew. Many were the questions eagerly put as to the latitude and longitude at noon, and the probable time of arrival. Their love of country must be stronger, I think, than that which exists in the breasts of us phlegmatic Europeans; or, if this be not the case, their ardent and earnest manner of expressing themselves would naturally lead one to suppose so.

About a week before sighting our destined port, a holiday was allowed to the Lascars, in order that they might have an opportunity of duly celebrating a religious festival, known to us by the name of *Obson Jobson*. On this grand, and to them solemn occasion, they all attired themselves in their smartest scarlet turbans (variegated cotton skull-caps embroidered with gold) and robes of snowy whiteness; and in the afternoon went through a variety of strange uncouth dances, accompanied by much stamping of the feet to a certain slow measure, with a wild and yet not unmusical song, in which at certain intervals all joined in chorus. From the darksome recesses of the fore-orlop (the part of the ship appropriated to the use of the Lascar crew) arose clouds of incense, and there were performed many mysterious rites, of which the Europeans were not allowed to be witnesses: indeed, our men had previously received strict orders not to give needless offence by impertinent intrusion. I gathered from some of the Lascars afterwards that each man had to pass through some kind of sword ordeal, the exact nature of which I could not precisely comprehend; but it appeared to me that it was resorted to in order to discover whether any of them had proved unmindful of their religious duties since the last Obson Jobson festival. Towards night they danced upon deck in rings to the sound of tom-toms, and their own monotonous and melodious chant, at the same time flourishing naked cutlasses — kindly supplied by the captain for the nonce — and long poles decorated with red streamers. This amusing and to me perfectly novel spectacle was at length put a stop to by darkness.

April 10*th to* 12*th.* — A strong breeze; ship making rapid progress, and every heart beating in joyous anticipation of seeing land. A number of bets were now made amongst the passengers as to the probable day, and even hour, of our arrival at Bombay. A fifteen-pound lottery was also established, tickets five shillings each; on each ticket was written a certain day and hour, and the fortunate holder of that ticket upon which was written the exact time that the ship came to an anchor, became the winner. When the captain happens to be the holder of the prize-ticket, there are always many most uncharitable insinuations made to the effect that he has retarded or accelerated the speed of the vessel by his management of the sails, in order to insure his own success.

13*th.* — One of our colored crew, a Seedy, or native of Madagascar, died after a short illness this morning, and in the afternoon was thrown overboard by his messmates, without any religious ceremonies that I was aware of.

This day we were favored with a strong breeze on our quarter, which was undoubtedly our best point of sailing. With every stitch of canvas spread, our ship was truly a magnificent sight. I have often seated myself upon the waist hammock-nettings, on a clear moonlight night, and looked aloft with feelings of intense admiration at the mighty cloud of swelling canvas above me, and inwardly exclaimed that, of all the works of man, a gallant East Indiaman of the olden time is one of the most beautiful to look upon. The water was very smooth, notwithstanding the freshness of the breeze, and we bowled cheerily along at the rate of ten miles an hour. In another day we expected to see the land, and you may imagine that I was all impatience to gaze upon the sunny shores of glorious Ind.

Having now brought the good old *Weatherly* within about a day's sail of the much-desired haven, I purpose devoting a few pages to miscellaneous matters mostly connected with the manners of living and the daily routine of existence on board an Indiaman. The times appropriated to meals are as follows: — Breakfast at eight; dinner at noon; supper at half-past five or six. Our allowance of meat was the same as that of the men — namely, salt beef and salt pork on alternate days. Upon Thursdays and Sundays, which were beef days, a certain quantity of flour and suet was served out, in order to make a pudding, the mixing of which was performed by our mess-boy, one of the apprentices. The beef had been so long in pickle, and had consequently grown so uncommonly hard, that a very small portion went a great way. It was so destitute of fat, that I have seen two mids, who had hitherto been on the best of terms, become the most bitter enemies, merely from the circumstance of one purloining a fragment of fat from the plate of the other. I have heard people declare that capital durable snuff-boxes have been made of this salt-junk, or salt-horse, as it is usually called. Upon pork days we had pea-soup, which, in the way it is made at sea, is a very nice thing. I believe the only ingredients are soft water and peas — enough peas should be used to make the soup of the consistency of thin paste. On board ship, when the peas do not mash up readily, from the hardness of the water, a little soda is added; and occasionally the cook puts a round shot into the coppers, which, from the constant motion of the vessel, acts as a sort of crushing machine. Sometimes a few lumps of fat pork are boiled up with the soup, at others a red herring, which enhances the flavor greatly. Peas-pudding (*alias* dog's body) is often allowed upon pork days, which is serviceable in counteracting the greasiness of the meat.

Our pork itself was as destitute of lean as the beef was of fat, and, from the effects of age, had become so rusty, as to be as yellow as a guinea. But the biscuit, or, as we called it, sea-cake, was perhaps the worst article supplied; from age and dampness it had contracted a very musty taste, and was literally moving with weevils and their grubs — the latter much resembling their cousins the nut maggots. Before eating it, we were forced to give it several sharp raps on the table, in order to dislodge the little strangers from their snug retreats. The water, which was from the bosom of old Thames, and which is notorious for going through seven separate stages of putrefaction before it is in a fit state for use, had, during the latter part of the passage out, become so inky in hue, so odorous from the quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen it contained, that, had it not been for excessive thirst, we should have cast it from us with disgust. As it was, we were always fain to strain it through a towel or piece of rag before we could make it available for drinking. When it was my turn to go down into the forehold, and take care that the candle was safely placed while the water was being served out, I have seen a blue flame playing around the hole when the bung was removed. On one occasion, when the cooper took out the bung, and stooped down to smell the water, in order to ascertain its condition, he inhaled some foul gas, and went staggering from cask to cask like a drunken man. Notwithstanding the indifferent nature of our provisions, which were certainly worse than I have ever met with since, we always made a hearty meal; for our exposure to the open air gave us enormous appetites; besides, we had a few little dainties in our own mess-store, towards the purchasing of which each man had paid down £15 at Gravesend. These stores were of course used very sparingly. They consisted chiefly of hams, tongues, pickled tripe, Normandy pippins, cranberries, pickles, and cheeses, with a few tins of bouilli. We generally had our cranberry puddings boiled in a deep pewter washhand basin, of the Mambrino's helmet form. Sunday was the day for the appearance of some of these dainties, when we also mounted a nice clean tablecloth, and tried to make as respectable an appearance as possible; but, curiously enough, we seldom ate our Sunday dinner in peace. Sometimes a squall came up, which rendered it necessary to take in the royals; at others a vessel was in sight showing signals, which we were called upon to answer.

One fine Sunday during this passage we were sailing pleasantly along on the starboard tack, with a moderate breeze and a lively jumping sea; divine service had been duly and decorously performed; all the mids were in their best togs — blue jackets, white ducks, and glossy pumps; the boy had laid the tablecloth, and displayed to the best advantage our rather diminished stock of glass, crockery, and Britannia metal; the soup was brought in — a splendid mess of preserved bouilli; then came the second course — salt-horse; the caterer commenced carving; we were all watching him with hungry eyes, when a mighty green wave came rushing in at the open port-hole, and washed caterer, mids, beef, plates, knives, forks, spoons, and all, out at the cabin-door; and, worse still, as the very climax to our disaster, the boy was just entering with the plum-duff, and, coming face to face with the watery intruder, was taken off his legs, whilst the unlucky duff went rolling into the lee-scuppers. The man at the wheel had luffed up the vessel rather suddenly, which was the cause of the mishap; but as it happened two or three times, we suspected that it was done intentionally, by way of joke, perhaps by the orders of the fourth officer, who dearly loved a lark. Of course, after this, our dinner was a scramble; the beef was not injured, and the duff was just eatable. By dint of energetic baling and swabbing, we got the berth dry again in an hour. In spite of this inconvenience, we always preferred running the risk of shipping a sea to keeping the port closed, in which case we had no light save that afforded by a small swinging lamp, which never could be coaxed into brightness.

Besides the amusements before mentioned of dancing and athletic games, we seldom found anything to divert us, or to relieve the monotony of a sea-life, so that any circumstance which afforded a little fun or excitement was hailed with delight. One incident of this kind is so fresh in my recollection, that I am tempted to record it. After we had been at sea a few weeks, the young cadets who, at the commencement of the voyage, suffered awfully from the "mal du mer," got their sea-legs, and at the same time recovered their usual conceit and self-sufficiency. Consequently, when they saw the mids clambering aloft every day like so many monkeys, they felt a lively ambition to do the same. One afternoon, when it was nearly calm, several of the young militaires issued out from their dinner in high and vinous spirits, and burning to distinguish themselves in the eyes of the ladies by some remarkable achievement. Ere many minutes had elapsed, a few of the most active and enterprising were seen plodding their way up the mizzen rigging. Now it is a long-established custom, and, in my opinion, a very excellent one, to secure hand and foot all such landsmen and novices as shall venture aloft for the first time, and not to release them until they have either paid their footing in coin of the realm, or made a solemn promise so to do if released. Accordingly, our young adventurers were no sooner three parts up the rigging, than half-a-dozen fine active young fellows of our crew, who had been slyly watching their opportunity, sprang forward, each provided with a stout lashing. The cadets, who, it is to be supposed, had some notion of the custom before named, beholding these formidable preparations, now strained every nerve to escape; and a chase commenced which kept all hands in a perfect roar of laughter. Young Hoppner, however, a six-foot youth, afforded the finest sport. A sailor had caught hold of one of his feet, upon which he with much dexterity slipped off his boot, and again scrambled upwards until intercepted by the futlock rigging beneath the mizzen-top. Whilst endeavoring to struggle through lubber's hole, his nimble pursuer grasped his other foot, and was again left with the same *booty* as before. The indefatigable Hoppner, having wriggled into the top, jumped from ratlin to ratlin of the topmast rigging, but without his boots, he found the pain so unbearable to his tender soles, that he seized one of the backstays, and slid like lightning to the deck, thus escaping from the disappointed tars, who were quite astonished to see such spirit and agility displayed by a "lanky lubber of a landsman." Poor young Hoppner had evidently been aloft before, but I doubt whether he had ever before slipped down a backstay, for the whole of the skin was stripped, or rather burnt, from the palms of his hands, which generally happens to inexperienced persons making a rapid descent of this nature. Whilst this exciting and amusing chase was being carried on, the other cadets had been captured, and tightly lashed, hand and foot, to the shrouds; nor were they released until they had consented to pay a liberal footing. They had all the good sense to look upon the whole affair as a capital joke, and I believe their captors were very well satisfied with the ransoms obtained.

The second mate usually assists the captain in his navigation. He and the third mate keep alternate watches, and, while on deck, are responsible for the safety of the ship, and the proper management of the sails as the wind varies. Great vigilance is required in watching the changes of the weather, which are sometimes very sudden, and show no warning of their approach. The third mate messes with the fourth, and, as I have before said, has charge of a watch, at which he is equally responsible with the second mate for the well-being of the vessel, and must always be careful to keep his weather-eye open. Sleeping while on watch is one of the greatest crimes of which an officer can be guilty, and is punished accordingly. The fourth mate is not usually permitted to take charge of a watch, but does duty on deck with the chief mate, remaining forward, and attending to the trimming of the head-sails, under the direction of his superior. If, however, any of the other mates are ill, the captain can appoint him to do their duty if he thinks him competent and trustworthy. The third and fourth mates are respectively invited to dine with the captain once a week. The fifth mate messes with the midshipmen, and is their caterer. He assists the second mate in his watch in the same manner as the fourth assists the chief mate. Some of the largest-sized East Indiamen carry a sixth mate; the Weatherly did not, therefore I scarcely know what are his duties, but I presume that he was placed in the same watch as the third mate, to render him such assistance as lay in his power.

The boatswain and carpenter of our ship were personages of very considerable importance, as is probably the case in all vessels of equal tonnage; but our carpenter was held in especial respect, being a remarkably shrewd, clever, and well-educated man; not only a perfect master of his own craft, but a proficient in the science of navigation, and well-informed upon all useful topics; in fact, he was competent, in case of any great emergency, of taking charge of the ship. He, as well as the boatswain, had been in the East India Company's service; and some of the mids hearing them say that they still had their old Company's uniform coatees in their chests, coaxed them, with much difficulty, to wear them one Sunday at muster; but such was the universal laughter produced by the appearance of their ridiculous little bobtails, that the abashed warrant officers speedily dived, vowing that from that day forward they would never again be made fools of by a set of boys. The uniform of the superior officers was, on the contrary, very handsome and becoming; swords were worn by them, and dirks by the midshipmen.

One day I was ordered by the captain to send the carpenter to him instantly, he having discovered a leak just over one of his bookshelves; I hastened to perform his bidding, and going boldly to the "carpenter," said, "Carpenter, the captain wants you in his cabin directly." The person thus addressed looked at me with a quiet, and perhaps somewhat contemptuous smile, but not deigning to take any further notice of me, he calmly resumed his labor. I repeated my message, and insisted on the urgency of the case, when the "carpenter," as I had unwittingly called him, who was a tall, noble-looking old man, drew himself up to his full height, and said, in a deliberate manner, "Young gentleman, I am the carpenter of this ship, but my name is not 'Carpenter,' but Mauley; and you will further understand that I have a handle to my name: you will therefore please to address me, in future, as Mr. Mauley;" saying this, and smiling kindly, he hastened to obey the captain's summons, leaving me "taken aback," but not offended, at his just and plain-spoken rebuke. I found on inquiry that both himself and the boatswain were entitled, by usage immemorial, to insist upon the addition of "Mr." to their surnames, and I never again gave offence on that score. In every ship where proper discipline is maintained, these matters, trifling as they appear, are strictly attended to, and with good results. In the next ship which bore me to the East, a craft of about 700 tons burthen, the carpenter, a rough, hardy Swede, rejoicing in the name of Burstrome, was not offended in the slightest degree at being called "Chips," even by the black cuddy servant!

The midshipmen are divided into watches, according to their number, two or three in each watch. Sometimes they are appointed to keep the same watches as the mates, so that each mate may always have the same mids in his watch. This is very pleasant for the mids when they are upon good terms with the officer to whose watch they belong. We were made to keep watch and watch, (which is four hours on duty, and four hours off, alternately,) until after we left St. Helena on our homeward passage, when we were indulged with three watches.

The midshipmen are invited, two and two, by turns, to dine in the cuddy. We all disliked this ceremony very much on account of the inconvenience attendant upon dressing in our wretched dark and dirty den. The ale and wine we were allowed on those occasions were declared by some to be the only redeeming points. Conversation there was none; the passengers appeared to view us with contempt, and the captain seldom condescended to speak to us except in a jeering manner for his own recreation. When I received my first invitation to dine in the cuddy, I was considerably agitated, and naturally asked my messmates a few questions as to the usual etiquette practised upon such occasions; and they, always ready for a joke, told me that it was necessary, upon my first entering the cuddy, to make a formal bow to the captain, and then to make another, equally ceremonious, to the chief mate. I followed these instructions literally, and I have no doubt that my bows were preëminently graceful, for I could see both gentlemen smile approvingly as they returned the salutation; but why they should suddenly turn away their heads, and smother their faces in their handkerchiefs, I could not at the moment conceive. With my white kerseymere waistcoat, blue swallow-tailed coat, with tremendous double-gilt East India Company's buttons, stockings of immaculate whiteness, and polished dancing-pumps — it is scarcely possible that they could have found food for laughter in my personal appearance. Be this as it may, experience maketh wise; and from that time henceforward Captain Courtly never received any more politeness from me than was actually required by the discipline of the ship.

Place a landsman on the quarter-deck of a first-class Indiaman after she has been two months at sea; let it be on a fine Sunday forenoon, just before the hands are turned out to muster, and when every rope is belayed to its proper pin, and the spare ends arranged carefully on the deck in Flemish cheeses, fakes, and figures of eight; when the hammocks are neatly stowed in the nettings, and the deck is so smooth and clean that it seems a sin to tread upon it, — and that landsman will say, "Everything is perfect, everything complete, everything in its place; there is nothing in the world to do, so we may put our hands in our pockets and rest contented for a while." But the chief mate, that unwearying taskmaster, knows better, as will be best shown by the following rapid outline of the employments of men and midshipmen during one day, which may be taken as a specimen.

At four o'clock in the morning the chief officer's watch commences. The watch scrub, wash, and sometimes holystone the decks. The midshipmen and apprentices scrub and wash the poop, and then swab it up dry, taking a laudable pride in having their deck whiter than any other; but, by the by, teak decks, owing to the natural color of the wood, never look white, however clean they may be, although the tint is very pleasing, and affords relief to the eye in a glaring sun. The midshipmen are expected to pump all the cisterns full communicating with the quarter galleries, which is never less than an hour's job, and very severe exercise. At seven bells (half-past seven) the hammocks are piped up; and then, will ye nill ye, every man who possesses a hammock must jump up, lash it neatly, and take it on deck. When all are brought up, they are carefully stowed in the nettings by the quartermasters, under the superintendence of two young gentlemen who are called up from their watch below for the purpose. If any of the hammocks are lashed in a slovenly manner, or merely bundled up in what is called a "midshipman's roll," the owner is punished by stoppage of grog, and made to secure it in a more ship-shape manner. Another midshipman of the watch below is turned out at six o'clock, to go down in the hold and act as a candlestick, whilst the cooper pumps the water into buckets for the use of the ship's company during the day. I often used to drop asleep whilst holding the candle, much to the annoyance of the poor cooper. The purser, whose duty it is to see that the water is properly measured out, sits in an easy-chair upon the gun-deck, close to the hatchway, with his legs crossed, and smoking a Manilla cheroot, or sipping his coffee, with the air of an Eastern prince. Our purser, who had risen from the situation of cooper, looked with extreme contempt upon the poor midshipmen, and openly expressed his anger when he saw that our names had the precedence of his own in the ship's articles. He would have been very friendly and obliging towards us if we had once admitted his superior rank, but this was a concession which we never felt any inclination to make.

At eight o'clock, pipe to breakfast: half an hour is allowed for that meal. After breakfast the watch on deck are set to work under the boatswain, repairing defects in the rigging, putting on Scotchmen, — that is, chafing battens made of split bamboo, — making spunyarn, sinneth, gasketts, mats, robands, &c. The mechanics — by which are understood the armorer, carpenter and his mate, the cooper — all set about their proper occupations. The sailmaker and two or three expert workmen repair and alter sails as necessary. The midshipmen of the watch on deck run errands, or sit down and paint ropes, or, if squally, clue up and furl the mizzen topgallant sail, or royal, and, when the squall is over, set them again. Of course, in case of a shift of wind, the whole watch is required to haul upon the braces; and the mids, although not compelled to pull, are always ready enough to lend a hand; indeed, he must be an incorrigible lazy one who could stand and look on without a desire to "pull his pound." Time slips away quickly thus employed. When a midshipman's watch on deck is over, his watch below, as it is called, commences, and he gets but little time to himself, as it is usual for him to keep watch in the hold when the hatches are taken off for the sake of ventilation. I have spent many hundreds of melancholy hours in this gloomy employment, with no other companions than rats and cockroaches; no sound save the monotonous rippling of the water against the bends; no smell save the odoriferous exhalations of the bilge-water, and no sight save dingy casks and cases, bar-iron, shot, and small coal. At noon the boatswain pipes to dinner. One hour is allowed the men for this meal; the mids only get half an hour, as they have to relieve each other (I allude to those who have the watch on deck); the oldsters are very apt to take the lion's share of this hour, and leave only ten minutes for their unfortunate messmates or watchmate. In such cases retaliation in the same coin is generally resorted to, which ultimately brings the subject under the notice of the officers, who insist upon justice being done.

After dinner the jobs of the morning are resumed. At five the sailmaker stows his sails away; the spunyarn, mats, &c., are put in the boatswain's locker; and the boys get their brooms, and give the decks a clean sweep fore and aft. At half-past five, or thereabouts, the crew are sent to supper, for which half an hour is allowed. After supper the hammocks are piped down; all hands come on deck, and each fixes on his own "dreaming bag;" midshipmen are stationed to preserve order and regularity; at a signal from the officer of the watch, the boatswain "pipes down," which is done by a peculiarly prolonged stridulous whistle; away dart the men simultaneously, and tumble one over the other down the fore and main hatchways, laughing and jumping like so many boys just escaped from school. Thus ends the working-day. The amusements and skylarking after working-hours have already been detailed.

On Sunday, when the weather was fine, and there were no squally appearances to windward, we had divine service performed upon the quarter-deck, which, together with the poop, is covered by a stout canvas awning, and shaded by curtains of the same material. The capstan is decorated with an ensign, surmounted by a cushion, a Bible, and a prayer-book, and thus serves as a reading-desk for the captain, alongside of whom stands the doctor or purser, to make the responses. All the cuddy chairs are set round for the use of the passengers, whilst the crew are seated upon capstan bars, with either end resting upon a bucket: when the ship is lively in her motions, these rickety seats cause a corresponding liveliness in the sitters, who sometimes go, half-a-dozen at a time, sprawling to leeward. When the weather is wet, and the wind unpleasantly strong, the service is performed in the cuddy, when all the men are at liberty to attend, but the majority prefer passing the time in their hammocks. During the first few Sundays of the voyage, Captain Courtly also read evening prayers in the cuddy, and insisted upon the attendance of all the young gentlemen. At these times he favored us by reading a discourse out of some old sermon book; but his choice unfortunately was bad, for the lecture was so long, and so purely doctrinal, as to set the whole of his congregation a-yawning.

Sunday is a day of rest as far as wind and weather will permit, but in the course of my experience I have seen more squalls and gales, and reefing and furling, on Sundays than on any other day in the week. The crew are all dressed in their cleanest white clothes, and lounge about, pipe in mouth, on the forecastle. Those who can read, eagerly devour everything they can lay hands on in print, and drawl it out aloud for the benefit of a group of attentive listeners. The variety of their recreations is rather amusing: I have heard one man reading aloud from the "Quaver," a collection of 1000 songs, toasts, and sentiments; another spouting some modern melodrama; another engaged in a thrilling penny romance; whilst here and there, apart from the rest, was a solitary old graybeard quietly reading his Bible, with a short black pipe or dudheen between his teeth.

April 15*th.* — At half-past six, in the last dog-watch, the loom of high land was seen bearing from the ship north-east by east — a welcome sight for the poor mids, who were now at their wits' end for clean linen; many of them had been in most awkward dilemmas for want of a decent shirt, especially when invited to dine with the captain. The steward was instructed to invite the young gentlemen, each in his regular turn, which he accordingly did; but when the party invited happened to be short of clean linen, he would swear positively that it was not his turn, or be suddenly seized with a violent headache; and the poor steward after being bandied from one to the other, would indignantly leave it to be settled amongst themselves — merely hinting that, out of respect to the captain, *somebody must come;* so that he who had best economized his wardrobe at the commencement of the passage, dined most frequently in the cuddy towards the sequel: a circumstance which, even if noticed by the captain, would have been a source of amusement to him, rather than of displeasure. I have often, when awakening on a Sunday morning, burst into a cold sweat, and my heart has sunk within me when the consciousness broke upon me that I had not a clean shirt wherein to make my appearance at muster.

Frequently the loan of three, or even four colored shirts was offered for the temporary loan of one white one : and still more frequently the contents of the dirty clothes-bag were examined, and the cleanest of the dirty ones selected for use. Etiquette forbade the use of colored shirts at the cuddy table. We were not so awkwardly circumstanced with regard to trousers, for those which were made of canvas or duck could be rendered beautifully white by merely being washed in salt water; while the blue-cloth garments, if greasy and tarry, were restored to their original gloss by immersion in pea-soup —a plan which, incredulous as I was at first as to its merits, I am now convinced is a very excellent one.

At half-past seven, Bombay Lighthouse reported to be in sight from the mast-head, and soon after it was visible from the deck. Fired guns and burned blue lights. Stood in for the land. At half-past nine passed the Fairway Buoy, and anchored in eight fathoms, with best bower, and furled sails. During the night a pilot came on board, and at daylight we hove up the anchor, stood in for our final lying-ground, and having there moored ship, at once commenced landing the passengers and their baggage. From the time we began heaving up until the final mooring of the ship, the young gentlemen were employed upon the gun-deck as messenger-men; which employment consists in "lightening along" or lifting a heavy hawser called a "messenger," which is the purchase used for weighing the anchor by the capstan, and which, in the present instance, was covered with a thick coat of very greasy clay, bespattering and bedaubing us until we bore a strong resemblance to Thames mud-larks. Of course, under these circumstances, no leisure was allowed for looking at the scene around us; therefore my first impressions of Bombay Harbor were not at all agreeable.

My duties upon the gun-deck being at length brought to a conclusion, I hastened to the upper deck, and there, for the first time, the beautiful harbor of Bombay, almost landlocked by fertile islands, presented itself to my admiring gaze, bright and joyous in the rays of the morning sun, under a perfectly cloudless sky of intensest blue. Hundreds of stately ships, many of them the finest merchantmen in the world, were at anchor around us; and our own good ship, with all her yards exactly squared by lifts and braces, masts well stayed, and every rope hauled as tight as a harp-string, floated as proudly as any. Then there was the town, divided into the White and Black towns: the former consisting chiefly of two-storied houses, with well-chunammed green verandas, and roofs covered with pantiles; laying no claim, certainly, to architectural beauty, but still appearing suitable to the climate. The basement story is arched and appropriated to merchandise, the dwelling rooms being all on the first floor. The Black Town is composed entirely of huts, embosomed in cocoa-nut, banana, and other trees, which cause it to look very picturesque at a distance; but it is found to be squalid and filthy on a nearer approach.

While I was gazing in mute admiration at the beautiful landscape, a group of the oldsters, who were gathered together on the poop with a telescope, which passed rapidly from hand to hand, were discussing in purely nautical language the merits of the vessels within sight, finding fault with some, and praising others, with so solemn an air, as they turned their quids in their mouths, that even I, young and green as I was, could not refrain from laughing in my sleeve at their assumption of knowledge: unfortunately, they never agreed in their opinions, and great was the wrangling in consequence. "Yon bark has made a snug stow of her sails," said one. "Do you call that a snug stow?—that shows what you know about it! Why, an old collier would furl her sails better than that!"—"Yonder is the *Berkshe;* I know her by the cut of her gaffs."—"No, it is n't: I 'll bet any money that it is the *Clarence.* But see what an awful steene she has in her bowsprit, and how badly her yards are squared—what can the lubbers be thinking of?" and so on. But I have omitted the oaths with which these oracular responses were rounded. Then followed an argument as to whether Yankee or Scotch vessels were in the habit of carrying the longest poles in harbor; an argument that was carried on with so much heat, that two of the young gentlemen nearly came to blows. If my opinion were now asked upon this highly-important subject, I should say that the practice was most in vogue among the Yankees, they being notorious for aspiring to pierce the clouds with their moonsail poles; but in one particular instance I saw a ship from Glasgow which aspired higher still, the altitude of whose fine-weather sticks was absolutely marvellous. My respect for the opinions of the second-voyagers had gradually diminished; for although I had at first looked upon them with a species of awe, as persons who had seen great wonders and undergone many hardships,—a feeling which they seemed anxious to keep alive by their marvellous stories,—as I grew older and wiser, I began to suspect that half their adventures were fictitious—mere children of the imagination.

The *Weatherly* was soon surrounded by *dingees*, (the native boats;) and the decks became crowded with *doby wallahs*, or washermen, soliciting the favor of our patronage, and bringing forth the thumb-worn certificates which they had obtained from former employers. Upon reading some of these I found that they were far from complimentary; indeed, some certified that the bearer was the greatest rogue under the sun, and contained a friendly warning not to have any dealings with him. One of these doby wallahs insisted on his right to have my washing, having, as he said, washed for me last voyage; the rogue even congratulated me upon my appearance since he saw me last! Then came a host of shoemakers, tailors, and barbers; the services of the latter were soon put in requisition, and I well remember having my smooth face shaved all over, merely because of the novelty of being scraped by a native artist; my hair certainly required a little arrangement, for the last person who cut it was the ship's cooper, who did not trim it exactly in the newest London fashion. But the most welcome of our visitors was old Abraham, the bum-boatman, who, with his son Isaac, were engaged to attend the ship, as they had done for many voyages past, while she should remain in port. I cannot describe the eagerness with which we pounced upon his soft *tack*, (bread,) milk, butter, eggs, and fruit, or with what delight we quaffed his foaming toddy. A four months' passage really makes one truly appreciate the good things of this earth: we had had little else but maggoty biscuit, rancid salt meat, musty suet, and putrid water, since we left Gravesend; and now we saw spread before us a profusion of white bread, eggs, and milk, besides bananas, mangoes, water-melons, and other luscious products of the glowing East.

In consequence of having sailed in the same ship with Lascars, I was not so much struck with the dress and language of the natives as I should otherwise have been; and yet there was much that was novel and interesting for my senses to dwell upon. The grotesque build of the native craft, the numbers of turkey buzzards which hovered among the shipping, the voices of the fishermen in their frail canoes, clustering under the bows, crying *mutchee* (fish) in a prolonged and plaintive tone, the tall cocoa-nut trees among the houses on shore, the very odor of the smoke produced by burning teak or cocoa wood, — all were different from anything I had before experienced. We now set to work in good earnest discharging our cargo, the most disagreeable portion of which was the bar-iron. It was the duty of the young gentlemen to remain in the hold, and keep a correct tally, or account of each bar as it was passed up; and in the same way with the shot and shell — a most tedious and unintellectual avocation, during which we were exposed to the full annoyance of the dense clouds of rust. Our work always commenced at daylight, and sometimes, but not invariably, ceased at sunset. But we were not now exposed to the horrors of hopeless thirst: water was plentiful, so that those employed in the hold always had a bucketful mixed with lime-juice and sugar — a most refreshing beverage, but one which must be used with caution in a climate where the slightest excess of this nature will induce dysentery. The water, which was supplied to us from the shore, was decidedly unwholesome when used alone; and in consequence of this being the latter end of the dry monsoon, when the tanks are nearly dried up, it was thick and muddy, of a deep yellow color, and had a most unpleasant earthy taste: in short, it was nothing else than puddle water. From this cause, and perhaps from too free an indulgence in fruit, especially pine-apples, which are always dangerous, two of my messmates had very severe attacks of dysentery, while I myself did not wholly escape. The life of one of the patients was at one time despaired of; and he scarcely recovered from the effect of his illness during the whole of the return voyage.

I will now try and give some idea of the great irksomeness of harbor work, which was so disagreeable as to cause us to rejoice when we saw Blue Peter flying at the fore, and heard the orders given to weigh the anchor, make sail, and stand out for sea. But before this consummation we had much to endure. I may as well mention here, among other harbor nuisances, the swarms of mosquitoes which buzz around one's hammock, almost preventing sleep, and nearly blinding him with their venomous bites; they used to punish me most cruelly. They are formed like an English gnat, but are only half the size; the body is variegated, black and white; the sting produces violent itching and inflammation; if the wound is rubbed, and the skin broken, it immediately festers, and spreads rapidly, as I found from sad experience, in a subsequent voyage.

23d. — Busily employed in discharging cargo. Received the first boat-load of cotton, and commenced stowing. As, with the exception of Sundays, I was in the hold every day from this time to the day when the ship left Bombay — namely, June 5 (about six weeks) — I will at once give a sketch of a midshipman's life in harbor: —

At five o'clock in the morning the hands were turned out, and each person had a quart of rice gruel, flavored with sugar, and a gill of rum or arrack, which is recommended by the doctors as a very excellent mixture to prevent dysentery in a hot climate; it is very palatable; and from what I have myself experienced, and what I have observed in others, I should certainly pronounce it to be highly beneficial. At six o'clock lanterns are brought forward, candles lighted, and stowing cotton begins. The sole duty of the midshipman is to look after the lights, to keep them trimmed, and to see that they are not put in dangerous situations. There are three gangs of stowers, under the superintendence of the second, third, and fourth officers — these are the European ship's company; the chief mate overlooks and directs the whole. Besides the Europeans, there are several gangs of hired Seedys — a very powerful race of men, I believe from Madagascar or the adjoining mainland, who are under the guidance of a superintendent of their own nation. These men work well; and it is astonishing to see with what ease they throw about the closely-compressed and heavy bales of cotton, and work the massive screws which are made use of in stowing. Every bale is driven so close to its neighbor that sixpence could not be insinuated between them. The Seedys never work without a great deal of noise, which, having some resemblance to a tune, and being furnished with a chorus, must, I suppose, be dignified with the name of singing. When well treated — that is to say, treated like men — they will work cheerfully; but if an attempt is made to impose extra hours upon them without equivalent pay, they manifest a great deal of independence. The heat down in the hold while cotton-stowing is intense; but apparently not injurious to health, if a person upon coming up does not expose himself suddenly to the cooler air, while the perspiration is upon him. Flannels are universally worn, and prove a great safeguard against too rapid evaporation. We only came up to our meals, and then down we plunged into the hold again; and often did not cease stowing until eight or nine at night; but six was the proper hour for "knocking off."

The reader will, no doubt, agree with me, that this was but a poor six weeks' amusement for a youngster. One day the men on the upper deck commenced hurling the bales down into the hold without giving any previous notice to stand from under, and I, happening to be just then passing under the hatch-way, escaped by a miracle: the rope with which the bale was secured had grazed my shoulders slightly, but no other injury was done save my being stunned for a few moments by the suddenness of the concussion. The Seedys raised a yell, to warn those on deck to avast heaving, and removed me from the place of danger, evincing the greatest solicitude for my safety; nor would they believe that I was unhurt until they saw me walking about again as usual. Poor fellows! they, too, had kind and feeling hearts, uncouth, uncivilized niggers as they were termed.

May 21*st* still found us fully employed in stowing cotton; but we had by this time brought our cargo within a short space of the hatchways, which was very fortunate, as the weather now became oppressively hot, as is always the case at this time of the year.

Heavy stormy appearances were observed daily, with light, variable winds, and sometimes rain, thunder, and lightning.

June 5th. — Left Bombay for England, with light westerly breezes, and fine weather, but a heavy swell from the south-west, which proved that it had been blowing hard from that quarter, and showed us but too plainly what we might reasonably expect when we got outside. It is perhaps needless to remark here, that June is the month in which the change of the monsoons, or periodical winds, takes place from north-east to south-west upon this coast, and that they invariably blow with terrific violence at their first setting-in, as well as at their termination.

6th. — Moderate breezes at noon, with heavy masses of black clouds, and constant thunder. Towards evening, variable winds, with strong puffs, and much rain. I noticed on this day that, although we were several miles from the land, the ship was swarming with butterflies and sphinges, which seemed to have taken shelter from the hurricane which their instinct taught them was brewing.

7th. — Forenoon, light breeze and rain. Afternoon, breeze increasing rapidly, with very severe squalls, until it blew a heavy gale, with still stronger squalls, and a tremendously high sea running.

8th. — The sea had now risen to a fearful height; the squalls were so heavy, as to threaten us not only with the loss of our sails, but of our spars also. We were, in fact, in a very awkward predicament, being on a lee-shore, and unable to show any canvas to the gale, on account of the crankness of our vessel. At three A. M., the horizon to windward looked blacker than ever, and I, being on watch at the time with the third mate, ignorant as I was of tropical phenomena, thought that there was mischief coming; and scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when a blast of wind struck the ship, so as to lay her very nearly on her beam-ends, and she was yet heeling over still more, insomuch that she would inevitably have "turned turtle," as sailors say, had not the mainsail fortunately split, with a roar like thunder. You can form no idea of the uproar which was caused by the huge fragments of heavy canvas flapping in the gale: it was harsh, strange, and deafening. The blast passed over, but the gale itself freshened. The hands were turned out, the remaining shreds of the mainsail secured, the topsails treble reefed, and the foresail hauled close up. At four A. M., finding the squalls increase in severity, and that the ship was drifting bodily, at a rapid rate, towards the land, moreover lying nearly on her beam-ends under snug canvas, we sent down the top-gallant yards and masts, scuttled all the water-butts which were stowed in the waist on the upper deck; and at six A. M., finding the ship still drifting very fast towards the shore, the captain held a consultation with the chief and second officer and carpenter, and after due consideration of the danger of the ship's position, being then within a few miles of an iron-bound coast, where, in the event of striking, destruction would have been inevitable, and also considering the threatening aspect of the weather, it was determined to throw overboard part of the gun-deck cargo. This was accordingly done without delay, to the extent of upwards of one hundred bales of cotton and wool, in addition to which, one of the quarter-deck carronades was launched out at the gangway. At ten A. M., another mainsail was with difficulty bent; the treble-reefed topsails, which had been lowered to the cap, were hoisted; and at noon we ventured to set the foresail and reefed mainsail. At the time of throwing the cotton overboard, the sea was running what the song-books call mountains high — which, by the by, is not an inappropriate, though hackneyed simile. The cold rain drenched us to the skin, and five planks of the upper deck were under water, so much was the vessel heeled over. Solid green seas kept bursting over us, in such ponderous masses, that the poor half-drowned doctor (the usual name for the cook) could not get his fire to burn in the caboose, so that we were forced to make a meal off raw pork and biscuit, which, however, was not so very unpalatable when washed down with a goodly dram of arrack.

I will leave the reader to imagine how glad we were to see the black rocky coast gradually growing more and more indistinct. If the gale had not slightly moderated towards the afternoon, as I have mentioned, I should not now, in all probability, be living to tell the tale. Our mess-room needed but this adventure to put the finishing stroke to its wretchedness and discomfort. The plate-racks had come down, nearly all the crockery and glass were demolished, our chests were adrift (mine, especially, in which a bottle of mango chutnee was smashed, and the contents soaked into my stock of clean white shirts), the legs of the table broken, our oil-can had sprung a leak, and the lamp-oil was dripping into our jar of moist sugar; and for the remainder of the voyage we were glad to drink our tea out of tin pots called pannikins, and eat our dinners off pewter — no great hardship certainly, but a much humbler way of dining than we were accustomed to at the commencement of the voyage.

9*th.* — Although, fortunately, the gale moderated sufficiently to allow of our gaining a secure offing, it soon renewed its bitterest fury; but all apprehensions for our safety were now over; we had a fine ship, as tight as ever floated, a good crew, and smart officers, so that with good sea-room we knew we could weather many a hard gale yet.

The gale had been increasing towards midnight of the 8th, and on the morning of the 9th we were forced to heave-to under small canvas. At half-past ten it blew with tenfold fury, or, as Jack says, "there was a fresh hand at the bellows." The squalls were even more violent than on that fearful night when we lost our new mainsail; we therefore shortened sail yet more.

13th. — Frequent light squalls, accompanied with rain. At night, two whirlwinds were seen, which, from their phosphorescence, appeared like immense revolving globes of fire.

14th. — While washing decks in the morning watch, I saw a tremendous fish under the quarter, with two heads on its shoulders; it was broad and flat, like a skate, and might have been ten feet long and eight feet broad. It was a hideous-looking creature; I was told that the common name for it was the Devil-Fish.

We now learned that we were bound to the Isle of France (the Mauritius) for water; for, as I have before had occasion to state, we were obliged to scuttle all the water-bulks which were stowed on the upper deck, in order to ease the ship of her top weight.

18th. — Crossed the line during the night. From this day until the 30th, not a day or night passed without squalls and heavy chilly rain, so that dry clothes were absolutely at a premium.

July 1st. — A pleasant day. The trade, and fine, clear weather.

2d. — The island of Roderigo was seen from the mast-head; but from the prevalence of light winds and calms, we did not get to the Isle of France before Tuesday, July 6. At eleven A. M. on that day we anchored a cable's length outside of the Bell Buoy. I had no opportunity of going on shore here, but I was very much struck with the beauty of the island as seen from the roads; it appeared to be a succession of mountains and ravines, interspersed with fine patches of table-land, which were highly cultivated, the light-green yellow of the sugar pieces and the dark hue of the coffee ridges presenting to the eye a pleasing diversity of color.

7th. — Crew employed hoisting in water.

8th. — Blowing fresh; anchor dragged; veered out chain to one hundred and ten fathoms. Very severe gusts off the land. A lady and gentleman left the vessel, to remain in the island; and this reminds me that I have entirely forgotten to take notice of our homeward-bound passengers. These, with the exception of the pair now mentioned, consisted of a veteran sun-browned major, his young wife, and two lovely flaxen-haired boys; the widow of a captain, with her little girl; and several natives in the service of these parties. There was thus in our case, as in all others, comparatively few returning from a land which, while the field of easy fortune to some, becomes the grave to thousands of the brave and beautiful of our countrymen and countrywomen.

At nine A. M., weighed and loosed sails. The anchorage at the Isle of France is one of the worst known; as a proof of which, I may mention that when we got our anchor to the bows, we found that both flukes were gone. These latitudes are all liable to terrific hurricanes in the months of March, April, and May.

From the Mauritius to the Cape of Good Hope we had a strange medley of fine and bad weather, light winds and fair, followed by squalls, thunder, lightning, and rain. The young gentlemen were constantly exercised in sending up and down yards and masts.

28*th and* 29*th.* — We experienced an entire calm. We were then off Cape Francois, on the Aiguilhas or L'Agulhas bank. A scene now commenced which, I fear, will prove too much for my powers of description. Fish of all sizes were caught with hooks by hundreds; anybody who could procure a few fathoms of twine and a rusty old fish-hook, baited with the smallest possible morsel of pork, was certain of a bite. I caught twenty or thirty with very inferior tackle, whilst those who were better provided pulled them in as fast as they could drop their baits into the water. It was the most amusing sight I ever witnessed, and seemed to partake of the character of a fantastic dream. Every soul in the ship was a fisherman that day, from the captain seated on the taffrail, with his beautiful line and polished hooks, to the little apprentice at the jib-boom end, with his tangled twine (stolen from the sailmaker) and crooked pin. I did not know the names of any of the fish, but the sailors, as usual, found names for them all. There were some which, from their scaliness and peculiarity of form, were called Cape salmon, but in flavor they differed entirely from our fish of that name; others, with enormous heads and wide mouths, were called Cape cod; these were obtained of great size; one of the largest weighed sixty-four pounds. There were many other smaller species; all, without exception, proved to be excellent eating. Having now a great deal more fish than we could eat whilst fresh, we cut them open, and, sprinkling them with pepper and salt, hung them up in the air to dry. Our mess-boy had his hands full enough of work.

A breeze springing up, we saw Table Mountain on Friday, July 30th; and after much baffling with light breezes, about the 7th of August we fell in with a tolerably steady south-easterly wind, which is in those parts called the trade-wind. The south-east trade is said by the old sailors never to have been so steady since the East India Company resigned their charter as a commercial body. We found it blew true enough to the point; the sea was smooth, the sky cloudless, and the moonlight nights were absolutely enchanting; the stars were numerous and brilliant, and the air bewitchingly soft and balmy. The sails being once set, and the yards laid square, we had nothing to do but make all the ropes fast, and go to sleep in the night, whilst during the day we painted and beautified the ship both internally and externally; indeed, we required a little rest, after the months of rude buffeting among gales and squalls which we had lately experienced.

Sleeping upon deck is called, I know not why, "calking;" and there is no doubt that the midshipmen are more practised "calkers" than any others on board. During the trades, the youngest midshipman regularly came on deck to keep his night-watch, staggering under the weight of his "calking-irons" — by which the reader is to understand that he brought up five greatcoats, whether his own or his messmates he was not very particular about. I never knew such a boy for sleep, nor one who did it so systematically; he had one coat on his back, another for a pillow, one to lay under him, and two to lay over him; and, thus furnished, he slept for two hours as comfortably as if swinging in his hammock. When there were two midshipmen in a watch, they agreed to divide the four hours between them, each taking two hours' sleep, and two hours to keep awake and strike the bells. The officers of the respective watches, knowing that young people require rest, good-naturedly acquiesced in or rather winked at this pleasant arrangement, which, if it had been faithfully carried out, would have succeeded admirably, and given satisfaction to all parties; but, unfortunately, nine times out of ten, the lazy young vagabond, who ought to have been on the alert, was found in a deep slumber by the side of his watchmate whose *turn* it was to sleep. The call for "young gentlemen" was unanswered, and then the incensed officers insisted upon both walking the deck for the whole of the four hours — the most dreadful punishment that could well be invented for these sleepy-headed youngsters. I have myself fallen fast asleep whilst sitting on a bucketful of water before commencing to wash decks, and been rudely aroused by the capsizing of the bucket, caused by the ship's motion, and found myself sprawling in a pool of water; and yet I was always considered to be the most wakeful in the mess.

We passed several ships whilst running up the trades, and exchanged numbers occasionally.

On the morning of *Sunday*, *August* 15, at 7.40 A. M., saw the island of St. Helena rising like a huge precipitous rock from the ocean. The duty of the ship — that is, preparing to come to an anchor — prevented the performance of divine service. At 11.30 anchored in James Town Roads in nineteen fathoms with sheet-anchor. We found lying here the most beautiful model of a vessel that can be imagined; she was a long, low, clipper-built craft, one of the slavers captured by our indefatigable though useless cruisers. Captain Courtly and others went on board, and they said she was quite a picture — all her belaying-pins of highly-polished brass, ring-bolts grafted over with the greatest neatness, mahogany fife-rails, &c.; and the chief cabin was furnished in a style of positive luxury. The slaves, with which the vessel was found to be crammed when taken, were still detained on board, on account of their having some contagious disease, of which they were daily perishing by scores, and which rendered it imprudent to land them. During our short stay we procured several sacks of water-cresses, which, after our long-continued salt fare, were an inestimable luxury; knowing how wholesome they were under our peculiar circumstances, we devoured them in enormous quantities medicinally.

James Town has a pretty appearance from the anchorage, lying as it does embowered in trees in a sort of valley or large ravine, with the high and barren rocks rising around it, the summits of which are strongly fortified and bristling with cannon, some of which are placed in such positions as to make the gazer wonder how they could have been got there. We could see a clump of dark trees on an eminence behind the town, rather to the left, which we were told was the estate of Longwood, of Napoleon celebrity. The island to seaward generally presents to the view a perpendicular wall of gloomy rock of immense height.

August 16*th.* — At four, P. M., we left St. Helena, and made all sail with a good trade-wind for England.

October 5*th.* — At 11.30, P. M., saw the Start Light, and on Wednesday, the 6th, passed the Isle of Wight.

7*th.* — Took a pilot on board. Passed Dover.

9*th.* — In the river. It being a drizzly, disagreeable morning, Mr. Smart determined upon giving the young gentlemen a final benefit. He ordered them all to come on deck and wash the poop; but some of us having only come off watch at four o'clock, others having no inclination to get a wet jacket, and all feeling a spirit of independence now they were in England, we flatly refused to obey his summons; long did he bellow down the main hatchway in furious tones, and long did we sit and mock at his fruitless rage. But fear of the consequences at length made us creep up one by one, and then we were called up for punishment. Every one of the mutineers was mast-headed. I was sent to the mizzen-topmast-head, and ordered to scrape sundry spots of grease and tar from off the paintwork of the cap and masthead. I remained there four hours; and as the job which I had to do was merely nominal, I passed that time most delightfully, in watching the manœuvres of the hundreds of vessels which constantly crossed the river. It was amusing, from my elevated position, to watch the swift little steamboats dexterously threading their way amongst the groups of dingy-looking coal brigs, and to see our men at work washing the decks, looking like so many pigmy automata. This was the first mast-heading I ever had for punishment, and the last also; as it was not for a very heinous offence, I am not ashamed of giving it a place in this faithful narrative. At eight o'clock we were all ordered to come down. We ate our breakfast with a keen appetite, as was proved by the rapid disappearance of several quatern loaves, with butter to match, which we had purchased alongside.

10*th.* — Passed Gravesend during the night, in tow of two steam-tugs, and brought up off Purfleet.

12*th.* — Arrived in Blackwall import-docks — was dismissed — took a long, last, lingering look, with a somewhat moistened eye, at the gallant old craft which so well had done her part, and went up by the Blackwall railway to London.

THE DEALER IN WISDOM.

When you place yourself under the hands of a barber, he usually chatters politics: in the East, he tells you a story. While I was having my head shaved in Cairo, the operator told me the following tale:

In the city of Cairo, near the Bab el Fontonah, once dwelt a man, a saddle-maker, named Radawan, who had a young wife and one son. He was of a timid disposition, and was much respected by his neighbors. The great delight of his heart was, on returning from his shop precisely at sunset, to find his house set in order, — a sleek black servant lad ready to open the door; a fat black cook giving the last turn, with a wooden spoon, to the stew; his plump little wife half-way down the staircase to meet him; and his chubby little baby gnawing his fists in an old carved cradle in one corner of the leewan. Then did Radawan feel that he was a little prince; that he had his dominions and his subjects more obedient than those of many a mighty monarch; and that he was looked up to with love, not unmixed with a spice of awe; for, like many timid men, Radawan liked sometimes to fancy himself fierce and tyrannical.

We are going to introduce him in one of his most overbearing moods. He entered, one evening, the little courtyard of his house, imitating, as far as his placid countenance would allow, the awful glance which he had observed on the visage of the head of the police, as he rode through the bazaars, that day, preceded by criers, offering mighty rewards for the discovery of certain robbers and murderers who had lately been exercising their dreadful trade with impunity. The sleek boy, being no physiognomist, received him with familiar welcome; the fat cook bawled out from the kitchen door that the kababs were done to a nicety. But his assumed sternness did not relax, and he ascended the stairs with a slow and stately step. As usual, he met his plump little wife in the dark, and his dignity was half disturbed by a girlish embrace. Yet he only slightly swept the offered cheek with his compressed lips, and, continuing to ascend, entered the saloon, pretending *not* to glance at the cradle, sitting down, in a rigid attitude, in his accustomed corner of the divan.

Ayesha did not care a fig for these grand airs; and busied herself in preparing the supper, without so much as asking her lord what ailed him. Radawan began to feel uneasy; he perpetually shifted his position, called for a pipe in a tone intended to be authoritative, and looked very hard at the little clenched hands which he saw fighting with the air close by. Still, he had determined to play the tyrant that evening; and, in trying to look awful, twisted his meek face into so many grimaces, that Ayesha, as she tripped by, could not forbear laughing.

"Why laughest thou, woman?" said Radawan, succeeding, at length, in curving his brows into a real frown. "Where is the respect due to my beard?"

"Thy beard, O master!" cried the impudent little woman, twisting one of her hands in that sacred appendage, and putting the other round his neck. "When have I ever wanted in respect to it? especially since, by the advice of thy neighbor Saäd, thou hast let it grow until it is as long as little Ali there."

"O woman!" replied Radawan, trying to repulse her. "Scoff not at the advice of neighbor Saäd; but listen to what he has told me to-day. He says it is absurd for a man of my standing to be content with one wife, and has offered me his daughter — a sweet virgin, straight as a wand, with eyes like gazelles, a nose like a pillar of silver, a mouth like a rosebud —— but, what aileth thee, woman?"

Ayesha started back, and remained standing before her husband with a countenance so charged with anger, a form so trembling with emotion, that, had he observed it, he would certainly have been frightened out of his wits. It was some time before Ayesha could speak; but at length she said:

"And did he tell thee all this of his daughter? Why, I have seen her at the bath — she is pale, one-eyed, flat-nosed, big-mouthed, crooked, and *thin* (here she glanced at her own somewhat fully developed form). Never mind, however, Radawan. Marry as many wives as you please; only remember, if you bring them home here, I will kill them all, then kill you, then kill myself, and then — yes, then — I will kill baby!"

At this terrific threat Radawan became very white, murmured that he was only joking, as, indeed, he was, in a way; and soon afterwards found his beard in the hands of that identical little offspring whose life one must suppose to have been saved by a promised abstinence from polygamy. Unfortunately for him, his skin was remarkably tender; and the affectionate tugs to which he was subjected, but of which, under the circumstances, he dared not complain, brought the tears into his eyes, and produced a variety of facial contortions, which the baby — innocent thing! — believed to be made wholly and solely for its especial amusement. Ayesha, who understood the case better, and had not quite suppressed her indignation, smiled maliciously at the punishment her lord was undergoing; and fairly danced with delight when, unable any longer to endure the pain, Radawan roared to be released.

After this they supped comfortably: Ayesha pretending, at first, humbly to serve the great-souled Radawan; but at length, with an audacity not common among Muslim women, she sat down by his side. They had become quite merry, when, suddenly, a loud shriek disturbed them, and the fat cook rushed in. "O master! O mistress!" she cried; "there is a dead man — a murdered man — in the court." For some time the husband and wife could neither speak nor move. At length, however, each taking a light, they went forth into the gallery; and, looking down, beheld, sure enough, the corpse of a man, with a large wound in the forehead, lying in the very centre of the court. At the same moment loud knocks were heard without, lights flashed in through the windows, and numerous stern voices called aloud to open.

Radawan lost all presence of mind, and thought of nothing but flight; by no means an absurd expedient; for in the East, the fact of a dead body being found in the house would infallibly condemn him, especially as so many criminals had lately escaped with impunity. Hurriedly embracing his wife, Radawan rushed up to the roof of his house, expecting to be able to pass along to that of a neighbor, and through that to make his way to the street. In his hurry, he had forgotten that he had himself caused a lofty strong paling to be erected, in order to prevent people from stealing his fowls. After vainly endeavoring to break through this, he returned, scarcely knowing what he did: and, happening to glance over the parapet, saw that the street was filled with soldiers, and that the Head of the Police himself was there. This sight gave him the courage of despair. A narrow street separated him from a house somewhat less lofty than his own. He cleared it at a bound; and, as he alighted in safety, heard the crash of his own door; it was at length burst in. Fear winged him. He ran along the roofs like a cat, reached a ruin through which he scrambled down into the street; and, hastening through several narrow dark lanes, reached the city wall. With wonderful energy for him, he untwisted the linen of his turban, tied it fast to a projecting stone, let himself half-way down, then dropped; felt a little stunned; but, recovering, took to his heels, and found himself in the city of tombs.

The Arab story-tellers say, perhaps in their love of the marvellous and the supernatural, that Radawan fell asleep in one of the ruined tombs, and was found by the genius of the place, an ugly whimsical monster, by whom he was transported in a second to the gates of Damascus. Perhaps it was so; perhaps Radawan joined a caravan he observed next morning starting for Syria; any how, at the chief city of Syria he arrived, without encountering any particular adventures.

It happened that the saddler's entire stock of cash consisted of the proceeds of his day's sales. When this was exhausted, he took, with the resignation peculiar to the East, to begging, and might have remained a beggar all his life, had he not one day entered a spacious mansion situated in the suburbs of the city. He cried out as he advanced, "I am hungry, O Lord!" but seeing no living soul to interrupt him, continued to penetrate into the house. At length he came to a retired apartment, where he saw an old man absorbed in meditation, surrounded with ancient books and strange instruments. Two or three times Radawan repeated his cry, each time in a louder key, before his presence was noticed. The old man at last looked up and said:—

"My son, who art thou?"

Radawan explained that he was a beggar, and had found the house deserted.

"Thus it is," said the old man. "Whilst I meditate, my servants, knowing that I shall not watch their movements, either go forth to amuse themselves or sleep."

"O master!" quoth Radawan, boldly, "may I suggest to thee a remedy?"

"You may."

"Appoint, then, a wise, prudent, honest, stern man to be the supervisor of thy servants — one who uniteth benevolence with fierceness of disposition; one who will be generous to reward, but swift to punish; and by the terror of whose looks alone obedience may be enforced."

"Where, O stranger, may I find such a treasure?" asked the sage.

"Lo!" cried the saddler with astonishing courage, "such a man standeth before thee!"

The old man laughed much at those words; for Radawan had grown so humble-looking and meek in adversity, that a turtle-dove would scarcely have been alarmed at his aspect. The old man replied:—

"Thou art a strange fellow. Sit down, and tell me thy story."

Radawan did as he was desired; and the host, having listened attentively, said, "It is well. I will appoint thee supervisor of my servants; but I pray thee," he continued, smiling, "endeavor to moderate the ferocity of thy appearance; for my servants have been accustomed to gentle treatment, and the severity, pride, and majesty of thy looks might too much appal them."

Radawan was delighted at the success of this interview, and promised to manifest his native fierceness as little as possible. He succeeded so well, that the servants, who had first been disgusted with the appointment, soon found that they led an easier life than ever; for the venerable Abou Kasim, relying, or pretending to rely, on the vigilance of the supervisor, shut himself up for whole weeks in his room to meditate alone.

A year passed. What with presents and salary, and some little speculations he had made, Radawan found himself master of six thousand pieces of gold. He now began to think of his plump little wife, and his chubby little baby, and longed to return, even at the risk of his life. One day, therefore, he broke the subject to his master, who replied: —

"My son, I have conceived a great affection for thee, although I do not find thy ferocity of the avail that I anticipated. I would willingly keep thee with me; but thy reasons for returning are strong, and I do not think thou hast now much to fear."

So Radawan determined to return to Cairo; but before he went, he desired to satisfy his curiosity about his master; for he had never been able to learn who he was, or whence he derived his wealth. With an assurance, therefore, derived from his simplicity, he stated what he desired to know. Abou Kasim was not offended, but replied: —

"I cannot relate to thee my story. It would be too long. I will tell thee, however, my occupation; — I am a Dealer in Wisdom."

"Is wisdom of ready sale?" inquired Radawan, a little puzzled.

"Not very; and therefore I am obliged to sell it at a high price. I charge a thousand pieces of gold for every maxim."

"Master," replied Radawan, "I have six thousand pieces of gold. Take one thousand and sell me a maxim."

Abou Kasim took the money, and answered —

"*Avoid bye-roads.*"

Then the fierce supervisor put another thousand pieces of gold into his hand, and received in return this saying —

"*Ask only about what concerns thee.*"

A third thousand purchased the following sentence —

"*Think before acting.*"

"Now," said Radawan, "I have invested half my capital in wisdom; the rest I will keep for my necessities."

At parting, Abou Kasim, instead of giving him a handsome present, as he expected, put into his hands a large loaf of bread, on which he told him to make his first supper, on arriving at his home. However, Radawan was grateful for the kindness he had received, kissed his master's hand at parting, and went his way rejoicing in his newly acquired wisdom, which he was very anxious of an opportunity for practising. He thought it best to journey in part by sea, so he embarked at Jaffa, and, after a stormy passage, arrived at length in the city of Alexandria.

Having rested one day, he resolved to start immediately for Cairo, by way of Rosetta and the Nile, then the regular route. Some travellers advised him strongly to go all the way by land; and as they showed that the journey could be thus performed more rapidly than by water, he was about to consent, when he remembered the first maxim he had bought — "Avoid bye-roads." So he refused the proposition, and, carrying out his original plan, reached Cairo in safety one evening after the closing of the gates. On turning away to seek for a place of rest for the night, he met a man in rags. He soon recognized him to be one of the travellers who had tried to persuade him to accompany them; and learned that the overland party had been attacked by robbers, who had seized everything they had, and slain all except this one. Radawan silently turned his face to the East, and uttered a short thanksgiving, saying, "I thank thee, O Prophet, (whose name be exalted,) for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

Then the two went their several ways, seeking for a place in which they might sleep. The traveller, having nothing to lose, lay down under a tree; but Radawan, who had not left his money in the boat, wandered about until he saw a mansion standing in a fair garden. He approached, and knocked at the door, which, after a little time, was opened by a tall man of stern aspect; who, however, on hearing what he required, bade him enter and make himself at home. When the door was closed, Radawan's heart misgave him. He feared he had entered a robber's den; for the man was armed with a sword and pistols, and there was no sign of any other person living in the house. However, it was now too late to retreat, and he followed his host into a large apartment, around which were ranged, to his dismay, a long row of grinning human heads. A momentary impulse urged him to inquire what they meant; but the sage's second maxim — "Ask only about what concerns thee" — checked him, and he continued in the steps of the stern man until he came to an elegant chamber, where a supper was laid out. He was now invited to sit, and presently there appeared to attend on him a beautiful maiden, who was blind; not by the decrees of nature, but evidently by the violence of man. Radawan was now racked by intense curiosity; but he suppressed all outward sign of it, and ate and drank with his host as if nothing remarkable had met his eyes. Thus they passed an hour, after which Radawan spent the night comfortably; and, rising early next morning, prepared to depart.

As he was about to go, the master of the house called him back and said, "Verily thou art a wise man; and thy wisdom hath saved thy life. Know that all those heads which thou hast seen are the heads of impertinent questioners, whom I received hospitably, and who could not control their curiosity respecting the maiden with her eyes put out. Thou shalt know all because thou hast been silent. That maiden is my sister. I saw thee look with pity on her; but if thou knewest her horrible wickedness, thou wouldst loathe her and pity me." — Here the barber grew again tedious, in telling the story of the blind maiden. It is too revolting for repetition. At its conclusion, the mysterious brother said: "Go now, Radawan; and it will be some comfort for thee to know without asking that which thou shouldst have known if thou hadst asked, because, in this latter case, after I had told my story, I would have slain thee without hesitation."

Radawan accordingly went forth rejoicing from that house; and, turning to the East, he again blessed the Prophet, saying, "I thank thee, O Prophet, (whose name be exalted,) for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

He then hastened to the city gates. They had long been open, and a busy crowd were pouring in and out. His first thought was to proceed at once to his own house; but he reflected that possibly great changes had taken place — it might even be that Ayesha had forgotten him, or, supposing him dead, had taken another husband. So he first went to the shop of a barber in the neighborhood, and, being much changed by travel, was not recognized. Here he managed to draw the conversation, by degrees, to the subject that so much interested him, and learned, to his great surprise, that his absence had been unnecessary. The dead man that had frightened him away was one of a band of robbers, who had been surprised by the guard, wounded and chased. Finding that he could not outstrip his pursuers, he had been seen to turn into the first open door that appeared; and was supposed to have drawn the bolts, and then gone to lie down and die in the court.

"However," added the barber, maliciously, "the young wife of the runaway was probably delighted with the accident. Radawan was a pompous little fool, and must have teased her prodigiously. I am told she has several admirers."

The barber would no doubt have said a great deal more; but Radawan, keeping his lips very close together, got up and walked away. He next went into a coffee-house, where the master told him that Ayesha was regularly visited by a lover; that the death of Radawan had been reported, and that a marriage would shortly take place. The poor husband, all the while burning with love for his plump little wife, was sorely perplexed by the idle stories, and many others much worse; and seriously reflected whether it was just in him to come to life again in that sudden manner. Having meditated alone for an hour or so, he resolved to disguise himself as a beggar, and thus penetrate into his own house. It was, perhaps, inconsistent with his milder reflection, that he concealed a sword under his rags; but he determined not to use it, unless something very abominable met his eye. In dilapidated garments he reached the house, and managed to slip into the court, and up stairs into the gallery, without being observed. Suddenly he heard a voice from a dark room, saying, in a tender tone, "Wilt thou come back soon?" The only answer seemed to be a shower of kisses. The world became black before Radawan's face. He laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and, really ferocious for the first time in his life, prepared to rush in, and inflict summary vengeance. He had taken the first step, when the third maxim came to his aid, "Think, before acting!" and he restrained himself. Advancing cautiously, he raised the corner of a curtain that covered the entrance of the room, and looked in. At first he could see nothing; but his eyes becoming accustomed to the obscurity, he soon distinguished his wife, a little less plump and a little paler than of old, sitting with her baby, now a stout, sturdy fellow, on her lap, by the side of a black scaffolding which he knew represented his tomb. He rushed in, revealed himself to his plump little Ayesha, and a medley of embracing, dancing, laughing, crying, ensued, which it would be ridiculous to attempt to describe. Ayesha held on by his shawl, that he might kiss the chuckling boy for the fiftieth time. It was a scene of intense joy. After the perpetration of a thousand absurdities, they were about to sit down to sup together, when Radawan turned his face to the East, and said,

"I thank thee, O prophet, (whose name be exalted) for the wisdom thou hast sent me by thy servant, Abou Kasim."

More kisses, more hugging of the boy; and they sat down to sup. Radawan broke the loaf given by Abou Kasim, and, lo! precious stones of immense value fell from it.

THE KEY OF THE STREET.

It is commonly asserted, and as commonly believed, that there are seventy thousand persons in London who get up every morning without the slightest knowledge as to where they shall lay their heads at night. However the number may be over or under-stated, it is very certain that a vast quantity of people are daily in the above-mentioned uncertainty regarding sleeping accommodation, and that when night approaches, a great majority solve the problem in a somewhat (to themselves) disagreeable manner, by not going to bed at all.

People who stop up, or out all night, may be divided into three classes: — First, editors, bakers, market-gardeners, and all those who are kept out of their beds by business. Secondly, gentlemen and "gents," anxious to cultivate a knowledge of the "lark" species, or intent on the navigation of the "spree." Thirdly, and lastly, those ladies and gentlemen who do not go to bed, for the very simple reason that they have no beds to go to.

The members of this last class — a very numerous one — are said, facetiously, to possess "the key of the street." And a remarkably disagreeable key it is. It will unlock for you all manner of caskets you would fain know nothing about. It is the "open sesame" to dens you never saw before, and would much rather never see again, — a key to knowledge which would surely make the learner a sadder man, if it make him not a wiser one.

Come with me, luxuriant tenant of heavy-draped four-poster — basker on feather bed, and nestler in lawn sheets. Come with me, comfortable civic bolster-presser, snug woollen nightcap wearer. Come with me, even workman, laborer, peasant — sleeper on narrow pallet—

though your mattress be hard, and your rug coarse. Leave your bed — bad as it may be — and gaze on those who have no beds at all. Follow with me the veins and arteries of this huge giant that lies a-sleeping. Listen while with "the key of the street" I unlock the stony coffer, and bring forth the book, and from the macadamized page read forth the lore of midnight London life.

I have no bed to-night. Why, it matters not. Perhaps I have lost my latch-key, — perhaps I never had one; yet am fearful of knocking up my landlady after midnight. Perhaps I have a caprice — a fancy — for stopping up all night. At all events, I have no bed; and, saving ninepence, (sixpence in silver and threepence in coppers,) no money. I must walk the streets all night; for I cannot, look you, get anything in the shape of a bed for less than a shilling. Coffee-houses, into which — seduced by their cheap appearance — I have entered, and where I have humbly sought a lodging, laugh my ninepence to scorn. They demand impossible eighteen-pences — unattainable shillings. There is clearly no bed for me.

It is midnight — so the clanging tongue of St. Dunstan tells me — as I stand thus, bedless, at Temple Bar. I have walked a good deal during the day, and have an uncomfortable sensation in my feet, suggesting the idea that the soles of my boots are made of roasted brick-bats. I am thirsty, too, (it is July, and sultry,) and, just as the last chime of St. Dunstan's is heard, I have half-a-pint of porter — and a ninth part of my ninepence is gone from me forever. The public house where I have it (or rather the beer-shop, for it is an establishment of the "glass of ale and sandwich" description) is an early-closing one; and the proprietor, as he serves me, yawningly orders the pot-boy to put up the shutters, for he is "off to bed." Happy proprietor! There is a bristly-bearded tailor, too, very beery, having his last pint, who utters a similar somniferous intention. He calls it "Bedfordshire." Thrice happy tailor!

I envy him fiercely as he goes out, though, God wot, his bedchamber may be but a squalid attic, and his bed a tattered hop-sack, with a slop great-coat — from the emporium of Messrs. Melchisidech and Son, and which he has been working at all day — for a coverlid. I envy his children, (I am sure he has a frouzy, ragged brood of them,) for they have at least somewhere to sleep; I haven't.

I watch, with a species of lazy curiosity, the whole process of closing the "Original Burton Ale House," from the sudden shooting up of the shutters, through the area grating, like gigantic Jacks-in-a-box, to the final adjustment of screws and iron nuts. Then I bend my steps westward, and at the corner of Wellington street stop to contemplate a cab-stand.

Cudgel thyself, weary brain, — exhaust thyself, invention, — torture thyself, ingenuity, — all, and in vain, for the miserable acquisition of six feet of mattress and a blanket!

Had I the delightful impudence, now — the calm audacity — of my friend, Bolt, I should not be five minutes without a bed. Bolt, I verily believe, would not have the slightest hesitation in walking into the grandest hotel in Albermarle street or Jermyn street, asking for supper and a bootjack, having his bed warmed, and would trust to Providence and his happy knack of falling, like a cat, on all-fours, for deliverance in the morning. I could as soon imitate Bolt as I could dance on the tight-rope. Spunge, again, that stern Jeremy Diddler, who always bullies you when you relieve him, and whose request for the loan of half-a-crown is more like a threat than a petition — Spunge, I say, would make a violent irruption into a friend's room, and, if he did not turn him out of his bed, would at least take possession of his sofa and his great-coats for the night, and impetuously demand breakfast in the morning. If I were only Spunge, now!

What am I to do? It's just a quarter past twelve; how am I to walk about till noon to-morrow? Suppose I walk three miles an hour, am I to walk thirty-five miles in these fearful London streets? Suppose it rains, can I stand under an archway for twelve hours?

I have heard of the dark arches of the Adelphi, and of houseless vagrants crouching there by night. But, then, I have read in "Household Words" that police constables are nightly enjoined by their inspectors to rout out these vagrants, and drive them from their squalid refuge. Then there are the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge, and the railway arches; but I abandon the idea of seeking refuge *there*, for I am naturally timorous, and I can't help thinking of chloroform and life-preservers in connection with them. Though I have little to be robbed of, Heaven knows.

I have heard, too, of tramps' lodging-houses, and of the "twopenny rope." I am not prepared to state that I would not avail myself of that species of accommodation, for I am getting terribly tired and foot-sore. But I don't know where to seek for it, and I am ashamed to ask.

I would give something to lie down, too. I wonder whether that cabman would think it beneath his dignity to accept a pot of porter, and allow me to repose in his vehicle till he got a fare? I know some of them never get one during the night, and I could snooze comfortably in hackney-carriage two thousand and twenty-two. But

I cannot form a favorable opinion of the driver, who is discussing beer and blasphemy with the waterman; and neither he nor any of his brother Jehus, indeed, seem at all the persons to ask a favor of.

It is Opera night, as I learn from the accidentally-heard remark of a passing policeman. To watch the departing equipages will, surely, help to pass the time on bravely, and with something almost like hope, I stroll to Covent Garden Theatre.

I am in the thick of it at once. Such a scrambling, pushing, jostling, and shouting! Such pawing of spirited horses, and objurgations of excited policemen! Now, Mrs. Fitzsomebody's carriage stops the way; and now, Mr. Smith of the Stock Exchange, with two ladies on each arm, stands bewildered in a chaos of carriages, helplessly ejaculating "cab." Now is there a playful episode in the shape of a policeman dodging a pickpocket among horses' heads, and under wheels; and now a pitiable one, in the person of an elderly maiden lady, who has lost her party in the crush, and her shoe in the mud, and is hopping about the piazza like an agonized sparrow.

It is all over soon, however. The carriages rattle, and the cabs lumber away. The great city people, lords of Lombard-street, and kaisers of Cornhill, depart in gorgeous chariots, emblazoned in front and at the back. The dukes and marquises, and people of that sort, glide away in tiny broughams, and infinitesimal clarences. The highest personage of the land drives off in a plain chariot, with two servants in plain black, more like a doctor (as I hear a gentleman from the country near me indignantly exclaim) than a Queen. Mr. Smith has found his party, and the sparrow-like lady her shoe, by this time. Nearly everybody is gone. Stay, the gentleman who thinks it a "genteel" thing to go to the Opera, appears on the threshold carefully adjusting his white neckcloth with the huge bow, and donning a garment something between a smockfrock and a horsecloth, which is called, I believe, the "Opera envelope." He will walk home to Camberwell with his lorgnette case in his hand, and in white kid gloves, to let everybody know where he has been. The policemen and the prostitutes will be edified no doubt. Following him comes the *habituè*, who is a lover of music, I am sure. He puts his gloves, neatly folded, into his breast-pocket, stows away his opera-glass, and buttons his coat. Then he goes quietly over to the Albion, where I watch him gravely disposing of a pint of porter at the bar. He is ten to one a gentleman: and I am sure he is a sensible man. And now all, horse and foot, are departed; the heavy portals are closed, and the Royal Italian Opera is left to the fireman, to darkness, and to me.

The bed question has enjoyed a temporary respite while these proceedings are taking place. Its discussion is postponed still further by the amusement and instruction I derive from watching the performances in the ham and beef shop at the corner of Bow street. Here are crowds of customers, hot and hungry from the Lyceum or Drury Lane, and clamorous for sandwiches. Ham sandwiches, beef sandwiches, German sausage sandwiches — legions of sandwiches are cut and consumed. The cry is "mustard," and anon the coppers rattle, and payment is tendered and change given. Then come the people who carry home half a pound of "cold round" or three pennyworth of "brisket;" I scrutinized them, their purchases, and their money. I watch the scale with rapt attention, and wait with trembling eagerness the terrific combat between that last piece of fat and the half ounce weight. The half ounce has it; and the beef merchant gives the meat a satisfied slap with the back of his knife, and rattles the price triumphantly. I have been so intent on all this, that I have taken no heed of time as yet; so, when custom begins to flag, glancing at the clock, I am agreeably surprised to find it is ten minutes past one.

A weary waste of hours yet to traverse — the silence of the night season yet to endure. There are many abroad still; but the reputable wayfarers drop off gradually, and the disreputable ones increase with alarming rapidity. The great-coated policeman, the shivering Irish night prowlers, and some fleeting shadows that seem to be of woman, have taken undisputed possession of Bow street and Longacre; and but for a sprinkling of young thieves, and a few tipsy bricklayers, would have it all their own way in Drury Lane.

I have wandered into this last-named unsavory thoroughfare, and stand disconsolately surveying its aspect. And it strikes me now, that it is eminently distinguished for its street-corners. There is scarcely a soul to be seen in the street itself, but all the corners have posts, and nearly all the posts are garnished with leaning figures — now two stalwart policemen holding municipal converse — now two women, God help them! — now a knot of lads with pale faces, long greasy hair, and short pipes. Thieves, my friend — unmistakable thieves.

There are no professional beggars about — what on earth is there for them to be out for? The *beggees* are gone home to their suppers and their beds, and the beggars are gone home to their suppers and their beds. They have all got beds, bless you!

Some of the doorways have heaps of something huddled up within them; and ever and anon a policeman will come and stir them up with his truncheon, or more probably with his boot. Then you will see a chaotic movement of legs and arms, and hear a fretful crooning with an Irish accent. Should the guardian of the night insist in the enforcement of his "move on" decree — the legs and arms will stagger a few paces onward, and, as soon as the policeman's back is turned, sink into another doorway — to be routed out perchance again in another quarter of an hour by another truncheon or another boot.

Half-past one by the clock of St. Mary-le-Strand, and I am in Charles Street, Drury Lane. It is a very nasty, dirty little street this — full worthy, I take it, to challenge competition with Church Lane or Buckeridge Street. Something, however, a feeling indefinable, but strong, prompts me to pursue its foul and devious course for some score of yards. Then I stop.

"Lodgings for single men at fourpence per night." This agreeable distich greets me, depictured on the panes of a window, behind which a light is burning. I step into the road to have a good look at the establishment that proffers the invitation. It is a villanous ramshackle house — a horrible cut-throat-looking den, to be sure: — but then the fourpence! Think of that, Master Brooke! There is a profusion of handbills plastered on the door-jams, which I can read by the light of a gas-lamp a few paces off. I decipher a flattering legend of separate beds, every convenience for cooking, and hot-water always ready. I am informed that this is the real model lodging-house; and I read, moreover, some derisive couplets relative to the Great Spitalfields Lodging-house, which is styled a "Bastile." I begin fingering, involuntarily, the eight-pence in my pocket. Heaven knows what horrible company I may fall into; but then, fourpence! and my feet are *so* tired. *Jacta est alea*, I will have fourpenn'orth.

That portion of the reading public who were on duty with Inspector Field some weeks ago, know what the "deputy" of a tramps' lodging-house is like. As, however, I come to sleep, and not to inspect, I am not abused, but merely inspected and admitted. I am informed that, with the addition my company will make, the establishment is full. I pay my fourpence, without the performance of which ceremony I do not get beyond the filthy entrance passage. Then the "deputy" bars the door, and, brandishing an iron candlestick as though it were a broad-sword, bids me follow him.

What makes me, when we have ascended the rotten staircase, when I have entered my bedchamber — when the "deputy" has even bid me a wolfish good-night — what makes me rush down stairs, and, bursting through the passage, beg him to let me out for Heaven's sake? What makes me, when the "deputy" has unbarred the door, and bade me go out, and be something'd, and has *not* given me back my fourpence, stand sick and stupefied in the street, till I wake up to a disgusted consciousness, by being nearly knocked down by a group of staggering roysterers, howling out a drunken chorus?

It was not the hang-dog looking of the "deputy" or the cut-throat appearance of the house. It was not even the aspect of the score or more ragged wretches who were to be my sleeping companions. It was, in plain English, the smell of the bugs. Ugh! — the place was alive with them. They crawled on the floor — they dropped from the ceiling — they ran mad races on the walls. Give me the key of the street, and let me wander forth again.

I have not got further than Broad street, St. Giles', however, before I begin to think that I have been a little hasty. I feel so tired, so worn, so full of sleep now, that I can't help thinking I might have fallen off into heavy sleep yonder, and that the havoc committed by the bugs on my carcass might have been borne unfelt. It is too late now, however. The fourpence has departed, and I dare not face the deputy again.

Two in the morning, and still black, thick, impervious night, as I turn into Oxford street, by Meux's Brewery. The flitting shadows, that seem to be of women, have grown fewer. A quarter past two, and I have gained the Regent Circus, and can take my choice, either for a stroll in the neighborhood of the Regent's Park, or a quiet lounge in the district of the clubs. I choose the latter and shamble down Regent street towards Piccadilly.

I feel myself slowly, but surely, becoming more of a regular night prowler — a houseless, hopeless vagrant, every moment. I feel my feet shuffle, my shoulders rise towards my ears; my head goes on one side; I hold my hands in a crouching position before me; I no longer walk, I prowl. Though it is July, I shiver. As I stand at the corner of Conduit street (all night prowlers affect corners), a passing figure, in satin and black lace, flings me a penny. How does the phantom know that I have got the key of the street? I am not in rags, and yet my plight must be evident. So I take the penny.

Where are the policemen, I wonder. I am walking in the centre of the road, yet, from end to end of the magnificent street, I cannot see a single soul. Stay, here is one. A little white-headed ruffian leaps from the shadow of Archbishop Tenison's Chapel. He has on a ragged pair of trousers, and nothing else to speak of. He vehemently demands to be allowed to turn head over heels three times for a penny. I give him the penny the phantom gave me (cheap charity), and intimate that I can dispense with the tumbling.

But he is too honest for that, and, putting the penny in his mouth, disappears in a series of summersaults. Then the gas-lamps and I have it all to ourselves.

Safe at the corners (corners again, you see) of what was once the Quadrant, where a mongrel dog joins company. I know he is a dog without a bed, like I am, for he has not that grave trot, so full of purpose, which the dog on business has. This dog wanders irresolutely, and makes feigned turnings up by-streets — returning to the main thoroughfare in a slouching skulking manner — he ruminates over cigar-stumps and cabbage-stalks, which no homeward-bound dog would do. But even that dog is happier than I am, for he can lie down on any doorstep, and take his rest, and no policeman shall say him nay; but the New Police Act won't let me do so, and says sternly that I must "move on."

Halloo! a rattle in the distance — nearer — nearer — louder and louder! Now it bursts upon my sight. A fire-engine at full speed; and the street is crowded in a moment!

Where the people came from *I* don't pretend to say — but there they are — hundreds of them, all wakeful and noisy, and clamorous. On goes the engine with people hallooing, and following, and mingling with the night wind the dreadful cry of Fire.

I follow of course. An engine at top speed is as potent a spell to a night prowler, as a pack of hounds in full cry is to a Leicestershire yeoman. Its influence is contagious too, and the crowd swells at every yard of distance traversed. The fire is in a narrow street off Soho, at a pickle-shop. It is a fierce one, at which I think the crowd is pleased; but then nobody lives in the house, at which I imagine they are slightly chagrined; for excitement, you see, at a fire, is everything. *En revanche* there are no less than three families of small children next door, and the crowd are hugely delighted when they are expeditiously brought out in their night-dresses, by the fire-brigade.

More excitement! The house on the other side has caught fire. The mob are in ecstasies, and the pickpockets make a simultaneous onslaught on all the likely pockets near them. I am not pleased, but interested — highly interested. I would pump, but I am not strong in the arms. Those who pump, I observe, get beer.

I have been watching the blazing pile so long — basking, as it were, in the noise and shouting and confusion; the hoarse clank of the engines — the cheering of the crowd — the dull roar of the fire, that the bed question has been quite in abeyance, and I have forgotten all about it and the time. But when the fire is quenched, or at least brought under, as it is at last; when the sheets of flame and sparks are succeeded by columns of smoke and steam; when, as a natural consequence, the excitement begins to flag a little, and the pressure of the crowd diminishes; then, turning away from the charred and gutted pickle-shop, I hear the clock of St. Anne's, Soho, strike four, and find that it is broad daylight.

Four dreary hours yet to wander before a London day commences; four weary, dismal revolutions on the clock-face, before the milk-man makes his rounds, and I can obtain access to my penates, with the matutinal supply of milk!

To add to my discomfort, the utter heart-weariness and listless misery which is slowly creeping over me, it begins to rain. Not a sharp pelting shower, but a slow, monotonous, ill-conditioned drizzle; damping without wetting — now deluding you into the idea that it is going to hold up, and now, with a sudden spirt in your face, mockingly informing you that it has no intention of the kind. Very wretchedly, indeed, I thread the narrow little streets about Soho, meeting no one but a tom cat returning from his club, and a misanthropic looking policeman, who is feeling shutter-bolts and tugging at door-handles with a vicious aspect, as though he were disappointed that some unwary householder had not left a slight temptation for a sharp house-breaker.

I meet another policeman in Golden square, who looks dull; missing, probably, the society of the functionary who guards the fire-escape situated in that fashionable locality, and who has n't come back from the burnt pickle-shop yet. He honors me with a long stare as I pass him.

"Good morning," he says.

I return the compliment.

"Going home to bed?" he asks.

"Y-e-es," I answer.

He turns on his heel and says no more; but, bless you! I can see irony in his bull's-eye — contemptuous incredulity in his oil-skin cape! It needs not the long low whistle in which he indulges, to tell me that *he* knows very well I have no bed to go home to.

I sneak quietly down Sherrard street into the Quadrant. I don't know why, but I begin to be afraid of policemen. I never transgressed the law — yet I avoid the "force." The sound of their heavy boot-heels disquiets me. One of them stands at the door of Messrs. Swan and Edgar's, and to avoid him I actually abandon a resolution I had formed of walking up Regent street, and turn down the Haymarket instead.

There are three choice spirits who evidently have got beds to go to though they are somewhat tardy in seeking them. I can tell that they have latch-keys, by their determined air — their bold and confident speech. They have just turned, or have been turned out from an oyster-room. They are all three very drunk, have on each other's hats, and one of them has a quantity of dressed lobster in his cravat.

These promising gentlemen are "out on a spree." The doors of the flash public-houses and oyster-rooms are letting out similar detachments of choice spirits all down the Haymarket; some of a most patrician sort, with most fierce moustachios and whiskers; whom I think I have seen before, and whom I may, very probably, see again, in jack-boots and golden epaulettes, prancing on huge black horses by the side of Her Majesty's carriage, going to open Parliament. They call this "life." They will probably sleep in the Station-house this morning, and will be fined various sums for riotous conduct. They will get drunk, I dare say, three hundred times in the course of a year, for about three years. In the last-mentioned space of time they will bonnet many dozen policemen, break some hundreds of gas-lamps, have some hundreds of "larks," and scores of "rows." They will go to Epsom by the rail, and create disturbances on the course, and among the sticks. They will frequent the Adelphi at half-price, and haunt night-houses afterwards. They will spend their salaries in debauchery, and obtain fresh supplies of money from bill-discounters, and be swindled out of it by the proprietors of betting-lists. Some day, when their health and their money are gone — when they are sued on all their bills, and by all the tradesmen they have plundered — they will be discharged from their situations, or be discarded by their friends. Then they will subside into Whitecross street and the Insolvent Debtor's Court — and then, God knows, they will die miserably, I suppose: of delirium tremens, may be.

I have taken a fancy to have a stroll — "save the mark!" — in St. James' Park, and am about to descend the huge flight of stone steps leading to the Mall, when I encounter a martial band, consisting of a grenadier in a great-coat, and holding a lighted lantern (it is light as noon-day), an officer in a cloak, and four or five more grenadiers in great-coats, looking remarkably ridiculous in those hideous gray garments. As to the officer, he appears to regard everything with an air of unmitigated disgust, and to look at the duty upon which he is engaged as a special bore. I regard it rather in the light of a farce. Yet, if I mistake not, these are "Grand Rounds," or something of the sort. When the officer gets within a few yards of the sentinel, at the Duke of York's Column, he shouts out some unintelligible question, to which the bearer of "Brown

Bess" gives a responsive, but as unintelligible howl. Then the foremost grenadier plays in an imbecile manner with his lantern, like King Lear with his straw, and the officer flourishes his sword; and "Grand Rounds" are over, as far as the Duke of York is concerned, I suppose; for the whole party trot gravely down Pall Mall, towards the Duchess of Kent's.

I leave them to their devices, and saunter moodily into the Mall. It is but a quarter to five, now; and I am so jaded and tired that I can scarcely drag one foot after another. The rain has ceased; but the morning air is raw and cold; and the rawness clings, as it were, to the marrow of my bones. My hair is wet, and falls in draggled hanks on my cheeks. My feet seem to have grown preposterously large, and my boots as preposterously small. I wish I was a dog or a dormouse! I long for a haystack, or a heap of sacks, or anything. I even think I could find repose on one of those terrible inclined planes which you see tilted towards you through the window of the Morgue at Paris. I have a good mind to smash a lamp, and be taken to the Station-house. I have a good mind to throw myself over Westminster bridge. I suppose I am afraid; for I don't do either.

Seeing a bench under a tree, I fling myself thereon; and, hard and full of knots and bumps as it is, roll myself into a species of ball, and strive to go to sleep. But oh, vain delusion! I am horribly, excruciatingly wakeful! To make the matter worse, I get up, and take a turn or two — *then* I feel as though I could sleep standing; but availing myself of what I consider a favorably drowsy moment, I cast myself on the bench again, and find myself as wakeful as before!

There is a young vagrant — a tramp of some eighteen summers — sitting beside me — fast asleep, and snoring with provoking pertinacity. He is half naked, and has neither shoes nor stockings. Yet he sleeps, and very soundly too, to all appearance. As the loud-sounding Horse-Guards clock strikes five, he wakes, eyes me for a moment, and muttering "hard lines, mate," turns to sleep again. In the mysterious free-masonry of misery, he calls me "mate." I suppose, eventually, that I catch from him some portion of his vagrant acquirement of somnolence under difficulties, for, after writhing and turning on the comfortless wooden seat till every bone and muscle are sore, I fall into a deep, deep sleep — so deep it seems like death.

So deep that I don't hear the quarters striking of that nuisance to Park-sleepers, the Horse-Guards clock — and rise only, suddenly *en sursaut*, as six o'clock strikes. My vagrant friend has departed, and being apprehensive myself of cross-examination from an approaching policeman (not knowing, in fact, what hideous crime sleeping in St. James' Park might be) I also withdraw, feeling very fagged and footsore — yet slightly refreshed by the hour's nap I have had. I pass the stands where the cows are milked, and curds and whey dispensed, on summer evenings; and enter Charing Cross by the long Spring Garden passage.

I have been apprized several times during the night that this was a market-morning in Covent Garden. I have seen wagons, surmounted by enormous mountains of vegetable-baskets, wending their way through the silent streets. I have been met by the early costermongers in their donkey-carts, and chaffed by the costerboys on my forlorn appearance. But I have reserved Covent Garden as a *bonne bouche* — a wind-up to my pilgrimage; for I have heard and read how fertile is the market in question in subjects of amusement and contemplation.

I confess that I am disappointed. Covent Garden seems to me to be but one great accumulation of cabbages. I am pelted with these vegetables as they are thrown from the lofty summits of piled wagons to costermongers standing at the base. I stumble among them as I walk; in short, above, below, on either side, cabbages preponderate.

I dare say, had I patience, that I should see a great deal more; but I am dazed with cabbages, and jostled to and fro, and "danged" dreadfully by rude market-gardeners — so I eschew the market, and creep round the piazza.

I meet my vagrant friend of the Park here, who is having a cheap and nutritious breakfast at a coffee stall. The stall itself is a nondescript species of edifice — something between a gypsy's tent and a watchman's box; while, to carry out the comparison, as it were, the lady who serves out the coffee very much resembles a gypsy in person, and is clad in a decided watchman's coat. The aromatic beverage (if I may be allowed to give that name to the compound of burnt beans, roasted horse-liver, and refuse chicory, of which the "coffee" is composed) is poured, boiling hot, from a very cabalistic-looking cauldron, into a whole regiment of cups and saucers standing near; while, for more solid refection, the cups are flanked by plates bearing massive piles of thick bread and butter, and an equivocal substance called "cake." Besides my friend, the vagrant, two costerlads are partaking of the hospitalities of the *café*; and a huge gardener, straddling over a pile of potato sacks, hard by, has provided himself with bread and butter and coffee, from the same establishment, and is consuming them with such avidity that the tears start from his eyes at every gulp.

I have, meanwhile, remembered the existence of a certain fourpenny-piece in my pocket, and have been twice or thrice tempted to expend it. Yet, on reflection, I deem it better to purchase with it a regular breakfast, and to repair to a legitimate coffee-shop. The day is, by this time, getting rapidly on, and something of the roar of London begins to be heard in earnest. The dull murmur of wheels has never ceased, indeed, the whole night through; but now, laden cabs come tearing past on their way to the railway station. The night policemen gradually disappear, and sleepy potboys gradually appear, yawning at the doors of public houses — sleepy waitresses at the doors of coffee-houses and reading-rooms. There have been both public-houses and coffee-shops open, however, the whole night. The "Mohawks' Arms" in the market never closes. Young Lord Stultus, with Captain Asinus of the Heavies, endeavored to turn on all the taps there at four o'clock this morning, but, at the earnest desire of Frume, the landlord, desisted; and subsequently subsided into a chivalrous offer of standing glasses of "Old Tom" all round, which was as chivalrously accepted. As the "all round" comprised some thirty ladies and gentlemen, Frume made a very good thing of it; and, like a prudent tradesman, as he is, he still further acted on the golden opportunity, by giving all those members of the company (about three fourths) who were drunk, glasses of water instead of gin; which operation contributed to discourage intemperance, and improve his own exchequer in a very signal and efficacious manner. As with the "Mohawks' Arms," so with the "Turnip's Head," the great market gardeners' house, and the "Pipe and Horse Collar," frequented by the night cabmen — to say nothing of that remarkably snug little house near Drury Lane, "The Blue Bludgeon," which is well known to be the rendezvous of the famous Tom Thug and his gang, whose recent achievements in the strangling line by means of a silk handkerchief and a life-preserver, used *tourniquet* fashion, have been so generally admired of late. I peep into some of these noted hostelries as I saunter about. They begin to get rather quiet and demure as the day advances, and will be till midnight, indeed, very dull and drowsy pothouses, as times go. They don't light up to life, and jollity, and robbery, and violence before the small hours.

So with the coffee-shops. The one I enter, to invest my fourpence in a breakfast of coffee and bread-and-butter, has been open all night, likewise; but the sole occupants now are a dirty waiter, in a pitiable state of drowsiness, and half-a-dozen of homeless wretches who have earned the privilege of sitting down at the filthy tables by the purchase of a cup of coffee, and, with their heads on their hands, are snatching furtive naps, cut short — too short, alas! — by the pokes and "Wake up, there!" of the drowsy waiter. It is apparently his "*consigne*" to allow no sleeping.

I sit down here, and endeavor to keep myself awake over the columns of the "Sun" newspaper of last Tuesday week — unsuccessfully, however. I am so jaded and weary, so dog-tired and utterly worn out, that I fall off again to sleep; and whether it is that the drowsy waiter has gone to sleep too, or that the expenditure of fourpence secures exemption for me, I am allowed to slumber.

I dream this time. A dreadful vision it is, of bugs, and cabbages, and tramping soldiers, and anon of the fire at the pickle-shop. As I wake, and find, to my great joy, that it is ten minutes past eight o'clock, a ragged little news-boy brings in a damp copy of the "Times," and I see half a column in that journal headed "Dreadful Conflagration in Soho."

Were I not so tired, I should moralize over this, no doubt; but there are now but two things in my mind — two things in the world for me — HOME and BED. Eight o'clock restores these both to me — so cruelly deprived of them for so long a time. So, just as London — work away, steady-going London — begins to bestir itself, I hurry across the Strand, cross the shadow of the first omnibus going towards the Bank; and, as I sink between the sheets of my BED, resign the key of the street into the hands of its proper custodian, whoever he may be — and, whoever he may be, I don't envy him.

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